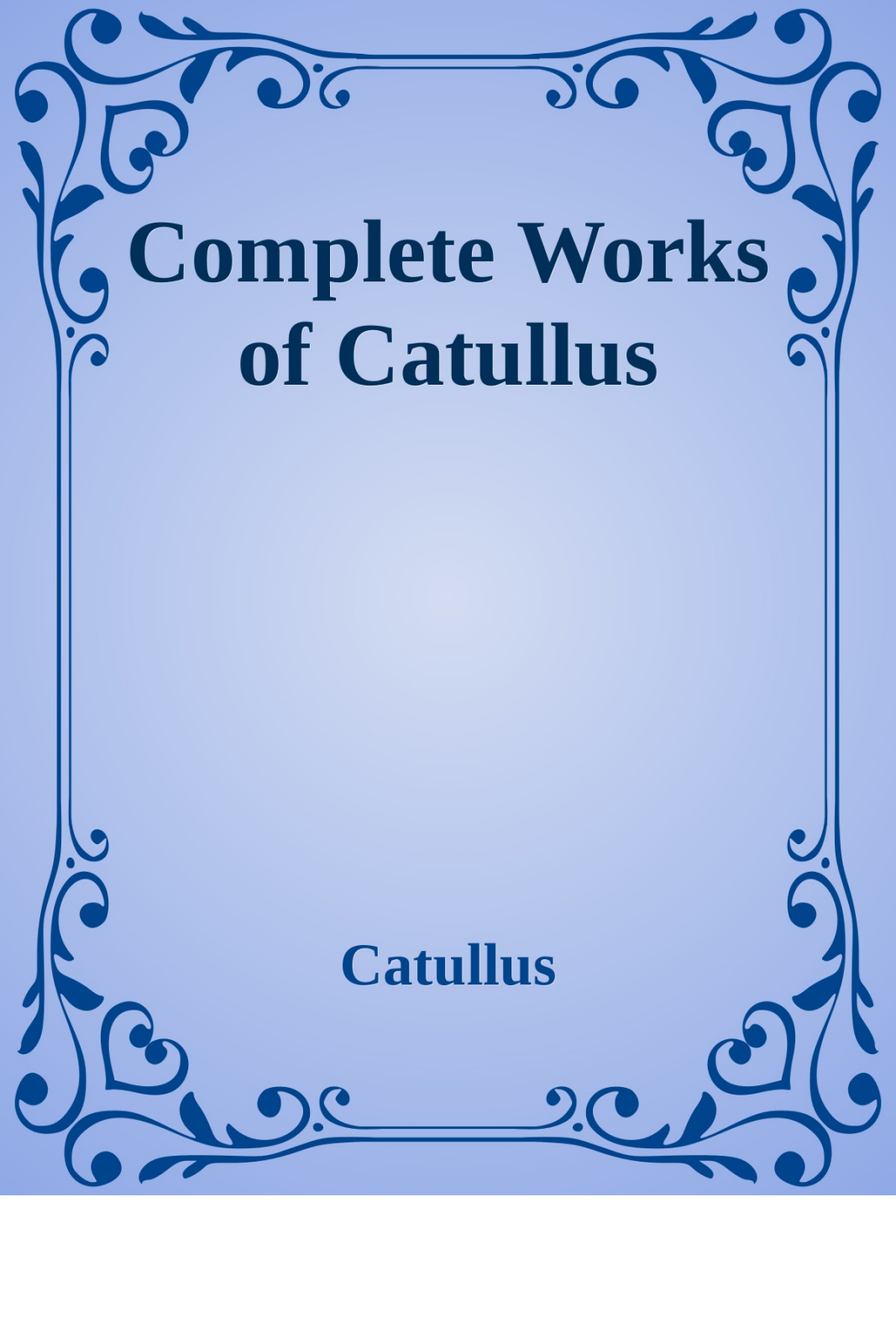


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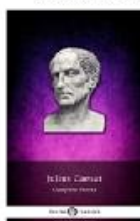
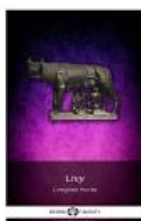
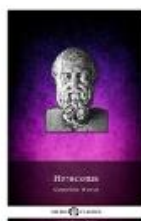
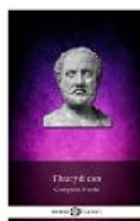


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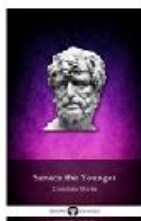
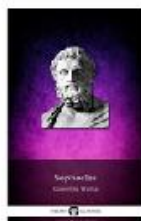
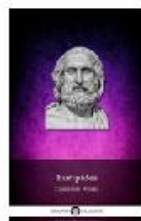
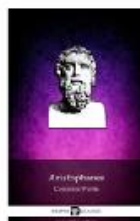
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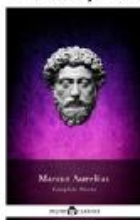
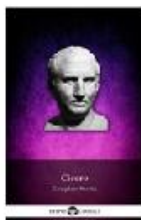
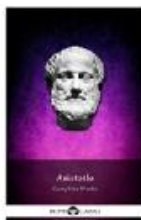
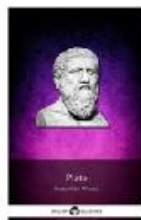
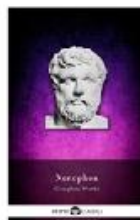
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The Translations



Verona, Italy — Catullus' birthplace



The amphitheatre in Verona

INTRODUCTION TO THE POETRY OF CATULLUS



Catullus' poetry has come down to us in an anthology of 116 carmina, which can be divided into three parts: sixty short polymetra in varying meters, eight longer poems and forty-eight epigrams. There is no scholarly consensus on whether Catullus arranged this order of the poems. The longer poems differ from the polymetra and the epigrams not only in length, but also in their subjects. There are seven hymns and one mini-epic, or *epyllion*, a highly prized form of narrative poetry. Catullus' polymetra and the epigrams can be divided into four major thematic groups:

- poems addressed to and concerning the poet's friends
- erotic poems, including the famous poems addressed to the poet's beloved "Lesbia", a pseudonym for a married lover
- invectives: often offensive and sometimes obscene, targeted at friends-turned-traitors, rivals of Lesbia, well-known poets, politicians (including Julius Caesar) and rhetors, (including Cicero)
- condolences: comforting and lamenting friends and loved ones

These poems vividly bring to life the daily routine of Catullus and his friends, who live their lives withdrawn from politics, caught up in their various love affairs and literary pursuits. Above all other qualities, Catullus seems to have valued *venustas*, or charm, in his acquaintances, a theme that he explores in a number of his poems. The ancient Roman concept of *virtus* (virtue that had to be proved by a political or military career), which the statesman Cicero suggested as the solution to the societal problems of the late Republic, appears to mean little to Catullus and his friends.

Catullus' poetry was influenced by the innovative poetry of the Hellenistic Age, especially by the works of Callimachus and the Alexandrian school, which had developed a new style of poetry turning away from the classical epic poetry in the tradition of Homer. Cicero coined the term *neoterói* or 'moderns' for such poets, due to their casting off the heroic model handed down from epic poets such as Ennius. Neoteric poets were an avant-garde movement of Greek and Latin poets propagated a new style of Greek poetry, deliberately turning away from the classical Homeric epic poetry. Poets such as Catullus and Callimachus were not interested in composing poems of the feats of ancient heroes and gods in the epic meters of old; instead they wished to focus on small-scale personal themes, often on events of everyday life.

Although these poems may appear superficial, they are accomplished works of art with complex metrical meters. Catullus described his work as *expolitum*, or polished, to illustrate that the language he used was carefully and artistically composed.

He was also an admirer of the Greek Sappho, a female poet of the seventh century BC, and Catullus is the source for much of what we know or infer about her life and works. *Catullus 51* follows *Sappho 31* so closely that some critics believe the later poem to be a direct translation of the earlier poem, while 61 and 62 are certainly inspired by and perhaps translated directly from lost works of Sappho. Both of the latter are *epithalamia*, a form of laudatory or erotic wedding-poetry that Sappho had been famous for, but that had dropped out of fashion in the intervening centuries. Catullus twice used a meter that Sappho developed, called the Sapphic strophe in poems 11 and 51.

Catullus was greatly influenced by stories from Greek myth and longer poems — 63, 64, 65, 66, and 68 — allude to famous tales, including the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, the departure of the Argonauts, Theseus and the Minotaur, Ariadne's abandonment, Tereus and Procne, as well as Protesilaus and Laodamia.

Catullus adopted a variety of meters in his poetry, though his most famous was the hendecasyllabic meter, employing a line of eleven syllables (hence the name: *hendec* meaning eleven in Greek) with a choriamb of a long syllable followed by two short syllables and another long syllable, in the heart of the line. Another frequently used meter by the poet is the elegiac couplet, a common form in love poetry, where each couplet consists of a hexameter verse, followed by a pentameter verse.

Renowned for its vivid depiction of the lover's emotions, Catullus' poetry is famous for its explicit nature, as well as for the poet's amusing sense of humour, as he communicates and socialises with his friends and patrons in Late Republic Rome. Catullus is the predecessor in Roman Elegy for poets such as Propertius, Tibullus and Ovid. His focus in his poetry is on himself, the male lover, as his obsession develops for Lesbia, though she is in essence only an object to him. In his composition, the male lover is the important character and Lesbia is part of his theatrical passion. It is important to note Catullus came at the beginning of this genre, so his work is much different than his predecessors. Ovid is heavily influenced by Catullus; however, he switches the focus of his writing to the concept of love and *Amor*, rather than himself or the male lover.



'Catullus reading to his friends' by Stepan Bakalovich, 1885



'Catullus at Lesbia's' by Lawrence Alma-Tadema, 1865



The frontispiece of John Nott's 'The poems of Caius Valerius Catullus', 1795

PROSE TRANSLATION



Translated by Francis Warre Cornish

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PRINCIPAL MANUSCRIPTS OF CATULLUS

V. Codex Veronensis, from which all others (except T) are derived; no longer extant.

E. Codex Sangermanensis or *Parisiensis*; in the National Library, Paris.

O. Codex Oxoniensis, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

D. Codex Datanus, at Berlin.

M. Codex Vendus, in the Library of St. Mark at Venice.

R. Codex Romanus, in the Vatican Library, Rome. *T. Codex Thuaneus*, in the National Library, Paris; contains only Carm. LXH.

I

To whom am I to present my pretty new book, freshly smoothed off with dry pumice-stone? To you, Cornelius: for you used to think that my trifles were worth something, long ago, when you took courage, you alone of Italians, to set forth the whole history of the world in three volumes, learned volumes, by Jupiter, and laboriously wrought. So take and keep for your own this little book, such as it is, and whatever it is worth; and may it, O Virgin my patroness, live and last for more than one century.

II

SPARROW, my lady's pet, with whom she often plays whilst she holds you in her lap, or gives you her finger-tip to peck and provokes you to bite sharply, whenever she, the bright-shining lady of my love, has a mind for some sweet pretty play, in hope, as I think, that when the sharper smart of love abates, she may find some small relief from her pain — ah, might I but play with you as she does, and lighten the gloomy cares of my heart!

IIA (a fragment)

THIS is as welcome to me as to the swift maiden was (they say) the golden apple, which loosed her girdle too long tied.

III

MOURN, ye Graces and Loves, and all you whom the Graces love. My lady's sparrow is dead, the sparrow my lady's pet, whom she loved more than her very eyes; for honey-sweet he was, and knew his mistress as well as a girl knows her own mother. Nor would he stir from her lap, but hopping now here, now there, would still chirp to his mistress alone. Now he goes along the dark road, thither whence they say no one returns. But curse upon you, cursed shades of Orcus, which devour all pretty things! My pretty sparrow, you have taken him away. Ah, cruel! Ah, poor little bird! All because of you my lady's darling eyes are heavy and red with weeping.

IV

THE pinnacle you see, my friends, says that she was once the fleetest of ships, and that there was never any timber afloat whose speed she was not able to pass, whether she would fly with oar-blades or with canvas. And this (says she) the shore of the blustering Adriatic does not deny, nor the Cyclad isles and famous Rhodes and the wild Thracian Propontis, nor the gloomy gulf of Pontus, where she who was afterwards a pinnacle was formerly a leafy forest: for on the height of Cytorus she often rustled with talking leaves. Pontic Amastris and Cytorus green with box, my galley says that all this was and is well known to thee; she says that from her earliest birth time she stood on thy summit, in thy waters first dipped her blades, and thence over so many riotous seas brought her owner, whether the breeze from left or right invited, or Jove came down astern on both sheets at once; and that no vows to the gods of the shore were made by her all the time she was sailing from the furthest sea even to this limpid lake.

But these things are past and gone; now she rests in old age and retired leisure, and dedicates herself to thee, twin Castor, and to thee, Castor's twin.

V

LET us live, my Lesbia, and love, and value at one farthing all the talk of crabbed old men.

Suns may set and rise again. For us, when the short light has once set, remains to be slept the sleep of one unbroken night.

Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred, then another thousand, then a second hundred, then yet another thousand, then a hundred. Then, when we have made up many thousands, we will confuse our counting, that we may not know the reckoning, nor any malicious person blight them with evil eye, when he knows that our kisses are so many.

VI

FLAVIUS, if it were not that your mistress is rustic and unrefined, you would want to speak of her to your Catullus; you would not be able to help it. But (I am sure) you are in love with some unhealthy-looking wench; and you are ashamed to confess it. But though you are silent, the garlands and perfumes about the bed, and the bed itself, show that you do not sleep alone. Well then, whatever you have to tell, good or bad, let me know it. I wish to call you and your love to the skies by the power of my merry verse.

VII

You ask how many kissings of you, Lesbia, are enough for me and more than enough. As great as is the number of the Libyan sand that lies on silphium-bearing Cyrene, between the oracle of sultry Jove and the sacred tomb of old Battus; or as many as are the stars, when night is silent, that see the stolen loves of men, — to kiss you with so many kisses, Lesbia, is enough and more than enough for your mad Catullus; kisses, which neither curious eyes shall count up nor an evil tongue bewitch.

VIII

POOR Catullus, 'tis time you should cease your folly, and account as lost what you see is lost. Once the days shone bright on you, when you used to go so often where my mistress led, she who was loved by me as none will ever be loved. There and then were given us those joys, so many, so merry, which you desired nor did my lady not desire. Bright to you, truly, shone the days. Now she desires no more — no more should you desire, poor madman, nor follow her who flies, nor live in misery, but with resolved mind endure, be firm. Farewell, my mistress; now Catullus is firm; he will not seek you nor ask you against your will. But you will be sorry, when your nightly favours are no more desired. Ah, poor wretch! what life is left for you? Who now will visit you? to whom will you seem fair? whom now will you love? by whose name will you be called? whom will you kiss? whose lips will you bite? But you, Catullus, be resolved and firm.

IX

VERANIUS, preferred by me to three hundred thousand out of all the number of my friends, have you then come home to your own hearth and your affectionate brothers and your aged mother? You have indeed; O joyful news to me! I shall look upon you safe returned, and hear you telling of the country, the history, the various tribes of the Hiberians, as is your way, and drawing your neck nearer to me I shall kiss your beloved mouth and eyes. Oh, of aid men more blest than others, who is more glad, more blest than I?

X

MY dear Varus had taken me from the Forum, where I was idling, to pay a visit to his mistress, a little thing, as I thought at a first glance, not at all amiss in manner or looks. When we got there, we fell talking of this and that, and amongst other things, what sort of place Bithynia was now, how its affairs were going on, whether had made any money there. I answered (what was true) that as things now are, neither praetors themselves nor their staff can find any means of coming back fatter than they went, especially as they had such a beast for a praetor, a fellow who did not care a straw for his subalterns.

“Well, but at any rate,” say they, “you must have got some bearers for your chair. I am told that is the country where they are bred.” I, to make myself out to the girl as specially fortunate above the rest, say, “Things did not go so unkindly with me — bad as the province was which fell to my chance — as to prevent my getting eight straight-backed fellows.” Now I had not a single one, here or there, strong enough to hoist on his shoulder the broken leg of an old sofa. Says she (just like her shamelessness), “I beg you, my dear Catullus, do lend me those slaves you speak of for a moment; I want just now to be taken to the temple of Serapis.”

“Stop,” say I to the girl, “what I said just now about those slaves, that they were mine, it was a slip; there is a friend of mine — Gaius Cinna it is — ; it was he who bought them for his own use; but it is all one to me whether they are his or mine, I use them just as if I had bought them for myself: but you are a stupid, tiresome thing, who will never let one be off one’s guard.”

XI

FURIUS and Aurelius, who will be Catullus's fellow-travellers, whether he makes his way even to distant India, where the shore is beaten by the far-resounding eastern wave, or to Hyrcania and soft Arabia, or to the Sacae and archer Parthians, or those plains which sevenfold Nile dyes with his flood, or whether he will tramp across the high Alps, to visit the memorials of great Caesar, the Gaulish Rhine, the formidable Britons, remotest of men — O my friends, ready as you are to encounter all these risks with me, whatever the will of the gods above shall bring, take a little message, not a kind message, to my mistress. Bid her live and be happy with her paramours, three hundred of whom she holds at once in her embrace, not loving one of them really, but again and again draining the strength of all. And let her not look to find my love, as before; my love, which by her fault has dropped, like a flower on the meadow's edge, when it has been touched by the plough passing by.

XII

ASINIUS MARRUCINUS, you do not make a pretty use of your left hand when we are laughing and drinking; you take away the napkins of people who are off their guard. Do you think this a good joke? You are mistaken, you silly fellow; it is ever so ill-bred, and in the worst taste. You don't believe me? believe your brother Pollio, who would be glad to have your thefts redeemed at the cost of a whole talent; for he is a boy who is a master of all that is witty and amusing. So now either look out for three hundred hendecasyllables, or send me back my napkin — which does not concern me for what it is worth, but because it is a keepsake from my old friend; for Fabullus and Veranius sent me some Saetaban napkins as a present from Hiberia. How can I help being fond of these, as I am of my dear Veranius and Fabullus?

XIII

You shall have a good dinner at my house, Fabullus, in a few days, please the gods, if you bring with you a good dinner and plenty of it, not forgetting a pretty girl and wine and wit and all kinds of laughter. If, I say, you bring all this, my charming friend, you shall have a good dinner; for the purse of your Catullus is full of cobwebs. But on the other hand you shall have from me love's very essence, or what is sweeter or more delicious than love, if sweeter there be; for I will give you some perfume which the Venuses and Loves gave to my lady; and when you snuff its fragrance, you will pray the gods to make you, Fabullus, nothing but nose.

XIV

IF I did not love you more than my own eyes, my dearest Calvus, I should hate you, as we all hate Vatinius, because of this gift of yours; for what have I done, or what have I said, that you should bring destruction upon me with all these poets? May the gods send down all their plagues upon that client of yours who sent you such a set of sinners. But if, as I suspect, this new and choice present is given you by Sulla the schoolmaster, then I am not vexed, but well and happy, because your labours are not lost. Great gods! what a portentous and accursed book! And this was the book which you sent your Catullus, to kill him off at once on the very day of the Saturnalia, best of days. No, no, you rogue, this shall not end so for you. For let the morning only come — I will be off to the shelves of the booksellers, sweep together Caesii, Aquini, Suffenus, and all such poisonous stuff, and with these penalties will I pay you back for your gift. You poets, meantime, farewell, away with you, back to that ill place whence you brought your cursed feet, you burdens of our age, you worst of poets.

XIVA (a fragment)

O MY readers — if there be any who will read my nonsense, and not shrink from touching me with your hands...

XV

To you, Aurelius, I entrust my all, even my loved one, and I ask a favour of you, a modest favour. If you have ever with all your soul desired to keep anything pure and free from stain, then guard my darling now in safety — I don't mean from the vulgar throng; I have no fear of such as pass to and fro our streets absorbed in their own business. 'Tis you I fear, you and your passions, so fatal to the young, both good and bad alike. Give those passions play where and how you please, ever ready for indulgence when you walk abroad. This one boy I would have you spare: methinks 'tis a modest request. And if infatuate frenzy drive you to the heinous crime of treason against *me*, ah! then I pity you for your sad fate. For before the city's gaze with fettered, feet you shall be tortured as cruelly as an adulterer.

XVI (a fragment)

... who have supposed me to be immodest, on account of my verses, because these are rather voluptuous. For the sacred poet ought to be chaste himself, his verses need not be so.

XVII

O COLONIA, you who wish to have a long bridge on which to celebrate your games, and are quite ready to dance, but fear the ill-jointed legs of your little bridge, standing as it does on old posts done up again, lest it should fall sprawling and sink down in the depths of the mire; — may you have a good bridge made for you according to your desire, one in which the rites of Salisubsilus himself may be undertaken, on condition that you grant me this gift, Colonia, to make me laugh my loudest. There, is a townsman of mine whom I wish to go headlong from your bridge over head and heels into the mud; — only let it be where is the blackest and deepest pit of the whole bog with its stinking morass. The fellow is a perfect blockhead, and has not as much sense as a little baby two years old sleeping in the rocking arms of his father. He has for wife a girl in the freshest flower of youth; — a girl too; more exquisite than a tender kidling; one who ought to be guarded more diligently than ripest grapes — and he lets her play as she will; and does not care one straw, and for his part does not stir himself, but lies like an alder in a ditch hamstrung by a Ligurian axe, with just as much perception of everything as if it did not exist anywhere at all. Like this, my booby sees nothing, hears nothing; what he himself is, whether he is or is not, he does not know so much as this. He it is whom I want now to send head foremost from your bridge to try whether he can all in a moment wake up his stupid lethargy, and leave his sluggish mind there in the nasty sludge, as a mule leaves her iron shoe in the sticky mire.

XXI

AURELIUS, father of all starvations, not these only but all that have been or are or shall be in future years, you wish to sport with my favourite. And not on the quiet: you keep with him, jest in his company, you stick close to his side and leave nothing untried. All in vain: as you plot against me, I'll have at you first. If you had your belly full I should say nothing; as it is, what annoys me is that my lad will learn how to be hungry and thirsty. Stop, then, while you can do so unharmed, or you will have to make an end in very different plight.

XXII

THAT Suffenus, Varus, whom you know very well, is a charming fellow, and has wit and good manners. He also makes many more verses than any one else. I suppose he has got some ten thousand or even more written out in full, and not, as is often done, put down on old scraps; imperial paper, new rolls, new bosses, red ties, parchment wrappers; all ruled with lead and smoothed with pumice. When you come to read these, the fashionable well-bred Suffenus I spoke of seems to be nothing but any goatherd or ditcher, to look at him again; so absurd and changed he is. How are we to account for this? The same man who was just now a dinner-table wit or something (if such there be) even more practised, is more clumsy than the clumsy country, whenever he touches poetry; and at the same time he is never so happy as when he is writing a poem, he delights in himself and admires himself so much. True enough, we all are under the same delusion, and there is no one whom you may not see to be a Suffenus in one thing or another. Everybody has his own delusion assigned to him: but we do not see that part of the bag; which hangs on our back.

XXIII

FURIUS, you who have neither a slave, nor a moneybox, nor a bug, nor a spider, nor a fire, but who have a father and a stepmother too, whose teeth can chew even a flintstone, you lead a merry life with your father and that dry stick, your father's wife. No wonder: you all enjoy the best health, your digestions are excellent, you have nothing to be afraid of; fires, dilapidations, cruel pilferings, plots to poison you, other chances of danger. And besides this, your bodies are as dry as horn, or drier still if drier thing there be, what with sun and cold and fasting. How can you, Furius, be otherwise than well and prosperous? You are free from sweat, free from spittle and rheum and troublesome running of the nose.

Since you have such blessings as these, Furius, do not despise them nor think lightly of them; and cease to pray, as you do, for the hundred sestertia; for you are quite well off enough as it is.

XXIV

You who are the flower of the Juventii, not only of those we know, but of all who either have been or shall be hereafter in other years, — I had rather you had given the riches of Midas to that fellow who has neither servant nor money-box, than so allow yourself to be courted by him. “What? is he not a fine gentleman?” you will say. Oh, yes; but this fine gentleman has neither a servant nor a money-box. You may put this aside and make as little of it as you like: for all that, he has neither a servant nor a money-box.

XXV

EFFEMINATE Thallus, softer than rabbit's fur or down of goose or lap of ear, or dusty cobweb; and also, Thallus, more ravenous than a sweeping storm when ??? send me back my cloak which you have pounced upon, and my Saetaban napkin and Bithynian tablets, you silly fellow, which you keep by you and make a show of them, as if they were heirlooms. Unglue and let drop these at once from your claws, lest your soft downy flanks and pretty tender hands should have ugly figures branded and scrawled on them by the whip, and lest you should toss about as you are little used to do, like a tiny boat caught in the vast sea, when the wind is madly raging.

XXVI

FURIUS, my little farm stands exposed not to the blasts of Auster nor Favonius nor fierce Boreas or Apheliotes, but to a call of fifteen thousand two hundred sesterces. A wind that brings horror and pestilence!

XXVII

COME, boy, you who serve out the old Falernian, fill up stronger cups for me, as the law of Postumia, mistress of the revels, ordains, Postumia more tipsy than the tipsy grape. But water, begone, away with you, water, destruction of wine, and take up your abode with scrupulous folk. This is the pure Thyonian god.

XXVIII

You subalterns of Piso, a needy train, with baggage handy and easily carried, my excellent Veranius and you, my Fabullus, how are you? have you borne cold and hunger with that wind-bag long enough? do your account books show any gain, however small, entered on the wrong side, as mine do? Why, after following in my praetor's train I put down on the credit side... So much for running after powerful friends! But may the gods and goddesses bring many curses upon you, you blots on the names of Romulus and Remus.

XXIX

WHO can look upon this, who can suffer this, except he be lost to all shame and voracious and a gambler, that Mamurra should have what Gallia Comata and furthest Britain had once? Debauched Romulus, will you see and endure this? [You are shameless and voracious and a gambler.] And shall he now, proud and full to overflowing, make a progress through the beds of all, like a white cock-pigeon or an Adonis?

Debauched Romulus, will you see and endure this? You are shameless and voracious and a gambler. Was it this then, you one and only general, that took you to the furthest island of the West? was it that that worn-out profligate of yours, Mentula, should devour twenty or thirty millions? What else, then, is perverted liberality, if this be not? Has he not spent enough on lust and gluttony? His ancestral property was first torn to shreds; then came his prize-money from Pontus, then in the third place that from the Hiberus, of which the gold-bearing river Tagus can tell. And him do the Gauls and Britains fear? Why do you both support this scoundrel? or what can he do but devour rich patrimonies? Was it for this that you, father-in-law and son-in-law, have ruined everything?

XXX

ALFENUS, ungrateful and false to your faithful comrades, do you now cease (ah, cruel!) to pity your beloved friend? What? do you not shrink from betraying me, deceiving me, faithless one? Do the deeds of deceivers please the gods above? — All this you disregard, and desert me in my sorrow and trouble; ah, tell me, what are men to do, whom are they to trust? For truly you used to bid me trust my soul to you (ah, unjust!), leading me into love as if all were safe for me; you, who now draw back from me, and let the winds and vapours of the air bear away all your words and deeds unratified. If you have forgotten this, yet the gods remember it, remembers Faith, who will soon make you repent of your deed.

XXXI

SIRMIO, bright eye or peninsulas and islands, all that in liquid lakes or vast ocean either Neptune bears: how willingly and with what joy I revisit you, scarcely trusting myself that I have left Thynia and the Bithynian plains, and that I see you in safety. Ah, what is more blessed than to put cares away, when the mind lays by its burden, and tired with labour of far travel we have come to our own home and rest on the couch we longed for? This it is which alone is worth all these toils. Welcome, lovely Sirmio, and rejoice in your master, and rejoice ye too, waters, of the Lydian lake, and laugh out aloud all the laughter you have in your home.

XXXII

I ENTREAT you, my sweet Ipsithilla, my darling, my charmer, bid me to come and rest at noonday with you. And if you do bid me, grant me this kindness too, that no one may bar the panel of your threshold, nor you yourself have a fancy to go away, but stay at home.... But if you will at all, then bid me come at once....

XXXIII

CLEVEREST of all clothes-stealers at the baths, father Vibennius and you his profligate son,... off with you into banishment and the dismal regions, since the father's plunderings are known to all the world....

XXXIV

WE girls and chaste boys are lieges of Diana. Diana let us sing, chaste boys and girls. O child of Latona, great offspring of greatest Jove, whom thy mother bore by the Delian olive-tree, that thou mightest be the lady of mountains and green woods, and sequestered glens and sounding rivers; thou art called Juno Lucina by mothers in pains of travail, thou art called mighty Trivia and Moon with counterfeit light. Thou, goddess, measurest out by monthly course the circuit of the year, thou fillest full with goodly fruits the rustic home of the husbandman. Be thou hallowed by whatever name thou wilt; and as of old thou wert wont, with good help keep safe the race of Romulus.

XXXV

I ASK you, papyrus page, to tell the gentle poet, my friend Caecilius, to come to Verona, leaving the walls of Novum Comum and the shore of Larius: for I wish him to receive certain thoughts of a friend of his and mine. Wherefore if he is wise he will devour the way with haste, though his fair lady should call him back a thousand times, and throwing both her arms round his neck beg him to delay. She now, if a true tale is brought to me, dotes on him with passionate love. For since she read the beginning of his “Lady of Dindymus,” ever since then, poor girl, the fires have been wasting her inmost marrow. I can feel for you, maiden more scholarly than the Sapphic Muse; for Caecilius has indeed made a lovely beginning to his “Magna Mater.”

XXXVI

CHRONICLE of Volusius, filthy waste-paper, discharge a vow on behalf of my love; for she vowed to holy Venus and to Cupid that if I were restored to her love and ceased to dart fierce iambics; she would give to the lame-footed god the choicest writings of the worst of poets, to be burnt with wood from some accursed *tree*.: and my lady perceived that these were the “worst poems” that she was vowing to the merry gods in pleasant sport. Now therefore, O thou whom the blue sea bare, who inhabitest holy Idalium and open Urii, who dwellest in Ancona and reedy Cnidus and in Amathus and in Golgi, and in Dyrrhachium the meeting-place of all Hadria, record the vow as received and duly paid, so surely as it is not out of taste nor inelegant. Meantime come you here into the fire, you bundle of rusticity and clumsiness, chronicle of Volusius, filthy waste-paper.

XXXVII

GALLANT pot-house, and you brothers in the service, at the ninth pillar from the temple of the Brothers in the hats (Castor and Pollux), are you the only men, think you? the only ones who have leave to buss all the girls, while you think every one else a goat? Or if you sit in a line, five score or ten maybe, witless all, think you that I cannot settle ten score while they sit? Yet you may think so: for I'll scribble scorpions all over the pot-house front. My girl, who has left my arms, though loved as none ever shall be loved, has taken up her abode there.

She is dear to all you men of rank and fortune — indeed, to her shame, all the petty lechers that haunt the byways; to you above all, paragon of longhaired dandies, Egnatius, son of rabbity Celtiberia, made a gentleman by a bushy beard and teeth brushed with your unsavoury Spanish wash.

XXXVIII

YOUR Catullus is ill at ease, Cornificius, ill and in distress, and that more and more daily and hourly. And you, though that is the lightest and easiest task, have you said one word to console him? I am getting angry with you — what, treat my love so? Give me only some little word of comfort, pathetic as the tears of Simonides!

XXXIX

EGNATIUS, because he has white teeth, is everlastingly smiling. If people come to the prisoner's bench, when the counsel for the defence is making every one cry, he smiles: if they are mourning at the funeral of a dear son, when the bereaved mother is weeping for her only boy, he smiles: whatever it is, wherever he is, whatever he is doing, he smiles: it is a malady he has, neither an elegant one as I think, nor in good taste. So I must give you a bit of advice, my good Egnatius. If you were a Roman or a Sabine or a Tiburtine or a pig of an Umbrian or a plump Etruscan, or a black and tusky Lanuvian, or a Transpadane (to touch on my own people too), or anybody else who washes his teeth with clean water, still I should not like you to be smiling everlastingly; for there is nothing more silly than a silly laugh. As it is, you are a Celtiberian; now in the Celtiberian country the natives rub their teeth and red gums, we know how; so that the cleaner your teeth are, the dirtier

XL

WHAT infatuation, my poor Ravidus, drives you headlong in the way of my iambics? What god invoked by you amiss is going to stir up a senseless quarrel? Is it that you wish to be talked about? What do you want? would you be known, no matter how? So you shall, since you have chosen to love my lady, — and long shall you rue it.

XLI

AMEANA, that worn-out jade, asked me for a round ten thousand; that girl with the ugly snub nose, the mistress of the bankrupt of Formiae. You her relations, who have the charge of the girl, call together friends and doctors: she is not right in her mind, and never asks the looking-glass what she is like.

XLII

HITHER from all sides, hendecasyllables, as many as there are of you, all of you as many as there are. An ugly drab thinks she may make fun of me, and says she will not give me back your tablets, if you can submit to that. Let us follow her, and demand them back again. You ask who she is? That one whom you see strutting with an ugly gait, grinning like a vulgar mountebank with the gape of a Cisalpine hound. Stand round her and call for them back again. "Dirty drab, give back the tablets, give back the tablets, dirty drab!" Don't you care a penny for that? O filth, O beastliness! or anything else that I can call you worse still! But we must not think this enough. Well, if nothing else can do it, let us force a blush from the brazen face of the beast: call out again with louder voice, "Dirty drab, give back the tablets, give back the tablets, dirty drab!" We get nothing by that: she does not mind. You must change your plan and method, if you can do better so—"Maiden modest and chaste, give back the tablets."

XLIII

I GREET you, lady, you who neither have a tiny nose, nor a pretty foot, nor black eyes, nor long fingers, nor dry mouth, nor indeed a very refined tongue, you mistress of the bankrupt of Formiae. Is it you who are pretty, as the Province tells us? is it with you that our Lesbia is compared? Oh, this age! how tasteless and ill-bred it is!

XLIV

MY farm, whether Sabine or Tiburtine (for those, affirm that you are Tiburtine, who do not love to annoy Catullus, but those who do will wager anything that you are Sabine) — but at all events, whether you are Sabine or more rightly Tiburtine, I was glad to be in your retreat, ‘twixt country and town, and to clear my chest of the troublesome cough, which my greediness gave me (not undeservedly) whilst I was funning after costly feasts. I wanted to go to dinner with Sestius, and so I read a speech of his against the candidate Antius, full of poison and plague. Thereupon a shivering chill and a constant cough shook me to pieces, till at last I fled to your bosom, and set myself right again by a diet of laziness and nettle broth. So now, having recovered, I return you my best thanks because you did not punish my error. And henceforth, if I ever again take in hand the abominable writings of Sestius, I freely consent that the chill shall bring catarrh and cough, not upon me, but upon Sestius himself, for inviting me just when I have read a stupid book.

XLV

SEPTIMIUS, holding in his arms his darling Acme, says, "My Acme, if I do not love thee to desperation, and if I am not ready to go on loving thee continually through all my years as much and as distractedly as the most distracted of lovers, may I in Libya or sunburnt India meet a green-eyed lion alone." As he said this, Love on the left, as before on the right, sneezed goodwill. Then Acme, slightly bending back her head, kissed with that rosy mouth her sweet love's swimming eyes, and said, "So, my life, my darling Septimius, so may we ever serve this one master as (I swear) more strongly and fiercely burns in me the flame deep in my melting marrow." As she said this. Love, as before on the left, now on the right sneezed goodwill. And now, setting out from this good omen, heart in heart they live, loving and loved. Poor Septimius prefers Acme alone to whole Syrias and Britains. In Septimius, him alone, his faithful Acme takes her fill of loves and pleasures. Who ever saw human beings more blest? Who ever saw a more fortunate love?

XLVI

Now spring brings back balmy warmth, now the sweet gales of Zephyr are hushing the rage of the equinoctial sky. Deserted be the Phrygian plains, Catullus, and the rich land of burning Nicaea: away let us fly to the renowned cities of Asia. Now my soul flutters in anticipation and yearns to stray; now my eager feet rejoice and grow strong. Farewell, dear bands of fellow travellers, who started together from your far-away home, and whom divided ways through changing scenes are bringing back again.

XLVII

PORCIUS and Socraton, Piso's two left hands, you plague and mere famine, has that obscene Priapus preferred you to my dear Veranius and Fabullus? Are you spending money and holding splendid rich banquets at vast expense in broad daylight, whilst my old friends must walk about the streets to hunt for an invitation?

XLVIII

YOUR honeyed eyes, Juventius, if one should let me go on kissing still, I would kiss them three hundred thousand times, nor would I think I should ever have enough, no, not if the harvest of our kissing were thicker than the ripe ears of corn.

XLIX

MOST skilled in speech of the descendants of Romulus, all who are, and all who have been, and all who shall be hereafter in other years, Marcus Tullius, — to thee his warmest thanks Catullus gives, the worst of all poets; as much the worst poet of all as you are the best advocate of all.

L

YESTERDAY, Licinius, we made holiday and played many a game with my tablets, as we had agreed to take our pleasure. Each of us pleased his fancy in writing verses, now in one metre, now in another, answering each other, while we laughed and drank our wine. I came away from this so fired by your wit and fun, Licinius, that food did not ease my pain, nor sleep spread rest over my eyes, but restless and fevered I tossed about all over my bed, longing to see the dawn, that I might talk to you and be with you. But when my limbs were worn out with fatigue and lay half dead on my couch, I made this poem for you, my sweet friend, that from it you might learn my suffering. Now be not too proud, and do not, I pray you, apple of my eye, do not reject my prayers, lest Nemesis demand penalties from you in turn. She is an imperious goddess — beware of offending her.

LIA

HE seems to me to be equal to a god, he, if it may be, seems to surpass the very gods, who sitting opposite you again and again gazes at you and hears you sweetly laughing. Such a thing takes away all my senses, alas! for whenever I see you, Lesbia, at once no sound of voice remains within my mouth, but my tongue falters, a subtle flame steals down through my limbs, my ears tingle with inward humming, my eyes are shrouded in twofold night.

LIB (a fragment)

IDLENESS, Catullus, does you harm, you riot in your idleness and wanton too much. Idleness ere now has ruined both kings and wealthy cities.

LII

WHAT is it, Catullus? why do you not make haste to die? Nonius Struma sits in a curule chair; Vatinius forswears himself by his consulship. What is it, Catullus? why do you not make haste to die?

LIII

A FELLOW in the crowd made me laugh just now: when my dear Calvus had drawn out in splendid style his accusations against Vatinius, he lifted up his hands in wonder, and “Great gods,” says he, “what an eloquent manikin!”

LIV

OTHO'S head (very small it is) and your half-washed legs, rustic Erins... these points at least, if not all about them, I should wish to be disliked by you and Fuficius, that old fellow renewed to youth again.

LIVB (a fragment)

You will again be angered by my iambs, my innocent iambs, you one and only general.

I BEG you, if I may without offence, show me where is your dark corner. I have looked for you in the lesser Campus, in the Circus, in all the booksellers' shops, in the hallowed temple of great Jove. And when I was in Pompey's portico, I stopped all the women there, my friend, who, however, faced me with untroubled look. You it was that I kept asking them for: "Give me my Camerius, you wicked girls!" One of them, baring her naked bosom, says, "Look here, he is hiding between my rosy breasts." Well, to bear with you is now a labour of Hercules. Not though I should be moulded in brass like the fabled warder of Crete, not though I were to soar aloft like flying Pegasus, not if I were Ladas or wing-footed Perseus, not if I were the swift snow-white pair of Rhesus could I overtake you: add to these the feather-footed gods and the winged, and with them call for the swiftness of the winds: — though you should harness all these, Camerius, and press them into my service, yet I should be tired out to my very marrow, and worn away with frequent faintness, my friend, while searching for you. Do you deny yourself so haughtily, my friend? Tell us where you are likely to be, out with it boldly, trust me with it, give it to the light. Do the milk-white maids detain you? If you keep your tongue shut up within your mouth, you will waste all the gains of love; Venus loves an utterance full of words. However, if you will, you may lock up your lips, so long as you let me be a sharer in your love.

LVI

O, CATO, what an absurdly funny thing, worthy for you to hear and laugh at! Laugh, as much as you love Catullus, Cato. The thing is too absurd and funny....

LVII

WELL agreed are the abominable profligates, Mamurra the effeminate, and Caesar; no wonder either. Like stains, one from the city and one from Formiae, are deeply impressed on each, and will never be washed out. Diseased alike, very twins, both on one sofa, dilettante writers both, one as greedy in adultery as the other, rivals and partners in love. Well agreed are the abominable profligates.

LVIII

O, CAELIUS, my Lesbia, that Lesbia, Lesbia whom alone Catullus loved more than himself and all his own, now in the cross-roads and alleys serves the filthy lusts of the descendants of lordly-minded Remus.

LIX

RUFA of Bononia... the wife of Menenius, she whom you have often seen in the graveyards grabbing the baked meats from the very pyre, when as she ran after the loaf rolling down out of the fire she was thumped by the half-shaved slave of the undertaker.

LX

WAS it a lioness from Libyan mountains or a Scylla barking from her womb below that bare you, you that are so hard-hearted and monstrous as to hold in contempt your suppliant's voice in his last need, ah, too cruel-hearted one?

LXI

O HAUNTER of the Heliconian mount, Urania's son, thou who bearest away the tender maid to her bridegroom, O Hymenaeus Hymen, O Hymen Hymenaeus!

Bind thy brows with the flowers of fragrant marjoram, put on the marriage veil, hither, hither merrily come, wearing on thy snow-white foot the yellow shoe, — .

and wakening on this joyful day, singing with resonant voice the nuptial songs, beat the ground with thy feet, shake with thy hand the pine torch.

For now shall Vinia wed with Manlius, Vinia as fair as Venus who dwells in Idalium, when she came to the Phrygian judge; a good maiden with a good omen,

like the Asian myrtle shining with flowering sprays, which the Hamadryad goddesses with dewy moisture nourish as a plaything for themselves.

Hither then, come hither, haste to leave the Aonian caves of the Thespian rock, which the nymph Aganippe besprinkles with cooling shower from above; call to her home the lady of the house, full of desire for her bridegroom; bind her heart with love, as here and there the clinging ivy straying clasps the tree-

Ye too with me, unwedded virgins, for whom a like day is coming, come, in measure say, "O Hymenaeus Hymen, O Hymen Hymenaeus!"

that hearing himself summoned to his own office, the god may come more readily hither, the herald of genial Venus, the coupler of honest love.

What god is more worthy to be invoked by lovers who are loved? whom of the heavenly ones shall men worship more than thee? O Hymenaeus Hymen, O Hymen Hymenaeus!

Thee for his children the aged father invokes, for thee the maidens loose their garments from the girdle: for thee the bridegroom listens fearfully with eager ear,

Thou thyself givest into the hands of the fiery youth the blooming maiden from her mother's bosom, O Hymenaeus Hymen, O Hymen Hymenaeus!

No pleasure can Venus take without thee, such as honest fame may approve; but can, if thou art willing. What god dare match himself with this god?

No house without thee can give children, no parent rest on his offspring; but all is well if thou art willing. What god dare match himself with this god?

A land that should want thy sanctities would not be able to produce guardians for its borders — but could, if thou wert willing. What god dare match himself with this god?

Throw open the fastenings of the door; the bride is coming. See you how the torches shake their shining tresses?... noble shame delays.... Yet listening rather to this, she weeps that she must go.

Weep no more. Not to you, Aurunculeia, is there danger that any fairer woman shall see the bright day coming from ocean.

So in the gay garden of a rich owner stands a hyacinth flower — but you delay, the day is passing; come forth, O bride.—’

Come forth, O bride, if now you will, and hear our words. See how the torches shake their golden tresses! — come forth, O bride.

Your husband will not, lightly given to some wicked paramour, and following shameful ways of dishonour, wish to lie away from your soft bosom; but as the pliant vine entwines the trees planted near it, so will he be entwined in your embrace. But the day is passing; come forth, O bride.

O bridal bed, to all.....
..... white foot... bed.

What joys are coming for your lord, O what joys for him to know in the fleeting night, joys in the full day! — but the day is passing; come forth, O bride.

Raise aloft the torches, boys: I see the wedding veil coming. Go on, sing in measure, Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

Let not the merry Fescennine jesting be silent long, let the favourite boy give away nuts to the slaves, when he hears how his lord has left his love.

Give nuts to the slaves, favourite: your time is past: you have played with nuts long enough: you must now be the servant of Talassius. Give nuts, beloved slave.

To-day and yesterday you disdained the country wives: now the barber

shaves your cheeks. Wretched, all! wretched lover, throw the nuts.

They will say that you, perfumed bridegroom, are unwilling to give up your old pleasures; but abstain, Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

We know that you are acquainted with no unlawful joys; but a husband has not the same liberty. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

You too, O bride, be sure you refuse not what your husband claims, lest he go elsewhere to find it. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

See how mighty and rich for you is the house of your husband; be content to be mistress here, (Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!) even till hoary old age, shaking a trembling head, nods assent to all for all. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

Lift across the threshold with a good omen your golden feet, and enter within the polished door, Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

See how your husband within, reclining on a purple couch, is all eagerness for you. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

In his inmost heart no less than in yours glows the flame, but deeper within. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

Let go, young boy, the smooth arm of the damsel, let her now come to her husband's bed. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

Ye, honest matrons, well wedded to ancient husbands, set the damsel in her place. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus.

Now you may come, bridegroom; your wife is in the bride-chamber, shining with flowery face, like a white daisy or yellow poppy.

But, husband, so the gods help me, you are no less fair, nor does Venus neglect you. But the day is passing. Go on then, delay not.

Not long have you delayed. Already you come. May kindly Venus help you, since openly you take your desire and do not hide your honest love.

Let him first count up the number of the dust of Africa and of the glittering stars, who would number the many thousands of your joys.

Sport as ye will, and soon bring children forth. It is not fit that so old a name should be without children, but that they should be ever born from the same stock.

I would see a little Torquatus, stretching his baby hands from his mother's lap, smile a sweet smile at his father with lips half parted.

May he be like his father Manlius, and easily be recognised by all, even those who do not know, and declare by his face the fair fame of his mother.

May such praise, due to his chaste mother, approve his descent, as for Telemachus son of Penelope remains unparagoned the honour derived from his noble mother.

Maidens, shut the doors. We have sported enough. But ye, happy pair, live happily, and in your wedded joys employ your vigorous youth.

LXII

Youths. The evening is come, rise up, ye youths. Vesper from Olympus now at last is just raising his long-looked-for light. Now is it time to rise, now to leave the rich tables; now will come the bride, now will the Hymen-song be sung. Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!

Maidens. See ye, maidens, the youths? Rise up to meet them. For sure the night-star shows his Oetaean fires. So it is indeed; see you how nimbly they have sprung up? it is not for nothing that they have sprung up: they will sing something which it is worth while to look at. Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!

Youths. No easy palm is set out for us, comrades; look how the maidens are conning what they have learnt. Not in vain do they learn, they have there something worthy of memory; no wonder, since they labour deeply with their whole mind. We have diverted elsewhere our thoughts, elsewhere our ears; fairly then shall we be beaten; victory loveth care Wherefore now at least match your minds with theirs. Anon they will begin to speak, anon it will be fitting for us to answer. Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!

Maidens. Hesperus, what more cruel fire than thine moves in the sky? for thou canst endure to tear the daughter from her mother's embrace, from her mother's embrace to tear the close-clinging daughter, and give the chaste maiden to the burning youth. What more cruel than this do enemies when a city falls? Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!

Youths. Hesperus, what more welcome fire than thine shines in the sky? for thou with thy flame confirmest the contracted espousals, which husbands and parents have promised beforehand, but unite not till thy flame has arisen. What is given by the gods more desirable than the fortunate hour? Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!

.....

Maidens. Hesperus, friends, has taken away one of us.

.....

Youths. For at thy coming the guard is always awake. By night thieves hide themselves, whom thou, Hesperus, often overtakest as thou returnest, Hesperus the same but with changed name Eous. [Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!]

But girls love to chide thee with feigned complaint. What then, if they chide him whom they desire in their secret heart? Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!

Maidens. As a flower springs up secretly in a fenced garden, unknown to the cattle, torn up by no plough, which the winds caress, the sun strengthens, the shower draws forth, many boys, many girls, desire it; when the same flower fades, nipped by a sharp nail, no boys, no girls desire it: so a maiden, whilst she remains untouched, so long is she dear to her own; when she has lost her chaste flower with sullied body, she remains neither lovely to boys nor dear to girls. Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!

Youths. As an unwedded vine which grows up in a bare field never raises itself aloft, never brings forth a mellow grape, but bending its tender form with downward weight, even now touches the root with topmost shoot; no farmers, no oxen tend it: but if it chance to be joined in marriage to the elm, many farmers, many oxen tend it: so a maiden, whilst she remains untouched, so long is she aging untended; but when in ripe season she is matched in equal wedlock, she is more dear to her husband and less distasteful to her father. [Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!]

And you, maiden, strive not with such a husband; it is not right to strive with him to whom your father himself gave you, your father himself with your mother, whom you must obey. Your maidenhead is not all your own; partly it belongs to your parents, a third part is given to your father, a third part to your mother, only a third is yours; do not contend with two, who have given their rights to their son-in-law together with the dowry. Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!

LXIII

BORNE in his swift bark over deep seas, Attis, when eagerly with speedy foot he reached the Phrygian woodland, and entered the goddess's abodes, shadowy, forest-crowned; there, goaded by raging madness, bewildered in mind, he cast down from him with sharp flint-stone the burden of his members. So when she felt her limbs to have lost their manhood, still with fresh blood dabbling the face of the ground, swiftly with snowy hands she seized the light timbrel, timbrel, trumpet of Cybele, thy mysteries, Mother, and shaking with soft fingers the hollow oxhide thus began she to sing to her companions tremulously: "Come away, ye Gallae, go to the mountain forests of Cybele together, together go, wandering herd of the lady of Dindymus, who swiftly seeking alien homes as exiles, followed my rule as I led you in my train, endured the fast-flowing brine and the savage seas, and unmanned your bodies from utter abhorrence of love, cheer ye your Lady's heart with swift wanderings. Let dull delay depart from your mind; go together, follow to the Phrygian house of Cybele, to the Phrygian forests of the goddess, where the noise of cymbals sounds, where timbrels re-echo, where the Phrygian flute-player blows a deep note on his curved reed, where the Maenads ivy-crowned toss their heads violently, where with shrill yells they shake the holy emblems, where that wandering company of the goddess is wont to rove, whither for us 'tis meet to hasten with rapid dances."

So soon as Attis, woman yet no true one, chanted thus to her companions, the revellers suddenly with quivering tongues yell aloud, the light timbrel rings again, clash again the hollow cymbals, swiftly to green Ida goes the rout with hurrying foot. Then too frenzied, panting, uncertain, wanders, gasping for breath, attended by the timbrel, Attis, through the dark forests their leader, as a heifer unbroken starting aside from the burden of the yoke. Fast follow the Gallae their swift-footed leader. So when they gained the house of Cybele, faint and weary, after much toil they take their rest without bread; heavy sleep covers their eyes with drooping weariness, the delirious madness of their mind departs in soft slumber. But when the sun with the flashing eyes of his golden face lightened the clear heaven, the firm lands, the wild sea, and chased away the shades of night with eager tramping steeds refreshed, then Sleep fled from wakened Attis and quickly was gone; him the goddess Pasithea received in her fluttering bosom. So after soft slumber, freed from violent madness, as soon as Attis himself in his heart reviewed his own deed, and saw with clear mind what he had lost and where he was, with surging mind again he sped back to the waves. There, looking out upon the waste seas with streaming eyes, thus did she piteously address her country with tearful voice:

"O my country that gavest me life! O my country that barest me! leaving whom, ah wretch! as runaway servants leave their masters, I have borne my foot to the forests of Ida, to live among snows and frozen lairs of wild beasts,

and visit in my frenzy all their lurking-dens, — where then or in what region do I think thy place to be, O my country? Mine eyeballs unbidden long to turn their gaze to thee, while for a short space my mind is free from wild frenzy. I, shall I from my own home be borne far away into these forests? from my country, my possessions, my friends, my parents, shall I be absent? absent from the market, the wrestling-place, the racecourse, the playground? unhappy, ah unhappy heart, again, again must thou complain. For what form of human figure is there which I had not? I, to be a woman — I who was a stripling, I a youth, I a boy, I was the flower of the playground, I was once the glory of the palaestra: mine were the crowded doorways, mine the warm thresholds, mine the flowery garlands to deck my house when I was to leave my chamber at sunrise. I, shall I now be called — what? a handmaid of the gods, a ministring of Cybele? I a Maenad, I part of myself a barren man shall I be? I, shall I dwell in icy snow-clad regions of verdant Ida, I pass my life under the high summits of Phrygia, with the hind that haunts the woodland, with the boar that ranges the forest? now, now I rue my deed, now, now I would it were undone.”

From his rosy lips as these words issued forth, bringing a new message to both ears of the gods, then Cybele, loosening the fastened yoke from her lions, and goading that foe of the herd who drew on the left, thus speaks: “Come now,” she says, “come, go fiercely let madness hunt him hence, bid him hence by stroke of madness hie him to the forests again, him who would be too free, and run away from my sovereignty. Come, lash back with tail, endure thy own scourging, make all around resound with bellowing roar, shake fiercely on brawny neck thy ruddy mane.” Thus says wrathful Cybele, and with her hand unbinds the yoke. The monster stirs his courage and rouses him to fury of heart; he speeds away, he roars, with ranging foot he breaks the brushwood. But when he came to the watery stretches of the white-gleaming shore, and saw tender Attis by the smooth spaces of the sea, he rushes at him — madly flies Attis to the wild woodland. There always for all his lifetime was he a handmaid.

Goddess, great goddess, Cybele, goddess, lady of Dindymus, far from my house be all thy fury, O my queen; others drive thou in frenzy, others drive thou to madness.

PINE-TREES of old, born on the top of Pelion, are said to have swum through the clear waters of Neptune to the waves of Phasis and the realms of Aetes, when the chosen youths, the flower of Argive strength, desiring to bear away from the Colchians the golden fleece, dared to course over the salt seas with swift ship, sweeping the blue expanse with fir-wood blades, for whom the goddess who holds the fortresses of city-tops made with her own hands the car flitting with light breeze, and bound the piny structure of the bowed, keel. That ship first hanselled with, voyage Amphitrite untried before.

So when she ploughed with her beak the windy expanse, and the wave churned by the oars grew white with foam-flakes, forth looked from the foaming surge of the sea the Nereids of the deep wondering at the strange thing. On that day, if on any other, mortals saw with their eyes the sea-Nymphs standing forth from the hoary tide, with bodies naked as far as the paps. Then is Peleus, said to have caught fire with love of Thetis, then did Thetis not disdain mortal espousals, then did the Father himself know in his heart that Peleus must be joined to Thetis. O ye, in happiest time of ages born, hail, heroes, sprang from gods! hail, kindly offspring of good mothers, hail again! you often in my song, you will I address. And specially thee, greatly blessed by fortunate marriage torches, mainstay of Thessaly, Peleus, to whom Jupiter himself, the king of the gods himself granted his own Love.

Thee did fairest Thetis clasp, daughter of Nereus? to thee did Tethys grant to wed her granddaughter, and Oceanus, who circles all the world with sea?

Now when that longed-for day in time fulfilled had come for them, all Thessaly in full assembly crowds the house, the palace is thronged with a joyful company. They bring gifts in their hands, they display joy in their looks. Cieros is deserted; they leave Phthiotic Tempe and the houses of Crannon and the walls of Larissa; at Pharsalus they meet, and flock to the houses of Pharsalus. None now tills the lands; the necks of the steers grow soft; no more is the ground of the vineyard cleared with curved rakes; no more does the primers' hook thin the shade of the tree; no more does the ox tear up the soil with downward share; rough rust creeps over the deserted ploughs.

But Peleus' own abodes, so far as inward stretched the wealthy palace, with glittering gold and silver shine. White gleams the ivory of the thrones, bright are the cups on the table; the whole house is gay and gorgeous with royal treasure. But see, the royal marriage bed is being set for the goddess in the midst of the palace, smoothly fashioned of Indian tusk, covered with purple tinged with the rosy stain of the shell.

This coverlet, broidered with shapes of ancient men, with wondrous art sets forth the worthy deeds of heroes. For there, looking forth from the wave-sounding shore of Dia, Ariadna sees Theseus, as he sails away with swift fleet, Ariadna bearing wild madness in her heart. Not yet can she believe she

beholds what yet she does behold; since now, now first wakened from treacherous sleep she sees herself, poor wretch, deserted on the lonely sand. Meanwhile the youth flies and strikes the waters with his oars, leaving unfulfilled his empty pledges to the gusty storm; at whom afar from the weedy beach with streaming eyes the daughter of Minos, like a marble figure of a bacchanal, looks forth, alas! looks forth tempest-tost with great tides of passion. Nor does she still keep the delicate headband on her golden head, nor has her breast veiled by the covering of her light raiment, nor her milk-white bosom bound with the smooth girdle; all these, as they slipped off around her whole body, before her very feet the salt waves lapped. She for her headgear then, she for her floating raiment then, cared not, but on thee, Theseus, with all her thoughts, with all her soul, with all her mind (lost, ah lost!) was hanging, unhappy maid! whom with unceasing floods of grief Erycina maddened, sowing thorny cares in her breast, even from that hour, what time bold Theseus setting forth from the winding shores of Piræus reached the Gortynian palace of the lawless king.

For they tell how of old, driven by a cruel pestilence to pay a penalty for the slaughter of Androgeos, Cecropia was wont to give as a feast to the Minotaur chosen youths, and with them the flower of unwedded maids. Now when his narrow walls were troubled by these evils, Theseus himself for his dear Athens chose to offer his own body, rather than that such deaths, living deaths, of Cecropia should be borne to Crete. Thus then, speeding his course with light bark and gentle gales, he comes to lordly Minos and his haughty halls. Him when the damsel beheld with eager eye, the princess, whom her chaste couch breathing sweet odours still nursed in her mother's soft embrace, like myrtles which spring by the streams of Eurotas, or the flowers of varied hue which the breath of spring draws forth, she turned not her burning eyes away from him, till she had caught fire in all her heart deep within, and glowed all flame in her inmost marrow. Ah! thou that stirrest cruel madness with ruthless heart, divine boy, who minglest joys of men with cares, and thou, who reignest over Golgi and leafy Idalium, on what billows did ye toss the burning heart of the maiden, often sighing for the golden-headed stranger! what fears did she endure with fainting heart! how often did she then grow paler than the gleam of gold, when Theseus, eager to contend with the savage monster, was setting forth to win either death or the meed of valour! Yet not unsweet were the gifts, though vainly promised to the gods, which she offered with silent lip. For as a tree which waves its boughs on Taurus' top, an oak or a cone-bearing pine with sweating bark, when a vehement storm twists the grain with its blast, and tears it up; — afar, wrenched up by the roots it lies prone, breaking away all that meets its fall — so did Theseus overcome and lay low the bulk of the monster, vainly tossing his horns to the empty winds. Thence he retraced his way, unharmed and with much glory, guiding his devious footsteps by the fine clew, lest as he came forth from the mazy windings of the labyrinth the inextricable entanglement of the building should

bewilder him.

But why should I leave the first subject of my song and tell of more; how the daughter, flying from her father's face, the embrace of her sister, then of her mother last, who lamented, lost in grief for her daughter — how she chose before all these the sweet love of Theseus; or how the ship was borne to the foaming shores of Dia; or how when her eyes were bound with soft sleep her spouse left her, departing with forgetful mind? Often in the madness of her burning heart they say that she uttered piercing cries from her inmost breast; and now would she sadly climb the rugged mountains, thence to strain her eyes over the waste of ocean-tide; now run out to meet the waters of the rippling brine, lifting the soft vesture of her bared knee. And thus said she mournfully in her last laments, uttering chilly sobs with tearful face:

“Thus then, having borne me afar from my father's home, thus hast thou left me, faithless, faithless Theseus, on the lonely shore? thus departing, unmindful of the will of the gods, forgetful, ah! dost thou carry to thy home the curse of perjury? could nothing bend the purpose of thy cruel mind? was no mercy present in thy soul, to bid thy ruthless heart incline to pity for me? Not such were the promises thou gavest me once with winning voice, not this didst thou bid me hope, ah me! no, but a joyful wedlock, but a desired espousal; all which the winds of heaven now blow abroad in vain. Henceforth let no woman believe a man's oath, let none believe that a man's speeches can be trustworthy. They, while their mind desires something and longs eagerly to gain it, nothing fear to swear, nothing spare to promise; but as soon as the lust of their greedy mind is satisfied, they fear not then their words, they heed not their perjuries. I — thou knowest it — when thou wert tossing in the very whirl of death, saved thee, and set my heart rather to let my brother go than to fail thee, now faithless found, in thy utmost need. And for this I shall be given to beasts and birds to tear as a prey; my corpse shall have no sepulture, shall be sprinkled with no earth. What lioness bore thee under a desert rock? what sea conceived thee and vomited thee forth from its foaming waves? what Syrtis, what ravening Scylla, what waste Charybdis bore thee, who for sweet life returnest such meed as this? If thou hadst no mind to wed with me for dread of the harsh bidding of thy stern father, yet thou couldst have led me into thy dwellings to serve thee as a slave with labour of love, laving thy white feet with liquid water, or with purple coverlet spreading thy bed.

“But why should I, distracted with woe, cry in vain to the senseless airs — the airs that are endowed with no feeling, and can neither hear nor return the messages of my voice? He meanwhile is now tossing almost in mid-sea, and no human being is seen on the waste and weedy shore. Thus fortune too, full of spite, in this my supreme hour has cruelly grudged all ears to my complaints. Almighty Jupiter, I would the Attic ships had never touched Gnosian shores, nor ever the faithless voyager, bearing the dreadful tribute to the savage bull, had fastened his cable in Crete, nor that this evil man, hiding cruel designs under a fair outside, had reposed in our dwellings as a guest! For

whither shall I return, lost, ah, lost? on what hope do I lean? shall I seek the mountains of Sidon? how broad the flood, how savage the tract of sea which divides them from me! Shall I hope for the aid of my father? — whom I deserted of my own will, to follow a lover dabbled with my brother's blood! Or shall I console myself with the faithful love of my spouse, who is flying from me, bending his tough oars in the wave? and here too is naught but the shore, with never a house, a desert island; no way to depart opens for me; about me are the waters of the sea; no means of flight, no hope; all is dumb, all is desolate; all shows me the face of death. Yet my eyes shall not grow faint in death, nor shall the sense fail from my wearied body, before I demand from the gods just vengeance for my betrayal, and call upon the faith of the heavenly ones in my last hour.

“Therefore, O ye that visit the deeds of men with vengeful pains, ye Eumenides, whose foreheads bound with snaky hair announce the wrath which breathes from your breast, hither, hither haste, hear my complaints which I (ah, unhappy!) bring forth from my inmost heart perforce, helpless, burning, blinded with raging frenzy. For since my woes come truthfully from the depths of my heart, suffer not ye my grief to come to nothing: but even as Theseus had the heart to leave me desolate, with such a heart, ye goddesses, may he bring ruin upon himself and his own!”

When she had poured out these words from her sad breast, earnestly demanding vengeance for cruel deeds; the Lord of the heavenly ones bowed assent with sovereign nod, and at that movement the earth and stormy seas trembled, and the heavens shook the quivering stars. But Theseus himself, darkling in his thoughts with blind dimness, let slip from his forgetful mind all the biddings which formerly he had held firm with constant heart, and raised not the welcome sign to his mourning father, nor showed that he was safely sighting the Erechthean harbour. For they say that ere while, when Aegeus was trusting his son to the winds, as with his fleet he left the walls of the goddess, he embraced the youth and gave him this charge: “My son, my only son, dearer to me than all my length of days restored to me but now in the last end of old age, my son, whom I perforce let go forth to doubtful hazards, — since my fortune and thy burning valour tear thee from me, unwilling me, whose failing eyes are not yet satisfied with the dear image of my son, I will not let thee go gladly with cheerful heart, nor suffer thee to bear the tokens of prosperous fortune: but first will bring forth many laments from my heart, soiling my gray hairs with earth and showered dust: thereafter will I hang dyed sails on thy roving mast, that so the tale of my grief and the fire that burns in my heart may be marked by the canvas stained with Iberian azure. But if she who dwells in holy Itonus, who vouchsafes to defend our race and the abodes of Erechtheus, shall grant thee to sprinkle thy right hand with the bull's blood, then be sure that these my commands live, laid up in thy mindful heart, and that no length of time blur them: that as soon as thy eyes shall come within sight of our hills, thy yardarms may lay down from them their

mourning raiment, and the twisted cordage raise a white sail: that so I may see at once and gladly welcome the signs of joy, when a happy hour shall set thee here in thy home again."

These charges at first did Theseus preserve with constant mind; but then they left him, as clouds driven by the breath of the winds leave the lofty head of the snowy mountain. But the father, as he gazed out from his tower-top, wasting his longing eyes in constant tear-floods, when first he saw the canvas of the belling sail, threw himself headlong from the summit of the rocks, believing Theseus destroyed by ruthless fate. Thus bold Theseus, as he entered the chambers of his home, darkened with mourning for his father's death, himself received such grief as by forgetfulness of heart he had caused to the daughter of Minos. And she the while, gazing out tearfully at the receding ship, was revolving manifold cares in her wounded heart.

In another part of the tapestry youthful Bacchus was wandering with the rout of Satyrs and the Nysa-born Sileni, seeking thee, Ariadna, and fired with thy love;... who then, busy here and there, were raging with frenzied mind, while "Evoe!" they cried tumultuously, "Evoe!" shaking their heads.

Some of them were waving thyrsi with shrouded points, some tossing about the limbs of a mangled steer, some girding themselves with writhing serpents: some bearing in solemn procession dark mysteries enclosed in caskets, mysteries which the profane desire in vain to hear. Others beat timbrels with uplifted hands, or raised clear clashings with cymbals of rounded bronze: many blew horns with harsh-sounding drone, and the barbarian pipe shrilled with dreadful din.

Such were the figures that richly adorned the tapestry which embraced and shrouded with its folds the royal couch. Now when the Thessalian youth had gazed their fill, fixing their eager eyes on these wonders, they began to give place to the holy gods. Hereupon, as the west wind ruffling the quiet sea with its breath at morn urges on the sloping waves when the Dawn is rising up to the gates of the travelling Sun, the waters slowly at first, driven by gentle breeze, step on and lightly sound with splash of laughter; then as the breeze grows fresh they crowd on close and closer, and floating afar reflect a brightness from the crimson light; so now, leaving the royal buildings of the portal, hither and thither variously with devious feet the guests passed away.

After their departure, from the top of Pelion came Chiron leading the way, and bearing woodland gifts. For all the flowers that the plains bear, all that the Thessalian region brings to birth on its mighty mountains, all the flowers that near the river's streams the fruitful gale of warm Favonrus discloses, these he brought himself, woven in mingled garlands, cheered with whose grateful odour the house smiled its gladness. Forthwith Penëus is there, leaving verdant Tempe, Tempe girt with impendent forests [] to be haunted by Dorian dances; not empty-handed, for he bore, torn up by the roots, lofty beeches and tall bay-trees with upright stem, and with them the nodding plane and the swaying sister of flame-devoured Phaethon, and the tall cypress. All

these he wove far and wide around their home, that the portal might be greenly embowered with soft foliage. Him follows Prometheus wise of heart, bearing the faded scars of the ancient penalty which whilom, his limbs bound fast the rock with chains, he paid, hanging from the craggy summits. Then came the Father of the gods with his divine wife and his sons, leaving thee, Phoebus, alone in heaven, and with thee thine own sister who dwells in the heights of Idrus; for as thou didst, so did thy sister scorn Peleus, nor deigned to be present at the nuptial torches of Thetis.

So when they had reclined their limbs on the white couches, bountifully were the tables piled with varied dainties: whilst in the meantime, swaying their bodies with palsied motion, the Parcae began to utter soothceiling chants. White raiment enfolding their aged limbs robed their ankles with a crimson border; on their snowy heads rested rosy bands, while their hands duly plied the eternal task. The left hand held the distaff clothed with soft wool; then the right hand lightly drawing out the threads with upturned fingers shaped them, then with downward thumb twirled the spindle poised with rounded whorl; and so with their teeth they still plucked the threads and made the work even. Bitten ends of wool clung to their dry lips, which had before stood out from the smooth yarn: and at their feet soft fleeces of white-shining wool were kept safe in baskets of osier. They then, as they struck the wool, sang with clear voice, and thus poured forth the Fates in divine chant. That chant no length of time shall prove untruthful.

“O thou who crownest high renown with great deeds of virtue, bulwark of Emathian power, famed for thy son to be, receive the truthful oracle which on this happy day the Sisters reveal to thee; but run ye on, drawing the woof-threads which the fates follow, ye spindles, run.

“Soon will Hesperus come to thee, Hesperus, who brings longed-for gifts to the wedded, soon will come thy wife with happy star, to shed over thy spirit soul-quelling love, and join with thee languorous slumbers, laying her smooth arms under thy strong neck. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run.

“No house ever harboured such loves as these; no love ever joined lovers in such a bond as links Thetis with Peleus, Peleus with Thetis. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run.

“There shall be born to you a son that knows not fear, Achilles, known to his enemies not by his back but by his stout breast; who right often winner in the contest of the wide-ranging race shall outstrip the flame-fleet footsteps of the flying hind. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run.

“Against him not a hero shall match himself in war, when the Phrygian streams shall flow with Teucrian blood, and the third heir of Pelops shall lay

waste the Trojan walls, with tedious war beleaguering. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run.

“The hero’s surpassing achievements and renowned deeds often shall mothers awn at the burial of their sons, loosing dishevelled hair from hoary head, and marring their withered breasts with weak hands. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run.

“For as the husbandman cropping the thick ears of corn under the burning sun mows down the yellow fields, so shall he lay low with foeman’s steel the bodies of the sons of Troy. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run.

“Witness of his great deeds of valour shall be the wave of Scamander which pours itself forth abroad in the current of Hellespont, whose channel he shall choke with heaps of slain corpses, and make the deep streams warm with mingled blood. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run.

* * * * *

“Lastly, witness too shall be the prize assigned to him in death, when the rounded barrow heaped up with lofty mound shall receive the snowy limbs of the slaughtered maiden. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run.

“For so soon as Fortune shall give to the weary Achaeans power to loose the Neptune-forged circlet of the Dardanian town, the high tomb shall be wetted with Polyxena’s blood, who like a victim falling under the two-edged steel, shall bend her knee and bow her headless trunk. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run.

“Come then, unite the loves which your souls desire: let the husband receive in happy bonds the goddess, let the bride be given up — nay now! — to her eager spouse. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run.

“When her nurse visits her again with the morning light, she will not be able to circle her neck with yesterday’s riband; nor shall her anxious mother, saddened by lone-lying of an unkindly bride, give up the hope of dear descendants. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run.”

Such strains of divination, foreboding happiness to Peleus, sang the Fates from prophetic breast in days of yore. For in bodily presence of old, before religion was despised, the heavenly ones were wont to visit pious homes of heroes, and show themselves to mortal company. Often the Father of the gods coming down again, in his bright temple, when yearly feasts had come on his holy days, saw a hundred bulls fall to the ground. Often Liber roving on the topmost height of Parnassus drove the Thyades crying “Evoe!” with flying hair, when the Delphians, racing eagerly from all the town, joyfully received

the god with smoking altars. Often in the death-bearing strife of war Mavors or the Lady of swift Triton or the Rhamnusian Virgin by their presence stirred up the courage of armed bands of men. But when the earth was dyed with hideous crime, and all men banished justice from their greedy souls, and brothers sprinkled their hands with brothers' blood, the son left off to mourn his parents' death, the father wished for the death of his young son, that he might without hindrance enjoy the flower of a young bride, the unnatural mother impiously coupling with her unconscious son did not fear to sin against parental gods: — then all right and wrong, confounded in impious madness, turned from us the righteous will of the gods. Wherefore they deign not to visit such companies, nor endure the touch of clear daylight.

LXV

To Hortalus

THOUGH I am worn out with constant grief, Hortalus, and sorrow calls me away, apart from the learned Maids, nor can the thoughts of my heart utter the sweet births of the Muses, tossed as it is with such waves of trouble; — so lately the creeping wave of the Lethaeian flood has lapped my own brother's death-pale foot, on whom, torn away from our sight, under the shore of Rhoeteum the soil of Troy lies heavy.

* * * *

Never shall I speak to thee, never hear thee tell of thy life; never shall I see thee again, brother more beloved than life: but surely I shall always love thee, always sing strains of mourning for thy death, as under the thick shadows of the boughs sings the Daulian bird bewailing the fate of Itylus lost. Yet, in such sorrows, Hortalus, I send to you these verses of Battiades translated, lest haply you should think that your words have slipped from my mind, vainly committed to wandering winds: as art apple sent as a secret gift from her betrothed lover falls out from the chaste bosom of the girl, which — poor child, she forgot it! — put away in her soft gown, is shaken out as she starts forward when her mother comes; then, see, onward, downward swiftly it rolls and runs; a conscious blush creeps over her downcast face.

LXVI

The Lock of Berenice

CONON, he who scanned all the lights of the vast sky, who learnt the risings of the stars and their settings, how the flaming blaze of the swift sun suffers eclipse, how the stars recede at set seasons, how sweet love calls Trivia from her airy circuit, banishing her secretly to the rocky cave of Latmus — that same Conon saw me shining brightly among the lights of heaven, me, the lock from the head of Berenice, me whom she vowed to many of the goddesses, stretching forth her smooth arms, at that season when the king, blest in his new marriage, had gone to waste the Assyrian borders.... Is Venus hated by brides? and do they mock the joys of parents with false tears, which they shed plentifully within their virgin bowers? No, so may the gods help me, they lament not truly. This my queen taught me by all her lamentations, when her newly wedded husband went forth to grim war. But your tears, forsooth, were not shed for the desertion of your widowed bed, but for the mournful parting from your dear brother, when sorrow gnawed the inmost marrow of your sad heart. At that time how from your whole breast did your anxious spirit fail, bereft of sense! and yet truly I knew you to be stout-hearted from young girlhood. Have you forgotten the brave deed by which you gained a royal marriage, braver deed than which none other could ever dare? But at that time in your grief, when parting from your husband, what words did you utter! How often, O Jupiter, did you brush away the tears with your hand! What mighty god has changed you thus? is it that lovers cannot bear to be far away from the side of him they love? And there to all the gods for your dear husband's welfare you vowed me not without blood of bulls, so he should complete his return. He in no long time had added conquered Asia to the territories of Egypt. This is done; and now I am given as due to the host of heaven, and pay your former vows with a new offering. Unwillingly, O queen, I was parted from your head, unwillingly, I swear both by you and by your head; by which if any swear vainly, let him reap a worthy recompense. — But what man can claim to be as strong as steel? Even that mountain was overthrown, the greatest of all in those shores which the bright son of Thia traverses, when the Medes created a new sea, and when the youth of Persia swam in their fleet through mid Athos. What shall locks of hair do, when such things as this yield to steel? O, Jupiter, may all the race of the Chalybes perish, and he, who first began to seek for veins underground, and to forge hard bars of iron!

[51] My sister locks, sundered from me just before, were mourning for my fate, when the own brother of Ethiopian Memnon appeared, striking the air with waving wings, the winged courser of Loerian Arsinoe. And he sweeping me away flies through the airs of heaven and places me in the holy bosom of

Venus. On that service had the Lady of Zephyrium, the Grecian queen, who sojourns on the shores of Canopus, herself sent her own minister. Then Venus — that among the various lights of heaven, not only should the golden crown taken from the brows of Ariadne be fixed, but that I also might shine, the dedicated spoil of Berenice's sunny head — me too, wet with tears, and transported to the abodes of the gods, me a new constellation among the ancient stars did the goddess set; for I, touching the fires of the Virgin and the raging Lion, and close by Callisto daughter of Lycaon, move to my setting, while I point the way before slow Bootes, who scarce late at night dips in deep ocean. But though at night the footsteps of the gods press close upon me, whilst by day I am restored to gray Tethys (under thy sufferance let me speak this, O Virgin of Rhamnus; no fear shall make me hide the truth, no, not even though the stars shall rend me with angry words will I refrain from uttering the secrets of a true heart), I do not so much rejoice in this good fortune, as grieve that parted, ever parted must I be from the head of my lady; with whom of old, while she was still a virgin, delighting herself with all kinds of perfumes, I drank many thousands.

[79] Now, ye maidens, when the torch has united you with welcome light, yield not your bodies to your loving spouses, baring your breasts with vesture opened, before the onyx jar offers pleasant gifts to me, the jar which is yours, who reverence marriage in chaste wedlock. But as for her who gives herself up to foul adultery, ah! let the light dust drink up her worthless gifts unratiſied: for I ask no offerings from the unworthy. But rather, O ye brides, may concord evermore dwell in your homes, ever abiding Love. And you, my queen, when gazing up to the stars you propitiate Venus with festal lamps, let not me your handmaid want perfumes, but rather enrich me with bounteous gifts. Why do the stars keep me here? I would fain be the queen's lock once more; and let Orion blaze next to Aquarius.

LXVII

Catullus

HAIL, house-door, once dear to a well-beloved husband and dear to his father; hail, and may Jupiter bless you with kindly help; you door, who once, they say, did kindly service to Balbus, when the old man himself held the house, and who since then, as they tell us, are doing grudging service to his son, now that the old man is dead and laid out, and you are become the door of a wedded house.

Come tell us why you are said to be changed, and to have deserted your old faithfulness to your master.

House-door

It is not — so may I please Caecilius, whose property I am now become — it is not my fault, though it is said to be mine, nor can any one speak of any wrong done by me. But of course people will have it that the door does it all; all of them, whenever any ill deed is discovered, cry out to me, “House-door, the fault is yours.”

Catullus

It is not enough for you to say that with a single word, but so to do that any one may feel it and see it.

House-door

How can I? No one asks or cares to know.

Catullus

I wish to know — do not scruple to tell me.

House-door

First then, that she came to us a virgin is untrue. She gave her maidenhead, not to her husband, but to his father.

Catullus

What? A father in love with his own daughter-in-law? An affectionate father indeed!

House-door

And yet this not only does Brixia say she well knows, Brixia that lies close under the citadel of China, the town through which runs the soft stream of golden Melo, Brixia dear mother of my own Verona; but she tells stories about Postumius, and the amours of Cornelius, with whom she enjoyed unlawful love.

Catullus

Here some one will say: "What, house-door, do you know all this, you who never may be away from your master's threshold, nor hear the people talk, but fixed under this lintel have nothing to do but to shut or open the house?"

House-door

I have often heard her telling these crimes of hers with hushed voice alone with her maids, speaking of those by name of whom I spoke; she thought, no doubt, that I had neither tongue nor ear. She added besides one whom I do not choose to mention by name, lest he should arch his red brows. He is a tall man, and was once troubled with a great lawsuit, from a falsely imputed child-birth.

LXVIII

To Manlius

THAT you, weighed down as you are by fortune and bitter chance, should send me this letter written with tears, to bid me succour a shipwrecked man cast up by the foaming waters of the sea, and restore him from the threshold of death, whom neither does holy Venus suffer to rest, deserted in his widowed bed, nor do the Muses charm him with the sweet poetry of ancient writers, when his mind keeps anxious vigil; — this is grateful to me, since you call me your friend, and come to me for the gifts both of the Muses and of Love.

[11] But, dear Manlius, that my troubles may not be unknown to you, and that you may not think I am tired of the duty of a friend, let me tell you what are the waves of fortune in which I too am whelmed; so will you not again require gifts of happiness from one who is unblest.

[15] At the time when first a white dress was given to me, when my youth in its flower was keeping jocund spring-time, I wrote merry poems enough; not unknown am I to the goddess who mingles with her cares a sweet bitterness.

[19] But all care for this is gone from me by my brother's death. Ah me unhappy, who have lost you, my brother! You, brother, you by your death have destroyed my happiness; with you all my house is buried. With you all my joys have died, which your sweet love cherished, while yet you lived. By reason of your death, I have banished from all my mind these thoughts and all the pleasures of my heart.

[27] And so, when you write, "It is no credit to you, Catullus, to be at Verona; because here, where I am, all the young men of better condition warm their cold limbs in the bed deserted by you"; that, Manlius, is rather a misfortune than a discredit. You will forgive me then, if I do not render to you those services which grief has taken from me at a time when I cannot do it.

[33] For as for my not having plenty of authors at hand, that is because I live at Rome: that is my home, that is my abode, there my life is spent; when I come here only one small box out of many attends me. And since this is so, I would not have you judge that it is due to niggardly mind or ungenerous temper, that you have not received a full supply of what you ask of each kind: I would have offered it unasked, if I had any such resources.

LXVIII

I CANNOT, O ye goddesses, refrain from telling what the matter was in which Allius helped me, and how greatly he helped me by his services, lest time flying with forgetful ages hide in blind night this kindly zeal of his. But to you I will tell it; do you hand on the tale to many thousands, and let the paper speak this in its old age.

* * * * *

and let him be famous more and more in death; and let not the spider who weaves her thin web aloft spread her work over the neglected name of Allius. For how much sorrow of heart the wily goddess of Amathus gave me, ye know, and in what fashion she scorched me. When I was burning as hotly as the Trinacrian rock and the Malian water at Oetean Thermopylae, when my sad eyes never rested from wasting with perpetual tears, nor my cheeks from streaming with a flood of sorrow; — as at the top of a lofty mountain a bright stream leaps forth from a moss-grown rock, and gushing headlong down the steep valley crosses the mid way thronged by the people, a sweet solace in his labour to the weary wayfarer when sultry heat makes the parched fields to gape; and as to mariners tossed by the black storm comes a favouring breeze with gentler breath, sought by prayer now to Pollux, now to Castor; — such an aid to me was Allius; he opened a broad track across the fenced field, he gave me access to a house and its mistress, under whose roof we should together enjoy each his own love. Thither my fair goddess delicately stepped, and set the sole of her shining foot on the smooth threshold, as she pressed on her slender sandal: even as once Laodamia came burning with love to the house of Protesilaus, that house begun in vain, since not yet had a victim's sacred blood appeased the Lords of heaven. Lady of Rhamnus, never may that please me which is undertaken amiss without the will of our Lords.

[39] How much the starved altar craves for the blood of pious sacrifices, Laodamia learnt by the loss of her husband; forced to loose her arms from the neck of her new spouse, before the coming of one and then a second winter with its long nights should content her passionate love, that she might endure to live, though her husband was taken from her; and this the Fates had ordained to come in no long time, if once he went as a soldier to the walls of Ilium.

[47] For then it was, because of the rape of Helen, that Troy began to summon against herself the chieftains of the Argives, Troy — O horror! — the common grave of Europe and Asia, Troy the untimely tomb of all heroes and heroic deeds: Troy brought pitiable death to my brother also; alas! my brother, taken from me unhappy, alas! dear light of my eyes, taken from thy unhappy brother: with thee now is all my house buried; all my joys have perished together with thee, which while thou wert alive thy sweet love

cherished. Thee now far, far away, not among familiar graves, nor laid to rest near the ashes of thy kinsfolk, but buried in hateful Troy, ill-omened Troy, a foreign land holds in a distant soil.

[61] To Troy at that time all the youth of Greece is said to have hastened together, deserting their hearths and homes, that Paris might not enjoy undisturbed leisure in a peaceful chamber, rejoicing in the rape of his paramour.

[65] By that sad chance then, fairest Laodamia, wast thou bereft of thy husband, sweeter to thee than life and soul; so strong the tide of love, so whelming the eddy that bore thee into the sheer abyss, deep as that gulf which (say the Greeks) near Cyllenian Pheneus drains away the swamp, and dries up the rich soil which of old the false-fathered son of Amphitryon is said to have dug out, cutting away the heart of the hill, what time with sure shaft he hit the monsters of Stymphalus at the bidding of a meaner lord, that the door of heaven might be frequented by more gods, and that Hebe might not long be unmated. But deeper than that gulf was thy deep love, which taught thee though untamed to bear the yoke.

[79] Not so dear to her age-stricken parent is the head of the late-born grandchild which his only daughter nurses, who, scarce at length appearing as an heir to ancestral wealth, and having his name brought into the witnessed tablets, puts an end to the unnatural joy of the kinsman, now in his turn derided, and drives away the vulture that waits for the hoary head; nor did ever dove delight so much in her snowy mate, though the dove bites and bills and snatches kisses more wantonly than any woman, be she amorous beyond others' measure. You alone surpassed the passion of these, when once you were matched with your golden-haired husband.

[91] Even so kind, or but little less, was she, my bright one, who came into my arms; and often around her flitting hither and thither Cupid shone fair in vest of saffron hue. And though she is not content with Catullus alone, I will bear the faults, for few they are, of my modest mistress, lest we become as tiresome as jealous fools. Juno, too, greatest of the heavenly ones, often keeps down her anger for her husband's fault, as she learns the many loves of all amorous Jove. Yet since it is not fit that men should be compared with gods away, then, with the hateful severity of an anxious father. And after all she did not come for me led by her father's hand into a house fragrant with Assyrian odours, but gave me in the wondrous night sweet stolen gifts, taken from the very bosom of her husband himself. Wherefore it is enough if to me alone is granted the day which she marks with a whiter stone.

This gift— 'twas all I could — set forth in verse is returned to you, Allius, for many kind offices; lest this and that day, and another and another should touch your name with corroding rust. To this the gods will add those countless gifts which Themis of old was wont to give to pious men of ancient time.

May ye be happy, both you, and with you your dear Life, and the house in

which you and I sported, and its mistress, and he who first [] for us, from whom first all those good things had their springing for me. And far before all, she who is dearer to me than myself, my Light, whose life alone makes it sweet to me to live.

LXIX

You need not wonder why no dainty woman cares to come to your arms, Rufus, not though you may shake her by the gift of a dress of fine texture, or some delightful transparent jewel. What hurts you is a slander that says you have the rank goat under your armpits: this is what they all fear, and no wonder; 'tis a horrid beast, and no bedfellow for a pretty girl. Then kill that which so cruelly outrages our noses, or wonder no more why they run away.

LXX

THE woman I love says that there is no one whom she would rather marry than me, not if Jupiter himself were to woo her. Says; — but what a woman says to her ardent lover should be written in wind and running water.

LXXI

IF there ever was a good fellow afflicted with rankness, or one who was racked for his sins with the gout, your rival who shares your privileges has got both from you to a marvel. Whenever they meet, they both pay dear for it; she is overwhelmed with the gust, he half dead with the gout.

LXXII

You used once to say that Catullus was your only friend, Lesbia, and that you would not prefer Jupiter himself to me. I loved you then, not only as the common sort love a mistress, but as a father loves his sons and sons-in-law. Now I know you; and therefore, though I burn more ardently, yet you are in my sight much less worthy and lighter. How can that be? you say. Because such an injury as this drives a lover to be more of a lover, but less of a friend.

LXXIII

LEAVE off wishing to deserve any thanks from any one, or thinking that any one can ever become grateful. All this wins no thanks; to have acted kindly is nothing, rather it is wearisome, wearisome and harmful; so is it now with me, who am vexed and troubled by no one so bitterly as by him who but now held me for his one and only friend.

LXXIV

GELLIUS had heard that his uncle used to reprove any one who talked of indulgence or used it. To avoid this himself, he seduced his uncle's own wife, and so made him dumbness on a monument. He did what he wanted; for even if he should tackle the uncle himself, uncle will not say a word.

LXXV

To this point is my mind reduced by your fault, my Lesbia, and has so ruined itself by its own devotion, that now it can neither wish you well though you should become the best of women, nor cease to love you though you do the worst that can be done.

LXXVI

IF a man can take any pleasure in recalling the thought of kindnesses done, when he thinks that he has been a true friend; and that he has not broken sacred faith, nor in any compact has used the majesty of the gods in order to deceive men, then there are many joys in a long life for you, Catullus, earned from this thankless love. For whatever kindness man can show to man by word or deed has been said and done by you. All this was entrusted to an ungrateful heart, and is lost: why then should you torment yourself now any more? Why do you not settle your mind firmly, and draw back, and cease to be miserable, in despite of the gods? It is difficult suddenly to lay aside a long-cherished love. It is difficult; but you should accomplish it, one way or another. This is the only safety, this you must carry through, this you are to do, whether it is possible or impossible. Ye gods, if mercy is your attribute, or if ye ever brought aid to any at the very moment of death, look upon me in my trouble, and if I have led a pure life, take away this plague and ruin from me. Ah me! what a lethargy creeps into my inmost joints, and has cast out all joys from my heart! No longer is this my prayer, that she should love me in return, or, for that is impossible, that she should consent to be chaste. I would myself be well again and put away this baleful sickness. O ye gods, grant me this in return for my piety.

LXXVII

RUFUS, whom I, your friend, trusted in vain, and to no purpose — in vain? nay, rather at a great and ruinous price — have you stolen into my heart and burning into my vitals torn away, alas, all my blessings? Torn away, alas, alas! you the cruel poison of my life, alas, alas! you the deadly bane of my friendship.

LXXVIII

GALLUS has two brothers; one has a most charming wife, the other a charming boy. Gallus is a gallant: he helps love's course, and brings the gallant lad to the arms of the gallant lass. Gallus is a fool, and does not see that he has a wife of his own, when he teaches a nephew how to seduce an uncle's wife. But now what annoys me is that your nasty spittle has touched the pure lips of a pure girl. But you shall not have it gratis; all generations shall know you, and beldame Rumour shall tell what you are.

LXXIX

LESBIUS is a pretty boy; why not? since Lesbia likes him better than you, Catullus, with all your kin. But this pretty boy would sell Catullus and all his kin if he could find three acquaintances to vouch for him.

LXXX

WHAT reason can I give, Gellius, why those ruddy lips become whiter than snow when you rise in the morning or the eighth hour awakes you from your soft siesta in the long hours of the day? Something there is assuredly: is the gossip true that you are given to vice? So it is assuredly: the signs attest it.

LXXXI

COULD there not, Juventius, be found in all this people a pretty fellow whom you might begin to like, besides that friend of yours from the sickly region of Pisaurum, paler than a gilded statue, who now is dear to you, whom you presume to prefer to me, and know not what a deed you do?

LXXXII

QUINTIUS, if you wish Catullus to owe his eyes to you, or aught else that is dearer than eyes, if dearer aught there be, do not take from him what is much dearer to him than his eyes, or aught besides that dearer is than eyes.

LXXXIII

LESBIA says many hard things to me in the presence of her husband, a great joy to the fool. Dull mule, you understand nothing. If she forgot me and were silent, she would be heart-whole. But as it is, her snarling and railing means this: she not only remembers, but — a much more serious thing — she is angry; that is, she burns, and so she talks.

LXXXIV

ARRIUS if he wanted to say “honours” used to say “honours,” and for “intrigue.”

“*h*intrigue”; and thought he had spoken marvellous well, whenever he said “*h*ambush” with as much emphasis as possible. So, no doubt, his mother had said, so Liber his uncle, so his grandfather and grandmother on the mother’s side. When he was sent into Syria, all our ears had a holiday; they heard the same syllables pronounced quietly and lightly, and had no fear of such words for the future: when on a sudden a dreadful message arrives, that the Ionian waves, ever since Arrius went there, are henceforth not “Ionian,” but “*H*ionian.”

LXXXV

I HATE and love. Why I do so, perhaps you ask. I know not, but I feel it, and I am in torment.

LXXXVI

QUINTIA is thought beautiful by many; I think her fair, tall, and straight. I so far allow each of these points, but I demur to “beautiful,” for she has no grace; there is not in the whole compass of her tall person one grain of salt. Lesbia is beautiful: for she possesses all the beauties, and has stolen all the graces from all the women alone for herself.

LXXXVII

No woman can say truly that she has been loved as much as you, Lesbia mine, were loved by me. No faithfulness in any bond was ever such as has been found on my part in my love for you.

LXXXVIII

WHAT is he doing, Gellius, who keeps vigil with mother and sister, tunics all thrown off? What is he doing, who will not let his uncle be a husband? Do you know how much guilt he incurs? More he incurs than furthest Tethys can wash away, or Ocean-father of the nymphs: for there is no guilt what, ever beyond for him to attain to.

LXXXIX

GELLIUS is thin, and well he may be; with a mother so kind and so lusty and lively, and a sister so charming, and so kind an uncle, and so many girls of his acquaintance all over the place, why should he cease to be lean? Even if he touch nothing but what none may touch, you will find any number of reasons why he should be lean.

XC

FROM the unholy commerce of Gellius and his mother let a Magian be born, and learn the Persian art of soothsaying; for a Magian must be the offspring of mother and son, if the unnatural religion of the Persians is true, so that their child may worship the gods with acceptable hymns, whilst melting the fat caul in the altar flame.

XCI

I HOPED, Gellius, that you would be true to me in this miserable, this ruinous love of mine, not on the ground that I knew you, or thought that you were truly honourable or could restrain your mind from baseness or villainy, but because I saw that she, whose mighty love was consuming me, was neither mother nor sister of yours. And although I was connected with you by much familiar friendship, I had not thought that that was reason enough for you. You thought it enough: so much delight do you take in any vice in which there is something of dishonour.

XCH

LESBIA always speaks ill of me, and is always talking about me. May I perish if Lesbia does not love me. By what token? because it is just the same with me. I am perpetually crying out upon her, but may I perish if I do not love her.

XCIII

I HAVE no very great desire to make myself agreeable to you, Caesar, nor to know whether your complexion is light or dark.

XCIV

ROGER plays the gallant: say you so in truth? Sure enough this is the proverb, the pot finds its own herbs.

XCV

MY friend Cinna's *Smyrna*, published at last nine harvest-tides and nine winters after it was begun, whilst Hortensius [has brought out] five hundred thousand [verses] in one [year].

Smyrna will travel as far away as the deep-channelled streams of Satrachus. But the Annals of Volusius will die by the river Padua where they were born, and will often furnish a loose wrapper for mackerels. Let the modest memorials of my friend be dear to me, and let the vulgar rejoice in their windy Antimachus.

XCVI

IF the silent grave can receive any pleasure, or sweetness at all from our grief, Calvus, the grief and regret with which we make our old loves live again, and weep for long-lost friendships, surely Quintilia feels less sorrow for her too early death, than pleasure from your love.

XCVII

I SWEAR I didn't think it mattered one straw whether I sniffed Aemilius's head or his tail: neither was better or worse than t'other; or rather his tail was the better and smarter of the two, for it has no teeth. His mouth has teeth half a yard long, gums, moreover, like an old cart-frame, gaping like a mule in summer. He courts many a woman and makes himself out a charmer, and yet he is not passed over to the grinding-mill and its ass. If any woman touches him, don't we think that she is capable of fondling a sick hangman?

XCVIII

You if any man, disgusting Victius, deserve what is said about chatterboxes and idiots. With a tongue like that, given the chance you might lick a rustic's clogs. If you wish to destroy us all utterly, Victius, just utter a syllable: you'll utterly do what you wish.

XCIX

I STOLE a kiss from you, honey-sweet Juventius, while you were playing, a kiss sweeter than sweet ambrosia. But not unpunished; for I remember how for more than an hour I hung impaled on the top of the gallows tree, while I was excusing myself to you, yet could not with all my tears take away ever so little from your anger; for no sooner was it done, than you washed your lips clean with plenty of water, and wiped them with all your fingers, that no contagion from my mouth might remain.... Besides that, you made haste to deliver your unhappy lover to angry Love, and to torture him in every manner, so that that kiss, changed from ambrosia, was now more bitter than bitter hellebore. Since then you impose this penalty on my unlucky love, henceforth I will never steal any kisses.

C

CAIUS is mad for Aufilenus and Quintius for Aufilena, one for the brother, one for the sister, both the fine flower of Veronese youth. Here's the sweet brotherhood of the proverb! Which shall I vote for? You, Caelius; your friendship to me was excellently shown — it was unique! when a mad flame scorched my vitals. Luck to you, Caelius! success to your loves!

CI

WANDERING through many countries and over many seas I come, my brother, to these sorrowful obsequies, to present you with the last guerdon of death, and speak, though in vain, to your silent ashes, since fortune has taken your own self away from me — alas, my brother, so cruelly torn from me! Yet now meanwhile take these offerings, which by the custom of our fathers have been handed down — a sorrowful tribute — for a funeral sacrifice; take them, wet with many tears of a brother, and for ever, O my brother, hail and farewell!

CII

IF ever any secret whatsoever was entrusted in confidence by a faithful friend, the loyalty of whose heart was fully known, you will find that I am consecrated by their rite, Cornelius, and you may think that I am become a very Harpocrates.

CHH

PRITHEE, Silo, either give me back the ten sestertia, and then you may be as violent and overbearing as you like: or, if the money gives you pleasure, don't try, I beg, to ply your trade and be at the same time violent and overbearing.

CIV

Do you think that I ever could have spoken ill of my life, of her who is dearer to me than both my eyes? No, I could never have done it; nor, if I could help it, would I be so ruinously in love. But you and Tappo make out everything to be prodigious.

CV

MENTULA strives to climb the Piplean mount: the Muses with pitchforks drive him out headlong.

CVI

IF one sees a pretty boy in company with an auctioneer, what is one to think but that he wants to sell himself?

CVII

IF anything ever happened to any one who eagerly longed and never hoped, that is a true pleasure to the mind. And so to me too this is a pleasure more precious than gold, that you, Lesbia, restore yourself to me who longed for you, restore to me who longed, but never hoped, yes, you yourself give yourself back to me. O happy day, blessed with the whiter mark! What living wight is more lucky than I; or who can say that any fortune in life is more desirable than this?

CVIII

IF, Cominius, your gray old age, soiled as it is by an impure life, should be brought to an end by the choice of the people, I for my part do not doubt that first of all your tongue, the enemy of all good people, would be cut out and quickly given to the greedy vulture, your eyes torn out and swallowed down the raven's black throat, while the dogs would devour your bowels, the rest of your members the wolves.

CIX

You promise to me, my life, that this love of ours shall be happy and last for ever between us. Ye great gods, grant that she may be able to keep this promise truly, and that she may say it sincerely and from her heart, so that it may be our lot to extend through all our life this eternal compact of hallowed friendship.

CX

AUFILENA, kind mistresses are always well spoken of; they get their price for what they purpose to do. You are no true mistress, for you promised and now you break faith; you take and do not give, and that is a scurvy trick. To comply were handsome, not to promise were to be chaste; but to take all you can get and cheat one of his due shows a woman more greedy than the most abandoned harlot.

CXI

AUFILENA, to live content with one her husband and no other husband is a glory for brides one of the most excellent: but 'tis better to be company for every one, than that a mother with an uncle should conceive brothers.

CXII

You are many men's man, Naso, but not many men go down town with you:
Naso, you are many men's man and minion.

CXIII

WHEN Pompey first was consul, Cinna, there were two that had Maecilia's favours: now he is consul again, there are still two, but three noughts have grown up beside each one. A fruitful seed has adultery.

CXIV

MENTULA is truly said to be rich in the possession of the grant of land at Firmum, which has so many fine things in it, fowling of all sorts, fish, pasture, corn-land, and game. All to no purpose; he outruns the produce of it by his expenses. So I grant that he is rich, if you will allow that he lacks everything. Let us admire the advantages of his estate, so long as he himself is in want.

CXV

MENTULA has something like thirty acres of grazing land, forty of plough-land: the rest is salt water. How can he fail to surpass Croesus in wealth, who occupies so many good things in one estate, pasture, arable, vast woods and cattle-ranges and lakes as far as the Hyperboreans and the Great Sea? All this is wonderful: but he himself is the greatest wonder of all, not a man like the rest of us, but a monstrous menacing Mentula.

CXVI

I HAVE often cast about with busy questing mind how I could send to you some poems of Callimachus with which I might make you placable to me, and that you might not try to send a shower of missiles to reach my head; but now I see that this labour has been taken by me in vain, Gellius, and that my prayers have here availed nothing. Now in return I will parry those missiles of yours by wrapping my cloak round my arm; but you shall be pierced by mine and punished.

FRAGMENTS

1. But you shall not escape my iambs.
2. This inclosure I dedicate and consecrate to thee, O Priapus, at Lampsacus, where is thy house and sacred grove, O Priapus. For thee specially in its cities the Hellespontian coast worships, more abundant in oysters than all other coasts.
3. It is my fancy to taste on my own account.
4. And Comum built on the shore of Lake Larius.
5. With which shines the bright top of the mast.

VERSE TRANSLATION



Translated by Robinson Ellis

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FRAGMENTS.

II.
IV.
V.

THE
POEMS AND FRAGMENTS
OF
CATULLUS,
TRANSLATED IN THE METRES OF THE ORIGINAL
BY
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PROFESSOR OF LATIN IN UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.
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TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

PREFACE.

The idea of translating Catullus in the original metres adopted by the poet himself was suggested to me many years ago by the admirable, though, in England, insufficiently known, version of Theodor Heyse (Berlin, 1855). My first attempts were modelled upon him, and were so unsuccessful that I dropt the idea for some time altogether. In 1868, the year following the publication of my larger critical edition[A] of Catullus, I again took up the experiment, and translated into English glyconics the first Hymenaeal, *Collis o Heliconici*. Tennyson's Alcaics and Hendecasyllables had appeared in the interval, and had suggested to me the new principle on which I was to go to work. It was not sufficient to reproduce the ancient metres, unless the ancient quantity was reproduced also. Almost all the modern writers of classical metre had contented themselves with making an accented syllable long, an unaccented short; the most familiar specimens of hexameter, Longfellow's *Evangeline* and Clough's *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich and Amours de Voyage* were written on this principle, and, as a rule, stopped there. They almost invariably disregarded position, perhaps the most important element of quantity. In the first line of *Evangeline* —

This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,

there are no less than five violations of position, to say nothing of the shortening of a syllable so distinctly long as the *i* in *primeval*. Mr. Swinburne, in his Sapphics and Hendecasyllables, while writing on a manifestly artistic conception of those metres, and, in my judgment, proving their possibility for modern purposes by the superior rhythmical effect which a classically trained ear enabled him to make in handling them, neglects position as a rule, though his nice sense of metre leads him at times to observe it, and uniformly rejects any approach to the harsh combinations indulged in by other writers. The nearest approach to quantitative hexameters with which I am acquainted in modern English writers is the *Andromeda* of Mr. Kingsley, a poem which has produced little effect, but is interesting as a step to what may fairly be called a new development of the metre. For the experiments of the Elizabethan writers, Sir Philip Sidney and others, by that strange perversity which so often dominates literature, were as decidedly unsuccessful from an accentual, as the modern experiments from a quantitative point of view. Sir Philip Sidney has given in his *Arcadia* specimens of hexameters, elegiacs, sapphics, asclepiads, anacreontics, hendecasyllables. The following elegiacs will serve as a sample.

Unto a caitif wretch, whom long affliction holdeth,
And now fully believ's help to bee quite perished;
Grant yet, grant yet a look, to the last moment of his anguish,
O you (alas so I finde) caus of his onely ruine:
Dread not awhit (O goodly cruel) that pitie may enter

Into thy heart by the sight of this Epistle I send:
And so refuse to behold of these strange wounds the recital,
Lest it might m' allure home to thyself to return.

In these the classical laws of position are most carefully observed; every dactyl ending in a consonant is followed by a word beginning with a vowel or *h* — *afflictōn holdeth, momēnt ōf hīs anguish, caūse ōf hīs onely; affliction wasteth, moment of his dolour, cause of his dreary*, would have been as impossible to Sir Philip Sidney as *moērōr tēnebat, momēntă pěr curae, caūsă vėl sola* in a Latin writer of hexameters. Similarly where the dactyl is incided after the second syllable, the third syllable beginning a new word, the utmost care is taken that that word shall begin not only with a syllable essentially short, but, when the second syllable ends in a consonant, with a vowel: *ōf thīs ēpistle*, but not *ōf thīs dīsaster*, still less *ōf thīs dīrection*. The other element of quantity is less rigidly defined; for (1) syllables strictly long, as *I, thy, so*, are allowed to be short; (2) syllables made long by the accent falling upon them are in some cases shortened, as *rūine, pěrīshēd, crūēl*; (3) syllables which the absence of the accent only allows to be long *in thesi*, are, in virtue of the classical laws of position, permitted to rank as long elsewhere — *momēnt of his, ōf this epistle*. It needs little reflection to see that it is to one or other of these three peculiarities that the failure of the Elizabethan writers of classical metres must be ascribed. Pentameters like

Gratefulness, sweetness, holy love, hearty regard,
That the delights of life shall be to him dolorous,
And even in that love shall I reserve him a spite;

sapphics like

Are then humane mindes privileg'd so meanly
As that hateful death can abridg them of power
With the vow of truth to record to all worlds
That we bee her spoils?

hexameters like

Fire nō liquor can cool: Neptune's reālm would not avail us.
Nurs inwārd mālādiēs, which have not scope to bee breath'd out.
Oh nō nō, worthie shephērd, worth cān never enter a title;

are too alien from ordinary pronunciation to please either an average reader or a classically trained student. The same may be said of the translation into English hexameters of the two first Eclogues of Virgil, appended by William Webbe to his *Discourse of English Poetrie* (1586, recently reprinted by Mr. Arber). Here is his version of Ecl. I., 1-10.

MELIBAEUS.

Tityrus, happilie then lyste tumbling under a beech tree,
All in a fine oate pipe these sweete songs lustilie chaunting:
We, poore soules goe to wracke, and from these coastes be remoued,
And fro our pastures sweete: thou Tityr, at ease in a shade plott
Makst thicke groues to resound with songes of brave Amarillis.

TITYRUS.

O Melibaeus, he was no man, but a God who releeude me:
Euer he shalbe my God: from this same Sheepecot his alters
Neuer, a tender lambe shall want, with blood to bedew them.
This good gift did he giue, to my steeres thus freeleie to wander,
And to my selfe (thou seest) on pipe to resound what I listed.

ib. 50-56.

Here no unwoonted foode shall grieue young theaues who be laded,
Nor the infections foule of neighbours flocke shall annoie them.
Happie olde man. In shaddowy bankes and coole prettie places,
Heere by the quainted floodes and springs most holie remaining.
Here, these quicksets fresh which lands seuer out fro thy neighbors
And greene willow rowes which Hiblae bees doo rejoyce in,
Oft fine whistring noise, shall bring sweete sleepe to thy sences.

The following stanzas are from a Sapphic ode into which Webbe translated, or as we should say, transposed the fourth Eclogue of Spenser's *Sheepheardes Calendar*.

Say, behold did ye euer her Angelike face,
Like to Phoebe fayre? or her heauenly hauour
And the princelike grace that in her remaineth?
haue yee the like seene?

Vnto that place Caliope dooth high her,
Where my Goddesse shines: to the same the Muser
After her with sweete Violines about them
cheerefully tracing.

All ye Sheepheardes maides that about the greene dwell,
Speede ye there to her grace, but among ye take heede
All be Virgins pure that aproche to deck her,
dutie requireth.

When ye shall present ye before her in place,

See ye not your selues doo demeane too rudely:
Bynd the fillets: and to be fine the waste gyrt
fast with a tawdryne.

Bring the Pinckes therewith many Gelliflowres sweete,
And the Cullambynes: let vs haue the Wynesops,
With the Coronation that among the loue laddes
wontes to be worne much.

Daffadowndillies all a long the ground strowe,
And the Cowslyppe with a prety paunce let heere lye.
Kyngcuppe and Lillies so beloude of all men
and the deluce flowre.

There are many faults in these verses; over quaintnesses of language, constructions impossible in English, quantities of doubtful correctness, harsh elisions, for Webbe has tried even elisions. Yet, if I may trust my judgment, all of them can still be read with pleasure; the sapphics may almost be called a success. This is even more true of metres, where these faults are less perceptible or more easily avoided, for instance, Asclepiads. Take the verses on solitariness, Arcadia, B. II. fin.

O sweet woods, the delight of solitariness!
O how much I do like your solitariness!
Where man's mind hath a freed consideration
Of goodness to receive lovely direction.

or the hendecasyllables immediately preceding,

Reason tell me thy minde, if here be reason,
In this strange violence, to make resistance,
Where sweet graces erect the stately banner.

It is obvious that a very little more trouble would have converted these into very perfect and very pleasing poems. Had Sir Philip Sidney written every asclepiad on the model of Where man's mind hath a freed consideration, *every hendecasyllable like* Where sweet graces erect the stately banner, the adjustment of accent and quantity thus attained might, I think, have induced greater poets than he to make the experiment on a larger scale. But neither he nor his contemporaries were permitted to grasp as a principle a regularity which they sometimes secured by chance; nor, so far as I am aware, have the various revivals of ancient metre in this country or Germany in any case consistently carried out the *whole* theory, without which the reproduction is partial, and cannot look for a more than partial success. Even the four specimens given in the posthumous edition of Clough's poems, two of them

elegiac, one alcaic, one in hexameters, though professedly constructed on a quantitative basis, and, in one instance (Trunks the forest yielded, with gums ambrosial oozing, &c.) combining legitimate quantity (in which accent and position are alike observed) with illegitimate (in which position is observed, but accent disregarded) into a not unpleasing rhythm, cannot be considered as more than imperfect realizations of the true positional principle. Tennyson's three specimens are, at least in English, still unique. It is to be hoped that he will not suffer them to remain so. Systems of Glyconics and Asclepiads are, if I mistake not, easily manageable, and are only thought foreign to the genius of our language because they have never been written on strict principles of art by a really great master.

What, then, are the rules on which such rhythms become possible? They are, briefly, these: — (1) accented syllables, *as a general rule*, are long, though some syllables which count as long need not be accented, as in

All that on earth's leas blooms, what blossoms Thessaly nursing,

blossoms, though only accented on the first syllable, counts for a spondee, the shortness of the second *o* being partly helped out by the two consonants which follow it; partly by the fact that the syllable is *in thesi*; (2) the laws of position are to be observed, according to the general rules of classical prosody: (*a*) dactyls terminating in a consonant like *beautiful*, *bounteous*, or ending in a double vowel or a diphthong like *all of you*, *surely may*, *come to thee*, must be followed by a word beginning with a vowel or *y* or *h*; dactyls terminating in a vowel or *y*, like *slippery*, should be followed, except in rare cases, by words beginning with a consonant; trochees, whether composed of one word or more, should, if ending in a consonant, be followed by a vowel, if ending in the vowel *a*, by a consonant, thus, *planted around* not *planted beneath*, *Aurora the sun's* not *Aurora a sun's* (see however, lxiv. 253), but *unto a wood*, *any again*, *sorry at all*, *you be amused*. (*b*) Syllables made up of a vowel followed by two or more consonants, each of which is distinctly heard in pronunciation, as *long*, *sins*, *part*, *band*, *waits*, *souls*, *ears*, *must*, *heart*, *bright*, *strength*, *end*, *and*, *rapt*, *hers*, *dealt*, *moment*, *bosoms*, *answers*, *mountains*, *bearest*, *tumbling*, *giving*, *coming*, *harbouring*, *difficult*, *imminent*, *stratagems*, *utterance*, *happiest*, *tremblingly*, can never rank as short, even if unaccented and followed by a vowel, *h* or *y*. Thus, to go back to Longfellow's line,

This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,

forĕst, *murmŭring*, *pin*es and *the*, are all inadmissible. But where a vowel is followed by two consonants, one of which is unheard or only heard slightly, as in *accuse*, *shall*, *assemble*, *dissemble*, *kindness*, *compass*, *affect*, *appear*, *annoy*, or when the second or third consonant is a liquid, as in *betray*, *beslime*, *besmear*, *depress*, *dethrone*, *agree*, the vowel preceding is so much more short than long as to be regularly admissible as short, rarely admissible as long. On this principle I have allowed disōrdĕrly, tĕnāntlēss, heavĕnly, to rank as dactyls.

These rules are after all only an outline, and perhaps can never be made more. It will be observed that they are more negative than positive. The reason of this is not far to seek. The main difference between my verses and those of other contemporary writers — the one point on which I claim for myself the merit of novelty — is the strict observance throughout of the rules of position. But the strict observance of position is in effect the strict avoidance of unclassical collocations of syllables: it is almost wholly negative. To illustrate my meaning I will instance the poems written in pure iambics, the *Phaselus ille* and *Quis hoc potest uidere*. Heyse translates the first line of the former of these poems by

Die Galeotte, die ihr schauet, liebe Herrn,

and this would be a fair representation of a pure iambic line, according to the views of most German and most English writers. Yet not only is *Die* no short syllable, but *ihr*, itself long, is made more hopelessly long by preceding three consonants in *schauet*, just as the last syllable of *schauet*, although in itself short, loses its right to stand for a true short in being followed by the first consonant of *liebe*. My own translation,

The puny pinnacle yonder you, my friends, discern,

whatever its defects, is at least a pretty exact representation of a pure iambic line. xxix. 6-8, are thus translated by Heyse: —

Und jener soll in Uebermuthes Ueberfluss
Von einem Bett zum andern in die Runde gehn?

by me thus,

Shall he in o'er-assumption, o'er-repletion he,
Sedately saunter every dainty couch along?

The difference is purely negative; I have bound myself to avoid certain positions forbidden by the laws of ancient prosody. To some I may seem to have lost in vigour by the process; yet I believe the sense of triumph over the difficulties of our language, the satisfaction of approaching in a novel and perceptibly felt manner one of those excellences which, as much as anything, contributes to the permanent charm of Catullus, his dainty versification, will more than compensate for any shortcomings which the difficulty of the task has made inevitable. The same may be said of the elaborately artificial poem to Camerius (c. lv.), and the almost unapproachable Attis (c. lxiii.). Here, at least half the interest lies in the varied turns of the metre; if these can be represented with anything like faithfulness, the gain in exactness of prosody is enough, in my judgment, to counterbalance the possible loss of freedom in expression.

There is another circumstance which tends to make modern rules of prosody necessarily negative. Quantity, in English revivals of ancient metre, depends not only on position, but on accent. But accent varies greatly in

different words; *heavy level ever cometh any*, have the same accent as *empty evil either boometh penny*; but the first syllable in the former set of words is lighter than in the latter. Hence, though accented, they may, on occasion, be considered and used as short; as, on the same principle, *dolorous stratagem echoeth family*, usually dactyls, may, on occasion, become tribrachs. But how lay down any positive rule in matter necessarily so fluctuating? We cannot. All we can do is to refuse admission as short syllables to any heavier accented syllable. Here, then, much must be left to individual discretion. My translation of the *Attis* will best show my own feeling in the matter. But I am fully aware that in this respect I have fallen far short of consistency. I have made *any* sometimes short, more often long; *to*, usually short, is lengthened in lxi. 26, lxvii. 19, lxviii. 143; *with* is similarly long, though not followed by a consonant, in lxi. 36; *given* is long in xxviii. 7, short in xi. 17, lxiv. 213; *are* is short in lxvii. 14; and more generally many syllables allowed to pass for short in the *Attis* are elsewhere long. Nor have I scrupled to forsake the ancient quantity in proper names; following Heyse, I have made the first syllable of *Verona* short in xxxv. 3, lxvii. 34, although it retains its proper quantity in lxviii. 27. Again, *Pheneos* is a dactyl in lxviii. 111, while *Satrachus* is an anapaest in xcv. 5. In many of these instances I have acted consciously; if the writers of Greece and Rome allowed many syllables to be doubtful, and almost as a principle avoid perfect uniformity in the quantity of proper names, a greater freedom may not unfairly be claimed by their modern imitators. If Catullus could write *Pharsāliam coeunt*, *Pharsālia regna frequentant*, similar license may surely be extended to me. I believe, indeed, that nothing in my translation is as violent as the double quantity just mentioned in Catullus; but if there is, I would remind my readers of Goethe's answer to the boy who told him he had been guilty of a hexameter with seven feet, and applying the remark to any seeming irregularities in my own translation would say, *Lass die Bestie stehen*.

It would not be difficult to swell this Preface by enlarging on the novelty of the attempt, and indirectly panegyrising my own undertaking. I doubt whether any real advantage would thus be gained. If I have merely produced an elaborate failure, however much I might expatiate on the principles which guided me, my work would be an elaborate failure still. I shall therefore say no more, and shall be contented if I please the, even in this classically trained country, too limited number of readers who can really hear with their ears — if, to use the borrowed language of a great poet, I succeed in making myself vocal to the intelligent alone.

I.

Who shall take thee, the new, the dainty volume,
Purpled glossily, fresh with ashy pumice?

You, Cornelius; you of old did hold them
Something worthy, the petty witty nothings,

While you venture, alone of all Italians, 5
Time's vast chronicle in three books to circle,
Jove! how arduous, how divinely learned!

Therefore welcome it, yours the little outcast,
This slight volume. O yet, supreme awarder,
Virgin, save it in ages on for ever. 10

II.

Sparrow, favourite of my own beloved,
Whom to play with, or in her arms to fondle,
She delighteth, anon with hardy-pointed
Finger angrily doth provoke to bite her:

When my lady, a lovely star to long for, 5
Bends her splendour awhile to tricky frolic;
Peradventure a careful heart beguiling,
Pardie, heavier ache perhaps to lighten;

Might I, like her, in happy play caressing
Thee, my dolorous heart awhile deliver! 10

.
I would joy, as of old the maid rejoiced
Racing fleetly, the golden apple eyeing,
Late-won loosener of the wary girdle.

III.

Weep each heavenly Venus, all the Cupids,
Weep all men that have any grace about ye.
Dead the sparrow, in whom my love delighted,
The dear sparrow, in whom my love delighted.

Yea, most precious, above her eyes, she held him, 5
Sweet, all honey: a bird that ever hail'd her
Lady mistress, as hails the maid a mother.

Nor would move from her arms away: but only
Hopping round her, about her, hence or hither,
Piped his colloquy, piped to none beside her. 10

Now he wendeth along the mirky pathway,
Whence, they tell us, is hopeless all returning.

Evil on ye, the shades of evil Orcus,
Shades all beauteous happy things devouring,
Such a beauteous happy bird ye took him. 15

Ah! for pity; but ah! for him the sparrow,
Our poor sparrow, on whom to think my lady's
Eyes do angrily redden all a-weeping.

IV.

1.

The puny pinnacle yonder you, my friends, discern,
Of every ship professes agilest to be.
Nor yet a timber o'er the waves alertly flew
She might not aim to pass it; oary-wing'd alike
To fleet beyond them, or to scud beneath a sail. 5

Nor here presumes denial any stormy coast
Of Adriatic or the Cyclad orb'd isles,
A Rhodos immemorial, or that icy Thrace,
Propontis, or the gusty Pontic ocean-arm,

Whereon, a pinnacle after, in the days of yore 10
A leafy shaw she budded; oft Cytorus' height
With her did inly whisper airy colloquy.

2.

Amastris, you by Pontus, you, the box-clad hill
Of high Cytorus, all, the pinnacle owns, to both
Was ever, is familiar; in the primal years 15
She stood upon your hoary top, a baby tree,
Within your haven early dipt a virgin oar:

To carry thence a master o'er the surly seas,
A world of angry water, hail'd to left, to right
The breeze of invitation, or precisely set 20
The sheets together op'd to catch a kindly Jove.

Nor yet of any power whom the coasts adore
Was heard a vow to soothe them, all the weary way
From outer ocean unto glassy quiet here.

But all the past is over; indolently now 25
She rusts, a life in autumn, and her age devotes
To Castor and with him ador'd, the twin divine.

V.

Living, Lesbia, we should e'en be loving.
Sour severity, tongue of eld maligning,
All be to us a penny's estimation.

Suns set only to rise again to-morrow.
We, when sets in a little hour the brief light, 5
Sleep one infinite age, a night for ever.

Thousand kisses, anon to these an hundred,
Thousand kisses again, another hundred,
Thousand give me again, another hundred.

Then once heedfully counted all the thousands, 10
We'll uncount them as idly; so we shall not
Know, nor traitorous eye shall envy, knowing
All those myriad happy many kisses.

VI.

But that, Flavius, hardly nice or honest
This thy folly, methinks Catullus also
E'en had known it, a whisper had betray'd thee.

Some she-malady, some unhealthy wanton,
Fires thee verily: thence the shy denial. 5

Least, you keep not a lonely night of anguish;
Quite too clamorous is that idly-feigning
Couch, with wreaths, with a Syrian odour oozing;
Then that pillow alike at either utmost
Verge deep-dinted asunder, all the trembling 10
Play, the strenuous unsophistication;
All, O prodigal, all alike betray thee.

Why? sides shrunken, a sullen hip disabled,
Speak thee giddy, declare a misdemeanour.

So, whatever is yours to tell or ill or 15
Good, confess it. A witty verse awaits thee
And thy lady, to place ye both in heaven.

VII.

Ask me, Lesbia, what the sum delightful
Of thy kisses, enough to charm, to tire me?

Multitudinous as the grains on even
Lybian sands aromatic of Cyrene;

'Twixt Jove's oracle in the sandy desert 5
And where royally Battus old reposeth;

Yea a company vast as in the silence
Stars which stealthily gaze on happy lovers;

E'en so many the kisses I to kiss thee
Count, wild lover, enough to charm, to tire me; 10

These no curious eye can wholly number,
Tongue of jealousy ne'er bewitch nor harm them.

VIII.

Ah poor Catullus, learn to play the fool no more.
Lost is the lost, thou know'st it, and the past is past.

Bright once the days and sunny shone the light on thee,
Still ever hasting where she led, the maid so fair,
By me belov'd as maiden is belov'd no more. 5

Was then enacting all the merry mirth wherein
Thyself delighted, and the maid she said not nay.
Ah truly bright and sunny shone the days on thee.

Now she resigns thee; child, do thou resign no less,
Nor follow her that flies thee, or to bide in woe 10
Consent, but harden all thy heart, resolve, endure.

Farewell, my love. Catullus is resolv'd, endures,
He will not ask for pity, will not importune.

But thou'lt be mourning thus to pine unask'd alway.
O past retrieval faithless! Ah what hours are thine! 15
When comes a likely wooer? who protests thou'rt fair?

Who brooks to love thee? who decrees to live thine own?
Whose kiss delights thee? whose the lips that own thy bite?
Yet, yet, Catullus, learn to bear, resolve, endure.

IX.

Dear Veranius, you of all my comrades
Worth, you only, a many goodly thousands,

Speak they truly that you your hearth revisit,
Brothers duteous, homely mother aged?

Yes, believe them. O happy news, Catullus! 5

I shall see him alive, alive shall hear him,
Tribes Iberian, uses, haunts, declaring

As his wont is; on him my neck reclining
Kiss his flowery face, his eyes delightful.

Now, all men that have any mirth about you, 10
Know ye happier any, any blither?

X.

In the Forum as I was idly roaming
Varus took me a merry dame to visit.
She a lady, methought upon the moment,
Of some quality, not without refinement.

1.

So, arrived, in a trice we fell on endless 5
Themes colloquial; how the fact, the falsehood
With Bithynia, what the case about it,
Had it helped me to profit or to money.

Then I told her a very truth; no atom
There for company, praetor, hungry natives, 10
Home might render a body aught the fatter:

Then our praetor a castaway, could hugely
Mulct his company, had a taste to jeer them.

2.

Spoke another, 'Yet anyways, to bear you
Men were ready, enough to grace a litter. 15
They grow quantities, if report belies not.'
Then supremely myself to flaunt before her,

I 'So thoroughly could not angry fortune
Spite, I might not, afflicted in my province,
Get erected a lusty eight to bear me. 20

But so scrubby the poor sedan, the batter'd
Frame-work, nobody there nor here could ever
Lift it, painfully neck to nick adjusting.'

3.

Quoth the lady, belike a lady wanton,
'Just for courtesy, lend me, dear Catullus, 25
Those same nobodies. I the great Sarapis
Go to visit awhile.' Said I in answer,

'Thanks; but, lady, for all my easy boasting,
'Twas too summary; there's a friend who knows me,

Cinna Gaius, his the sturdy bearers. 30

‘Mine or Cinna’s, an inch alone divides us,
I use Cinna’s, as e’en my own possession.
But you’re really a bore, a very tiresome
Dame unmannerly, thus to take me napping.’

XI.

Furius and Aurelius, O my comrades,
Whether your Catullus attain to farthest
Ind, the long shore lash'd by reverberating
 Surges Eoan;

Hyrcan or luxurious horde Arabian, 5
Sacan or grim Parthian arrow-bearer,
Fields the rich Nile discolorates, a seven-fold
 River abounding;

Whether o'er high Alps he afoot ascending
Track the long records of a mighty Cæsar, 10
Rhene, the Gauls' deep river, a lonely Britain
 Dismal in ocean;

This, or aught else haply the gods determine,
Absolute, you, with me in all to part not;
Bid my love greet, bear her a little errand, 15
 Scarcely of honour.

Say 'Live on yet, still given o'er to nameless
Lords, within one bosom, a many wooers,
Clasp'd, as unlov'd each, so in hourly change all
 Lewdly disabled. 20

'Think not henceforth, thou, to recal Catullus'
Love; thy own sin slew it, as on the meadow's
Verge declines, ungently beneath the plough-share
 Stricken, a flower.'

XII.

Marrucinian Asinius, hardly civil
Left-hand practices o'er the merry wine-cup.
Watch occasion, anon remove the napkin.
Call this drollery? Trust me, friend, it is not.
'Tis most beastly, a trick among a thousand. 5

Not believe me? believe a friendly brother,
Laughing Pollio; he declares a talent
Poor indemnification, he the parlous
Child of voluble humour and facetious.

So face hendecasyllables, a thousand, 10
Or most speedily send me back the napkin;
Gift not prized at a sorry valuation,
But for company; 'twas a friend's memento.

Cloth of Saetabis, exquisite, from utmost
Iber, sent as a gift to me Fabullus 15
And Veranius. Ought not I to love them
As Veranius even, as Fabullus?

XIII.

Please kind heaven, in happy time, Fabullus,
We'll dine merrily, dear my friend, together.

Promise only to bring, your own, a dinner
Rich and goodly; withal a lily maiden,
Wine, and banter, a world of hearty laughing. 5

Promise only; betimes we dine, my gentle
Friend, most merrily; but, for your Catullus —
Know he boasts but a pouch of empty cobwebs.

Yet take contrary fee, the quintessential
Love, or sweeter if aught is, aught supreamer, 10

Perfume savoury, mine; my love received it
Gift of every Venus, all the Cupids.

Would you smell it? a god shall hear Fabullus
Pray unbody him only nose for ever.

XIV.

Calvus, save that as eyes thou art beloved,
I could verily loathe thee for the morning's
Gift, Vatinius hardly more devoutly.

Slain with poetry! done to death with abjects!
O what syllable earn'd it, act allow'd it? 5
Gods, your malison on the sorry client
Sent that rascally rabble of malignants.

Yet, if, freely to guess, the gift recherché
Some grammarian, haply Sulla, sent thee;
I repine not; a dear delight, a triumph 10
This, thy drudgery thus to see rewarded.

Gods! an horrible and a deadly volume!

Sent so faithfully, friend, to thy Catullus,
Just to kill him upon a day, the festive,
Saturnalia, best of all the season. 15
Sure, a drollery not without requital.

For, come dawn, to the cases and the bookshops
I; there gather a Caesius and Aquinus,
With Suffenus, in every wretch a poison:
Such plague-prodigy thy remuneration! 20

Now good-morrow! away with evil omen
Whence ill destiny lamely bore ye, clumsy
Poet-rabble, an age's execration!

XIVB.

Readers, any that in the future ever
Scan my fantasies, haply lay upon me
Hands adventurous of solicitation —

XV.

Lend thy bounty to me, to my beloved,
Kind Aurelius. I do ask a favour

Fair and lawful; if you did e'er in earnest
Seek some virginal innocence to cherish,
Touch not lewdly the mistress of my passion. 5

Trust the people; avails not aught to fear them,
Such, who hourly within the streets repassing,
Run, good souls, on a busy quest or idle.

You, you only the free, the felon-hearted,
Fright me, prodigal you of every virtue. 10

Well, let luxury run her heady riot,
Love flow over; enough abroad to sate thee:
This one trespass — a tiny boon — presume not.

But should impious heat or humour headstrong
Drive thee wilfully, wretch, to such profaning, 15
In one folly to dare a double outrage:

Ah what misery thine; what angry fortune!
Heels drawn tight to the stretch shall open inward
Lodgment easy to mullet and to radish.

XVI.

I'll traduce you, accuse you, and abuse you,
Soft Aurelius, e'en as easy Furius.
You that lightly a saucy verse resenting,
Misconceit me, sophisticate me wanton.

Know, pure chastity rules the godly poet, 5
Rules not poesy, needs not e'er to rule it;
Charms some verse with a witty grace delightful?
'Tis voluptuous, impudent, a wanton.

It shall kindle an icy thought to courage,
Not boy-fancies alone, but every frozen 10
Flank immovable, all amort to pleasure.

You my kisses, a million happy kisses,
Musing, read me a silky thrall to softness?
I'll traduce you, accuse you, and abuse you.

XVII.

1.

Kind Colonia, fain upon bridge more lengthy to gambol,
And quite ready to dance amain, fearing only the rotten
Legs too crazily steadied on planks of old resurrections,
Lest it plunge to the deep morass, there supinely to welter;
So surprise thee a sumptuous bridge thy fancy to pleasure, 5
Passive under a Salian god's most lusty procession;
This rare favour, a laugh for all time, Colonia, grant me.

In my township a citizen lives: Catullus adjures thee
Headlong into the mire below topsy-turvy to drown him.
Only, where the superfluent lake, the spongy putrescence, 10
Sinks most murkily flushed, descends most profoundly the bottom.

Such a ninny, a fool is he; witless even as any
Two years' urchin, across papa's elbow drowsily swaying.

2.

For though wed to a maiden in spring-tide youthfully budding,
Maiden crisp as a petulant kid, as airily wanton, 15
Sweets more privy to guard than e'er grape-bunch shadowy-purpling;
He, he leaves her alone to romp idly, cares not a fouter.
Nor leans to her at all, the man's part; but helpless as alder
Lies, new-fell'd in a ditch, beneath axe Ligurian ham-strung,
As alive to the world, as if world nor wife were at issue. 20

Such this gaby, my own, my arch fool; he sees not, he hears not
Who himself is, or if the self is, or is not, he knows not.

Him I'd gladly be lowering down thy bridge to the bottom,
If from stupor inanimate peradventure he wake him,
Leaving muddy behind him his sluggish heart's hesitation, 25
As some mule in a glutinous sludge her rondel of iron.

XXI.

Sire and prince-patriarch of hungry starvelings,
Lean Aurelius, all that are, that have been,
That shall ever in after years be famish'd;

Wouldst thou lewdly my dainty love to folly
Tempt, and visibly? thou be near, be joking 5
Cling and fondle, a hundred arts redouble?

O presume not: a wily wit defeated
Pays in scandalous incapacitation.

Yet didst folly to fulness add, 'twere all one;
Now shall beauty to thirst be train'd or hunger's 10
Grim necessity; this is all my sorrow.

Then hold, wanton, upon the verge; to-morrow
Comes preposterous incapacitation.

XXII.

Suffenus, he, dear Varus, whom, methinks, you know,
Has sense, a ready tongue to talk, a wit urbane,
And writes a world of verses, on my life no less.

Ten times a thousand he, believe me, ten or more,
Keeps fairly written; not on any palimpsest, 5
As often, enter'd, paper extra-fine, sheets new,
New every roller, red the strings, the parchment-case
Lead-rul'd, with even pumice all alike complete.

You read them: our choice spirit, our refin'd rare wit,
Suffenus, O no ditcher e'er appeared more rude, 10
No looby coarser; such a shock, a change is there.

How then resolve this puzzle? He the birthday-wit,
For so we thought him — keener yet, if aught is so —
Becomes a dunce more boorish e'en than hedge-born boor,
If e'er he faults on verses; yet in heart is then 15
Most happy, writing verses, happy past compare,
So sweet his own self, such a world at home finds he.

Friend, 'tis the common error; all alike are wrong,
Not one, but in some trifle you shall eye him true
Suffenus; each man bears from heaven the fault they send, 20
None sees within the wallet hung behind, our own.

XXIII.

Needy Furius, house nor hoard possessing,
Bug or spider, or any fire to thaw you,
Yet most blest in a father and a step-dame,
Each for penury fit to tooth a flint-stone:
Is not happiness yours? a home united? 5
Son, sire, mother, a lathy dame to match him.

Who can wonder? in all is health, digestion,
Pure and vigorous, hours without a trouble.
Fires ye fear not, or house's heavy downfal,
Deeds unnatural, art in act to poison, 10
Dangers myriad accidents befalling.

Then your bodies? in every limb a shrivell'd
Horn, all dryness in all the world whatever,
Tann'd or frozen or icy-lean with ages.
Sure superlative happiness surrounds thee. 15
Thee sweat frets not, an o'er-saliva frets not,
Frets not snivel or oozy rheumy nostril.

Yet such purity lacks not e'en a purer.
White those haunches as any cleanly-silver'd
Salt, it takes you a month to barely dirt them. 20
Then like beans, or inert as e'er a pebble,
Those impeccable heavy loins, a finger's
Breadth from apathy ne'er seduced to riot.

Such prosperity, such superb profusion,
Slight not, Furius, idly nor reject not. 25
As for sesterces, all the would-be fortune,
Cease to wish it; enough, methinks, the present.

XXIV.

O thou blossom of all the race Juventian
Not now only, but all as yet arisen,
All to flower in after-years arising;

Midas' treasury better you presented
Him that owns not a slave nor any coffer, 5
Ere you suffer his alien arm's presuming.

What? you fancy him all refin'd perfection?
Perfect! truly, without a slave, a coffer.

Slight, reject it, away with it; for all that
He, he owns not a slave nor any coffer. 10

XXV.

Smooth Thallus, inly softer you than any furry rabbit,
Or glossy goose's oily plumes, or velvet earlap yielding,
Or feeble age's heavy thighs, or flimsy filthy cobweb;

And Thallus, hungry rascal you, as hurricane rapacious,
When winks occasion on the stroke, the gulls agape declaring: 5

Return the mantle home to me, you watch'd your hour to pilfer,
The fleecy napkin and the rings from Thynia quaintly graven,
Whatever you parade as yours, vain fool, a sham reversion:

Unglue the nails adroit to steal, unclench the spoil, deliver,
Lest yet that haunch voluptuous, those tender hands caressant, 10
Should take an ugly print severe, the scourge's heavy branding;

And strange to bruises you should heave, as heaves in open Ocean,
Some little hoy surprised adrift, when wails the windy water.

XXVI.

Draughts, dear Furius, if my villa faces,
'Tis not showery south, nor airy wester,
North's grim fury, nor east; 'tis only fifteen
Thousand sesterces, add two hundred over.
Draft unspeakable, icy, pestilential! 5

XXVII.

Boy, young caterer of Falernian olden,
Brim me cups of a fiercer harsher essence;
So Postumia, queen of healths presiding,
Bids, less thirsty the thirsty grape, the toper.
But dull water, avaunt. Away the wine-cup's s
Sullen enemy; seek the sour, the solemn!
Here Thyonius hails his own elixir.

XXVIII.

Starving company, troop of hungry Piso,
Light of luggage, of outfit expeditious,
You, Veranius, you, my own Fabullus,

Say, what fortune? enough of empty masters,
Frost and famine, a lingering probation? 5

Stands your diary fair? is any profit
Enter'd *given*? as I to serve a praetor
Count each beggarly gift a timely profit.

Trust me, Memmius, you did aptly finger
My passivity, fool'd me most supinely. 10

Friends, confess it; in e'en as hard a fortune
You stand mulcted, on you a like abashless
Rake rides heavily. Court the great who wills it!

Gods and goddesses evil heap upon ye,
Rogues to Romulus and to Remus outcast. 15

XXIX.

Can any brook to see it, any tamely bear —
If any, gamester, epicure, a wanton, he —
Mamurra's own whatever all the curly Gauls
Did else inherit, or the lonely Briton isle?
Can you look on, look idly, filthy Romulus? 5

Shall he, in o'er-assumption, o'er-repletion he,
Sedately saunter every dainty couch along,
A bright Adonis, as the snowy dove serene?
Can you look on, look idly, filthy Romulus?
Look idly, gamester, epicure, a wanton, you. 10

Unique commander, and was only this the plea
Detain'd you in that islet angle of the west,
To gorge the shrunk seducer irreclaimable
With haply twice a million, add a million yet?
What else was e'er unhealthy prodigality? 15

The waste? to lust a little? on the belly less?
Begin; a glutt'd hoard paternal; ebb the first.
To this, the booty Pontic; add the spoil from out
Iberia, known to Tagus' amber ory stream.
Not only Gaul, nor only quail the Briton isles. 20

What help a rogue to fondle? is not all his act
To swallow monies, empty purses heap on heap?
But you — to please him only, shame to Rome, to me!
Could you the son, the father, idly ruin all?

XXX.

False Alfenus, in all amity frail, duty a prodigal,
Doth thy pity depart? Shall not a friend, traitor, a friend recal

Love? what courage is here me to betray, me to repudiate?

.

. 5

Never sure did a lie, never a sin, please the celestials.

This you heed not; alas! leave me to new misery, desolate. (5)
O where now shall a man trust? liveth yet any fidelity?

You, you only did urge love to be free, life to surrender, you.
Guiding into the snare, falsely secure, prophet of happiness. 10

Now you leave me, retract, every deed, every word allow
Into nullity winds far to remove, vapoury clouds to bear. (10)

You forget me, but yet surely the Gods, surely remembereth
Faith; hereafter again honour awakes, causeth a wretch to rue.

XXXI.

O thou of islands jewel and of half-islands,
Fair Sirmio, whatever o'er the lakes' clear rim
Or waste of ocean, Neptune holds, a two-fold pow'r;
What joy have I to see thee, and to gaze what glee!

Scarce yet believing Thunia past, the fair champaign 5
Bithunian, yet in safety thee to greet once more.
From cares to part us — where is any joy like this?

Then drops the soul her fardel, as the travel-tir'd
World-weary wand'rer touches home, returns, sinks down
In joy to slumber on the bed desir'd so long. 10
This meed, this only counts for e'en an age all toil.

O take a welcome, lovely Sirmio, thy lord's,
And greet him happy; greet him all the lake Lydian;
Laugh out whatever laughter at the hearth rings clear.

XXXII.

List, I charge thee, my gentle Ipsithilla,
Lovely ravisher and my dainty mistress,
Say we'll linger a lazy noon together.

Suits my company? lend a farther hearing:
See no jealousy make the gate against me, 5
See no fantasy lead thee out a-roaming.
Keep close chamber; anon in all profusion
Count me kisses again again returning.

Bides thy will? with a sudden haste command me;
Full and wistful, at ease reclin'd, a lover 10
Here I languish alone, supinely dreaming.

XXXIII.

Master-robber of all that haunt the bath-rooms,
Old Vibennius, and his heir the wanton;
(His the dirtier hands, the greedy father,
Yours the filthier heart, his heir as hungry;)

Please your knaveries hoist a sail for exile, 5
Pains and privacy? since by this the father's
Thefts are palpable, and a rusty favour,
Son, picks never a penny from the people.

XXXIV.

Great Diana protecteth us,
Maids and boyhood in innocence.
Maidens virtuous, innocent

Boys, your song be Diana.

Hail, Latonia, thou that art 5
Throned daughter of enthronis'd
Jove; near Delian olive of

Mighty mother y-boren.

Queen of mountainous heights, of all
Forests leafy, delightable; 10
Glens in bowery depths remote,

Rivers wrathfully sounding.

Thee, Lucina, the travailing
Mother haileth, a sovereign
Juno; Trivia thou, the bright 15

Moon, a glory reflected.

Thou thine annual orb anew,
Goddess, monthly remeasuring,
Farmsteads lowly with affluent

Corn dost fill to the flowing. 20

Be thy heavenly name whate'er
Name shall please thee, in hallowing;
Still keep safely the glorious

Race of Romulus olden.

XXXV.

1.

Take Caecilius, him the tender-hearted
Bard, my paper, a wish from his Catullus.
Come from Larius, haste to leave the new-built
Comum's watery city, seek Verona.

Some particular intimate reflexions 5
One would tell thee, a friend we love together.

2.

So he'll quickly devour the way, if only
He's no booby; for all a snowy maiden
Chide imperious, and her hands around him
Both in jealousy clasp'd, refuse departure. 10

She, if only report the truth bely not,
Doats, as hardly within her own possession.

3.

For since lately she read his high-pretending
Queen of Dindymus, all her heart is ever
Melting inly with ardour and with anguish. 15

Maiden, laudable is that high emotion,
Muse more rapturous, you, than any Sappho.
The Great Mother he surely sings divinely.

XXXVI.

1.

Vilest paper of all dishonour, annals
Of Volusius, hear my lovely lady's

Vow, and pay it; awhile she swore to Venus
And fond Cupid, if ever I returning
Ceased from enmity, left to launch iambics, 5

She would surely devote the sorry poet's
Choicest rarities unto sooty Vulcan,
The lame deity, there to blaze lamenting.

With such drollery, such supreme defiance,
Swore strange oath to the gods the naughty wanton. 10

2.

Now, O heavenly child of azure Ocean,
Queen of Idaly, queen of Urian highlands,

Who Ancona the fair, the reedy Cnidos
Hauntest, Amathus and the lawny Golgi,
Or Dyrrhachium, hostel Adriatic; 15

Hear thy votaress, answer her petition;
'Tis most graceful, a dainty thought to charm thee.

But ye verses, away to fire, to burning,
Rank rusticities, empty vapid annals
Of Volusius, heap of all dishonour. 20

XXXVII.

1.

O frowsy tavern, frowsy fellowship therein,
Ninth post in order next beyond the twins cap-crown'd,

Shall manly service none but you alone employ,
Shall you alone whatever in the world smiles fair,
Possess it, every other hold to lack esteem? 5

Or if in idiot impotence arow you sit,
One hundred, yes two hundred, am not I, think you,
A man to bring mine action on your whole row there?

So think not, he that likes not; answer how you may,
With scorpion I, with emblem all your haunt will scrawl. 10

2.

For she the bright one, lately fled beyond these arms,
The maid belov'd as maiden is belov'd no more,
Whom I to win, stood often in the breach, fought long,

Has sat amongst you. Her the grand, the great, all, all
Do dearly love her; yea, beshrew the damned wrong, 15
Each slight seducer, every lounge highway-born,

You chiefly, peerless paragon of the tribe long-lock'd,
Rude Celtiberia's child, the bushy rabbit-den,

Egnatius, so modish in the big bush-beard,
And teeth a native lotion hardly scours quite pure. 20

XXXVIII.

Cornificius, ill is your Catullus,
Ill, ah heaven, a weary weight of anguish,
More more weary with every day, with each hour.

You deny me the least, the very lightest
Help, one whisper of happy thought to cheer me. 5

Nay, I'm sorrowful. You to slight my passion?
Ah! one word, but a tiny word to cheer me,
Sad as ever a tear Simonidean.

XXXIX.

1.

Egnatius, spruce owner of superb white teeth,
Smiles sweetly, smiles for ever: is the bench in view
Where stands a pleader just prepar'd to rouse our tears,

Egnatius smiles sweetly; near the pyre they mourn
Where weeps a mother o'er the lost, the kind one son, ⁵
Egnatius smiles sweetly; what the time or place

Or thing soe'er, smiles sweetly; such a rare complaint
Is his, not handsome, scarce to please the town, say I.

2.

So take a warning for the nonce, my friend; town-bred
Were you, a Sabine hale, a pearly Tiburtine, ¹⁰
A frugal Umbrian body, Tuscan huge of paunch,

A grim Lanuvian black of hue, prodigious-tooth'd,
A Transpadane, my country not to pass untax'd,
In short whoever cleanly cares to rinse foul teeth,

Yet sweetly smiling ever I would have you not, ¹⁵
For silly laughter, it's a silly thing indeed.

3.

Well: you're a Celtiberian; in the parts thereby
What pass'd the night in water, every man, come dawn,
Scours clean the foul teeth with it and the gums rose-red;

So those Iberian snowy teeth, the more they shine, ²⁰
So much the deeper they proclaim the draught impure.

XL.

What fatality, what chimera drives thee
Headlong, Ravidus, on to my iambics?

What fell deity, most malign to listen,
Fires thy fury to quarrel unavailing?

Wouldst thou busy the breath of half the people? 5
Break with clamour at any cost the silence?

Thou wilt do it; a wretch that hop'd my darling
Love to fondle, a sure retaliation.

XLI.

Ameana, the maiden of the people,
Asks me sesterces, all the many thousands.

Maiden she with a nose not wholly faultless,
Bankrupt Formian, your declar'd devotion.

Wherefore look to the maiden, her relations: 5
Call her family, summon all the doctors.

Your poor maiden is oddly touch'd; a mirror
Sure would lend her a soberer reflexion.

XLII.

1.

Come all hendecasyllables whatever,
Wheresoever ye house you, all whatever.

I the game of an impudent adultress?

She refuse to return to me the tablets

Where you syllable? O ye can't be silent. 5

Up, have after her, ask renunciation.

Would ye know her? a woman, you shall eye her

Strutting loftily, whiles she laughs a loud laugh

Vast and vulgar, a Gaulish hound beseeming.

Form your circle about her, ask her, urge her. 10

'Hark, adulteress, hand the note-book over.

Hark, the note-book, adultress, hand it over.'

2.

What? you scorn us? O ugly filth, detested

Trull, whatever is all abomination.

Nay then, louder. Enough as yet it is not. 15

If this only remains, perhaps the dog-like

Face may colour, a brassy blush may yield us.

Swell your voices in higher harsher yellings,

'Hark, adulteress, hand the note-book over;

Hark, the note-book; adultress, hand it over.' 20

Look, she moves not at all: we waste the moments.

Change your quality, try another issue.

Such composure a sweeter air may alter.

'Pure and virtuous, hand the note-book over.'

XLIII.

Hail, fair virgin, a nose among the larger,
Feet not dainty, nor eyes to match a raven,
Mouth scarce tenible, hands not wholly faultless,
Tongue most surely not absolute refinement,
Bankrupt Formian, your declar'd devotion. 5
Thou the beauty, the talk of all the province?
Thou my Lesbia tamely think to rival?
O preposterous, empty generation!

XLIV.

O thou my Sabine farmstead or my Tiburtine,
For who Catullus would not harm, avow, kind souls,
Thou surely art at Tibur; and who quarrel will
Sabine declare thee, stake the world to prove their say:

But be'st a Sabine, be'st a very Tiburtine, 5
At thy suburban villa what delight I knew
To spit the tiresome cough away, my lungs' ill guest,
My belly brought me, not without a sad weak sin,
Because a costly dinner I desir'd too much.

For I, to feast with Sestius, that host unmatch'd, 10
A speech of his, pure poison, every line deep-drugg'd,
His speech against the plaintiff Antius, read through.

Whereat a cold chill, soon a gusty cough in fits,
Shook, shook me ever, till to thy retreat I fled,
There duly dosed with nettle and repose found cure. 15
So, now recruited, thanks superlative, dear farm,
I give thee, who so lightly didst avenge that sin.

And trust me, farm, if ever I again take up
With Sextius' black charges, I'll rebel no more;
But let the chill things damn to cold, to cough, not me 20
That read the volume — no, but him, the man's vain self.

XLV.

1.

While Septimius in his arms his Acme
Fondled closely, 'My own,' said he, 'my Acme,

If I love not as unto death, nor hold me
Ever faithfully well-prepar'd to largest
Strain of fiery wooer yet to love thee, 5

Then in Libya, then may I alone in
Burning India face a sulky lion.'

Scarce he ended, upon the right did eager
Love sneeze amity; 'twas before to leftward.

2.

Acme quietly back her head reclining 10
Towards her boy, with a rosy mouth delightful
Kissed his passionate eyes elately swimming,

Then 'Septimius, O my life' she murmur'd,
'So may he that is in this hour ascendant

Rule us ever, as in me burns a greater 15
Fire, a fiercer, in every vein triumphing.'

Scarce she ended, upon the right did eager
Love sneeze amity; 'twas before to leftward.

3.

So, that augury joyous each possessing,
Loves, is lov'd with an even emulation. 20

Poor Septimius, all to please his Acme,
Recks not Syria, recks not any Britain.

In Septimius only faithful Acme
Makes her softnesses, holds her happy pleasures.

When did mortal on any so rejoicing 25
Look, on union hallow'd as divinely?

XLVI.

Now soft spring with her early warmth returneth,
Now doth Zephyrus, health benignly breathing,
Still the boisterous equinoctial heaven.

Leave we Phrygia, leave the plains, Catullus,
Leave Nicaea, the sultry soil of harvest: 5
On for Asia, for the starry cities.
Now all flurry the soul is out a-ranging,
Now with vigour aflame the feet renew them.

Farewell company true, my lovely comrades.
You so joyfully borne from home together, 10
Now o'er many a weary way returning.

XLVII.

Porcius, Socraton, the greedy Piso's
Tools of thievery, rogues to famish ages,

So that filthy Priapus ousts to please you
My Veranius even and Fabullus?

What? shall you then at early noon carousing 5
Lap in luxury? they, my jolly comrades,
Search the streets on a quest of invitation?

XLVIII.

If, Juventius, I the grace win ever
Still on beauteous honied eyes to kiss thee,
I would kiss them a million, yet a million.

Yea, nor count me to win the full attainment,
Not, tho' heavier e'en than ears at harvest, 5
Fall my kisses, a wealthy crop delightful.

XLIX.

Greatest speaker of any born a Roman,
Marcus Tullius, all that are, that have been,
That shall ever in after-years be famous;

Thanks superlative unto thee Catullus
Renders, easily last among the poets. 5

He as easily last among the poets
As thou surely the first among the pleaders.

L.

1.

Dear Lucinius, yestereve we linger'd
Scrawling fancies, a hundred, in my tablets,
Wits in combat; a treaty this between us.

Scribbling drolleries each of us together
Launched one arrowy metre and another, 5
Tenders jocular o'er the merry wine-cup.

2.

So quite sorely with all your humour heated
Gay Lucinius, I that eve departed.

Food my misery could not any lighten,
Sleep nor quiet upon my eyes descended. 10

Still untamable o'er the couch did I then
Turn and tumble, in haste to see the day-light,
Hear your prattle again, again be with you.

3.

Then, when weary with all the worry, numb'd, dead,
Sank my body, upon the bed reposing, 15
This, O humorous heart, did I, a poem
Write, my tedious anguish all revealing.

O beware then of hardihood; a lover's
Plea for charity, dear my friend, reject not:
What if Nemesis haply claim repayment? 20
She is tyrannous. O beware offending.

LI.

He to me like unto the Gods appeareth,
He, if I dare speak it, ascends above them,
Face to face who toward thee attently sitting
 Gazes or hears thee

Lovely in sweet laughter; alas within me 5
Every lost sense falleth away for anguish;
When as I look'd on thee, upon my lips no
 Whisper abideth,
Straight my tongue froze, Lesbia; soon a subtle
Fire thro' each limb streameth adown; with inward 10
Sound the full ears tinkle, on either eye night's
 Canopy darkens.
Ease alone, Catullus, alone afflicts thee;
Ease alone breeds error of heady riot;
Ease hath entomb'd princes of old renown and 15
 Cities of honour.

LII.

Enough, Catullus! how can you delay to die?

 If in the curule chair a hump sits, Nonius;

 A would-be consul lies in hope, Vatinius;

Enough, Catullus! how can you delay to die?

LIII.

How I laughed at a wag amid the circle!
He, when Calvus in high denunciation
Of Vatinius had declaim'd divinely,
Hands uplifted as in supreme amazement,
Cried 'God bless us! a wordy cockalorum!' 5

LIV.

Otho's head is a very dwarf; a rustic's
Shanks has Herius, only semi-cleanly;
Libo's airs to a fume of art refine them.

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Yet thou flee'st not above my keen iambics.

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[So may destiny doom me quite to silence]

As I care not if every line offend thee ¹⁰

And Sufficius, age in youth's revival.

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Thou shalt kindle at innocent iambics,
Mighty general, once again returning.

LV.

1.

List, I beg, provided you're in humour,
Speak your privacy, show what alley veils you.
You I sought on Campus, I, the lesser,
You on Circus, in all the bills but you, sir.
You with father Jove in holy temple. 5
Then, where flocks the parade to Magnus' arches,

Friend, I hail'd each lady promenader,
Each, I found, did face me quite sedately.

2.

What? they steal, I loudly cried protesting,
My Camerius? out upon the wenches! 10
Answer'd one and lightly bared a bosom,
'See! what bowery roses; here he hides him.'

Yea 'twould task e'en Hercules to bear you,
You so scornful, friend, in your refusing.

3.

Not tho' I were warder of the Cretans, 15
Not tho' Pegasus on his airy pinion,

Perseus feathery-footed, I a Ladas,
Rhesus' chariot yok'd to snowy coursers,
Add each feathery sandal, every flying
Power, ask fleetness of all the winds of heaven, 20
Mine, Camerius, and to me devoted;
Yet with drudgery sorely spent should I, yet

Worn, outworn with languor unto languor
Faint, O friend, in an empty quest to find you.

4.

Say, where think you anon to be; declare it, 25 (15)
Fair and free, submit, commit to daylight.
What? still thrall to the lovely lily ladies?
Keep close mouth, lock fast the tongue within it,
Love's felicity falls without fruition;

Venus still is free to talk, a babbler. 30 (20)
Yet close palate, an if ye will it; only
In my love some part to bear refuse not.

LVII.

O rare sympathies! happy rakes united!
There Mamurra the woman, here a Caesar.

Who can wonder? An ugly brand on either,
His, true Formian, his, politely Roman,
Rests indelible, in the bone residing. 5

Either infamous, each a twin dishonour,
Bookish brethren, a dainty pair pedantic;

One adultrous, as hungry he; with equal
Parts in women, a lusty corporation.
O rare sympathies! happy rakes united! 10

LVIII.

That bright Lesbia, Caelius, the self-same
Peerless Lesbia, she than whom Catullus
Self nor family more devoutly cherish'd,
By foul roads, or in every shameful alley,
Strains the vigorous issue of the people. 5

LIX.

Poor Rufa from Bononia Rufulus gallants,
Menenius' errant lady, she that in grave-yards
(You've seen her often) snaps from every pile her meal,
When hotly chasing dusty loaves the fire rolls down,
She felt some half-shorn corpseman and his hand's big blow. 5

LX.

Hadst thou a Libyan lioness on heights all stone,
A Scylla, barking wolvisish at the loins' last verge,
To bear thee, O black-hearted, O to shame forsworn,
That unto supplication in my last sad need
Thou mightst not harken, deaf to ruth, a beast, no man? 5

LXI.

God, on verdurous Helicon
Dweller, child of Urania,
Thou that draw'st to the man the fair
Maiden, O Hymenaeus, O
Hymen, O Hymenaeus: 5

Wreath thy brows in amaracus'
Fragrant blossom; an aureat
Veil be round thee; approach, in all
Joy, approach with a luminous
Foot, a sandal of amber. 10

Come, for jolly the time, awake.
Chant in melody musical
Hymns of bridal; on earth a foot
Beating, hands to the winds above
Torches oozily swinging. 15

Such, as she that on Idaly
Venus dwelleth, appear'd before
Him, the Phrygian arbiter,
So with Mallius happily
Happy Junia weddeth. 20

Like some myrtle of Asia
Bright in airily blossoming
Boughs, the wood Hamadryades
Nurse with showery dew, to be
Theirs, a tender plaything. 25

So come to us in haste; away,
Leave thy Thespian hollow-arch'd
Rock, muse-haunted, Aonian,
Drench'd in spray from aloft, the cold
Drift of Nymph Aganippe. 30

Homeward summon a sovereign
Wife most passionate, holden in
Love fast prisoner: ivy not
Closer closes an elm around,
Interchangeably trailing. 35

You too with him, O you for whom
Comes as joyous a time, your own.
Virgins stainless of heart, arise.
Chant in unison, Hymen, O
Hymen, O Hymenaeus. 40

That, more readily listening,
Whiles your song to familiar
Duty calls him, he hie apace,
Lord of fair paramours, of youth's
Fair affection uniter. 45

Who more worthy than he to list
Lovers wearily languishing?
Bends from heaven a sovereign
God adorabler? Hymen, O
Hymen, O Hymenaeus. 50

You the father in years for his
Child beseecheth; a virginal
Zone falls slackly to earth for you,
You half-fear in his hankering
Lists the groomsman approaching. 55

You from motherly lap the bright
Girl can sever; your hand divine
Gives dominion, ushering
Warm the lover. O Hymen, O
Hymen, O Hymenaeus. 60

Nought delightful, if you be far,
Nought unharmed of envious
Tongues, Love wins him: if you be near
Much he wins him. O excellent
God, that hath not a rival. 65

Houses cannot, if you be far,
Yield their children, a babe renew
Sire or mother: if you be near,
Comes renewal. O excellent
God, that hath not a rival. 70

If your great ceremonial
Fail, no champion yeomanry
Guards the border. If you be near

Arms the border. O excellent
God, that hath not a rival. 75

Fling the portal apart. The bride
Waits. O see ye the luminous
Torch-flakes ruddily flickering?

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Nought she hears us: her innocent (80)
Eyes do weep to be going. 85

Weep not, lady; for envious
Tongue no lovelier owneth, Au-
Runculeia; nor any more
Fair saw rosily bright the dawn (85)
Leave his chamber in Ocean. 90

Such in many a flowering
Garden, trimm'd for a lord's delight,
Stands some delicate hyacinth.
Yet you tarry. The day declines. (90)
Forth, fair bride, to the people. 95

Forth, fair bride, to the people, if
So it likes you, a-listening
Words that please us. O eye ye yon
Torches ruddily flickering? (95)
Forth, fair bride, to the people. 100

Husband never of yours shall haunt
Stained wanton, a mutinous
Fancy shamefully following,
Tire not ever, or e'er from your (100)
Dainty bosom unyoke him. 105

He more lithe than a vine amid
Trees, that, mazily folded, it
Clasps and closes, in amorous
Arms shall close thee. The day declines. (105)
Forth, fair bride, to the people. 110

Couch of pleasure, *O odorous*

*Couch, whose gorgeous apparellings,
Silver-purple, on Indian
Woods do rest them; adown the bright
Feet in ivory glisten;* 115

When thy lord in his hour attains,
What large extasy, while the night (110)
Fleets, or noon the meridian
Passes thoro'. The day declines.
Forth, fair bride, to the people. 120

Lift the torches aloft in air,
Boys: the fiery veil is here. (115)
Come, to measure your hymn rehearse.
Hymen, O Hymenaeus, O
Hymen, O Hymenaeus. 125

Nor withhold ye the countryman's
Ribald raillery Fescenine. (120)
Nor if happily boys declare
Thy dominion attaint, refuse,
Youth, the nuts to be flinging. 130

Fling, O womanish youth; the boys
Ask thee charity. Time agone (125)
Toys and folly; to-day begins
Our high duty, Talassius.
Hasten, youth, to be flinging. 135

Thou didst surely but yestereve
Mock the women, a favourite (130)
Far above them: anon the first
Beard, the razor. Alack, alas!
Hasten, youth, to be flinging. 140

You, whom odorous oils declare
Bridegroom, swerve not; a slippery (135)
Love calls lightly, but yet refrain.
Hymen, O Hymenaeus, O
Hymen, O Hymenaeus. 145

Lawful only did e'er delight
You, we know; but it is not, O (140)
Husband, lawful as heretofore.
Hymen, O Hymenaeus, O

Hymen, O Hymenaeus. 150

Bride, thou also, if he demand
Aught, refuse not, assent, obey. (145)
Love can angrily pipe adieu.

Hymen, O Hymenaeus, O
Hymen, O Hymenaeus. 155

Look! thy mansion, a sovereign
Home most goodly, by him to thee (150)
Given. Reign as a queen within,

Hymen, O Hymenaeus, O
Hymen, O Hymenaeus. 160

Still when hoary decrepitude,
Shaking wintery brows benign, (155)
Nods a tremulous Yes to all.

Hymen, O Hymenaeus, O
Hymen, O Hymenaeus. 165

With fair augury smite the blest
Threshold, sunnily glistening (160)
Feet: yon ivory door approach,

Hymen, O Hymenaeus, O
Hymen, O Hymenaeus. 170

See one seated, a banqueter.
'Tis thy lord on a Tyrian (165)
Couch: his spirit is all to thee.

Hymen, O Hymenaeus, O
Hymen, O Hymenaeus. 175

Not less surely in him than in
Thee love lighteth a bosoming (170)
Flame; but deeper, a fire within.

Hymen, O Hymenaeus, O
Hymen, O Hymenaeus. 180

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Thou, whose purple her arm, the slim
Arm, props happily, boy, depart. (175)

Time the bride be at entering.
Hymen, O Hymenaeus, O
Hymen, O Hymenaeus. 190

You in chastity tried the long
Years, good women of agedest (180)
Husbands, lay ye the bride to-night.
Hymen, O Hymenaeus, O
Hymen, O Hymenaeus. 195

Husband, stay not: a bride within
Coucheth ready, the flowering (185)
Spring less lovely; a countenance
White as parthenice, beyond
Yellow poppy to gaze on. 200

Thou, so help me the favouring
Gods immortal, as heavenly (190)
Fair art also, adorned of
Venus' bounty. The day declines.
Come nor tarry to greet her. 205

Not too slothfully tarrying,
Thou art here. Benediction of (195)
Venus help thee, a man without
Shame of blameless, a love that is
Honest frankly revealing. 210

Dust of infinite Africa,
Stars that sparkle, a myriad (200)
Host, who measureth, your delights
He shall tell them, ineffable,
Multitudinous, over. 215

Make your happy delight, renew'd
Soon in children. A glorious (205)
Name and olden is ill without
Children, unto the first a new
Stock as goodly begetting. 220

Some Torquatus, a beauteous
Babe, on motherly breasts to thee (210)
Stretching, father, his innocent
Hands, smile softly from inchoate
Lips half-open a welcome. 225

Like his father, a Mallius
New presented, of every (215)
Eyeing stranger allowed his own;
Mother's chastity moulded in
Features childly revealing. 230

Glory speak of him issuing
Child of mother as excellent (220)
She, as only that age-renown'd
Wife, whose story Telemachus
Blazons, Penelopea. 235

Virgins, close ye the door. Enough
This our carol. O happiest (225)
Lovers, jollity live with you.
Still that genial youth to love's
Consummation attend ye. 240

LXII.

YOUTHS.

Hesper is here; rise youths, rise all of you; high on Olympus
Hesper his orb long-look'd for aloft 'gins slowly to kindle.
Time is now to arise, from tables costly to part us;
Now doth a virgin approach, now soundeth a glad Hymenaeal.

Hymen O Hymenaeus, O Hymen come Hymenaeus. 5

VIRGINS.

See ye yon youthful band? O, maidens, rise ye to meet them.
Comes not Night's bright bearer a fire o'er Oeta revealing?
Surely; for even now, in a moment all have arisen,
Not for nought have arisen; a song waits, goodly to gaze on.

Hymen O Hymenaeus, O Hymen come Hymenaeus. 10

YOUTHS.

No light victory this, O comrades, ready before us.
Busy the virgins muse, their practis'd ditty recalling,
Muse nor shall miscarry; a song for memory waits us.
Rightly; for all their souls do inwards labour in issue.

We — our thoughts one way, our ears have drifted another, 15
So comes worthy defeat; no victory calls to the careless.
Come then, in even race let thought their melody rival;
They must open anon; 'twere better anon be replying.

Hymen O Hymenaeus, O Hymen come Hymenaeus.

VIRGINS.

Hesper, moveth in heaven a light more tyrannous ever? 20
Thou from a mother's arms canst wrest her daughter asunder,
Wrest from a mother's arms her daughter woefully clinging,
Then to the burning youth his virgin beauty deliver.
Foes in a new-sack'd town, when wrought they crueller ever?

Hymen O Hymenaeus, O Hymen come Hymenaeus. 25

YOUTHS.

Hesper, shineth in heaven a light more genial ever?
 Thou with a bridal flame true lovers' unity crownest,
 All which duly the men, which plighted duly the parents,
 Then completed alone, when thou in splendour awakest.
 When shone an happier hour than thy god-speeded arriving? 30

Hymen O Hymenaeus, O Hymen come Hymenaeus.

VIRGINS.

Sisters, Hesper a fellow of our bright company taketh.

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 35

Hymen O Hymenaeus, O Hymen come Hymenaeus.

YOUTHS.

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Hesper, awaiting thee each sentinel holdeth alarum.
 Night veils love's false thieves; thieves still when, Hesper, another
 Name, but unalter'd still, thou tak'st them surely, returning. (35)
 Yet be the maidens pleas'd in woeful fancy to chide thee. 45
 Maybe for all they chide, their hearts do inly desire thee.

Hymen O Hymenaeus, O Hymen come Hymenaeus.

VIRGINS.

Look in a garden-croft when a flower privily growing,
 Hid from grazing kine, by ploughshare never y-broken, (40)
 Strok'd by the breeze, by the sun nurs'd sturdily, rear'd by
 the showers; 50
 Many a wistful boy, and maidens many desire it:

Yet if a slender nail hath nipt his bloom to deflour it,
 Never a wistful boy, nor maidens any desire it:

Such is a girl untoy'd with as yet, yet lovely to kinsmen; (45)
 Once her body profan'd, herflow'r of chastity blighted, 55
 Boys no more she delights, nor seems so lovely to maidens;

Hymen O Hymenaeus, O Hymen come Hymenaeus.

YOUTHS.

Look as a lone lorn vine in a bare field sorrily growing,
Never an arm uplifts, no grape to maturity ripens, (50)

Only with headlong weight her tender body declining, 60
Bows, till topmost spray and roots meet feebly together;
Her no peasant swain, nor bullock tendeth her ever;

Yet to the bachelor elm if marriage-fortune unite her,
Many a peasant tills and bullocks many about her; (55)

Such is a maid untoy'd with as yet, in loneliness aging; 65
Wins she a bridegroom meet, in time's warm fulness arriving,
So to the man more dear, and less unlovely to parents.

O then, clasp thy love, nor fight, fair maiden, against him.
Sin 'twere surely to fight; thy father gave to his arms thee, (60)
Father's self and mother; obey nor wrongly defy them. 70

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Virgin's crown thou claim'st not alone, but partly the parents,
Father's one whole part, one goes to the mother allotted,
Rests one only to thee; O fight not with them alone thou,
Both to a son their rights and both their dowry deliver. 75 (65)

Hymen O Hymenaeus, O Hymen come Hymenaeus.

LXIII.

In a swift ship Attis hasting over ocean a mariner
When he gained the wood, the Phrygian, with a foot of agility,
When he near'd the leafy forest, dark sanctuary divine;
By unearthly fury frenzied, a bewildered agony,
With a flint of edge he shatter'd to the ground his humanity. 5
Then aghast to see the lost limbs, the deform'd inutility,
While still the gory dabble did anew the soil pollute,
With a snowy palm the woman took affrayed a taborine.
Taborine, the trump that hails thee, Cybele, thy initiant.
Then a dainty finger heaving to the tremulous hide o' the bull, 10
He began this invocation to the company, spirit-awed.

“To the groves, ye sexless eunuchs, in assembly to Cybele,
Lost sheep that err rebellious to the lady Dindymene;
Ye, who all awing for exile in a country of aliens,
My unearthly rule obeying to be with me, my retinue, 15
Could aby the surly salt seas' mid inexorability,
Could in utter hate to lewdness your sex dishabilitate;

Let a gong clash glad emotion, set a giddy fury to roam,
All slow delay be banish'd, thither his ye thither away
To the Phrygian home, the wild wood, to the sanctuary divine; 20

Where rings the noisy cymbal, taborines are in echoing,
On a curved oat the Phrygian deep pipeth a melody,
With a fury toss the Maenads clad in ivies a frolic head,
To a barbarous ululation the religious orgy wakes,
Where fleets across the silence Cybele's holy family; 25
Thither his we, so beseems us; to a mazy measure away.”

Thus as Attis, a woman, Attis, not a woman, urg'd the rest,
On a sudden yell'd in huddling agitation every tongue,
Taborines give airy murmur, give a clangorous echo gongs,
With a rush the brotherhood hastens to the woods, the bosom of Ide. 30
Then in agony, breathless, errant, flush'd wearily, cometh on
Taborine behind him, Attis, thoro' leafy glooms a guide,
As a restive heifer yields not to the cumbrous onerous yoke.
Thither his the votaress eunuchs with an emulous alacrity.
Now faintly sickly plodding to the goddess's holy shrine, 35
They took the rest which easeth long toil, nor ate withal.
Slow sleep descends on eyelids ready drowsily to decline,
In a soft repose departeth the devout spirit-agony.

When awoke the sun, the golden, that his eyes heaven-orient
Scann'd lustrous air, the rude seas, earth's massy solidity, 40
When he smote the shadowy twilight with his healthy team sublime,
Then arous'd was Attis; o'er him sleep hastily fled away
To Pasithea's arms immortal with a tremulous hovering.
But awaked from his reposing, the delirious anguish o'er,
When as Attis' heart recalled him to the past solitarily, 45
Saw clearly where he stood, what, an annihilate apathy,
With a soul that heaved within him, to the water he fled again.
Then as o'er the waste of ocean with a rainy eye he gazed
To the land of home he murmur'd miserable a soliloquy.

"Mother-home of all affection, dear home, my nativity, 50
Whom in anguish I deserting, as in hatred a runaway
From a master, hither have hurried to the lonely woods of Ide,

To be with the snows, the wild beasts, in a wintery domicile,
To be near each savage houser that a surly fury provokes,
What horizon, O beloved, may attain to thee anywhere? 55

Yet an eyeless orb is yearning ineffectually to thee.
For a little ere returneth the delirious hour again.

Shall a homeless Attis hie him to the groves uninhabited?
Shall he leave a country, wealth, friends? bid a sire, a mother, adieu?
The palaestra lost, the forum, the gymnasium, the course? 60

O unhappy, fall a-weeping, thou unhappy soul, for aye.

For is honour of any semblance, any beauty but of it I?
Who, a woman here, in order was a man, a youth, a boy,
To the sinewy ring a fam'd flower, the gymnasium's applause.

With a throng about the portal, with a populace in the gate, 65
With a flowery coronal hanging upon every column of home,
When anew my chamber open'd, as awoke the sunny morn.

O am I to live the god's slave? feodary be to Cybele?
Or a Maenad I, an eunuch? or a part of a body slain?

Or am I to range the green tracts upon Ida snowy-chill? 70
Be beneath the stately caverns colonnaded of Asia?
Be with hind that haunts the covert, or in hursts that house the boar?

Woe, woe the deed accomplish'd! woe, woe, the shame to me!"

From rosy lips ascending when approached the gusty cry
To celestial ears recording such a message inly borne, ⁷⁵
Cybele, the thong relaxing from a lion-haled yoke,
Said, aleft the goad addressing to the foe that awes the flocks —

“Come, a service; haste, my brave one; let a fury the madman arm,
Let a fury, a frenzy prick him to return to the wood again,
This is he my hest declineth, the unheedy, the runaway. ⁸⁰

From an angry tail refuse not to abide the sinewy stroke,
To a roar let all the regions echo answer everywhere,
On a nervy neck be tossing that uneasy tawny mane.”

So in ire she spake, adjusting disunitedly then her yoke
At his own rebuke the lion doth his heart to a fury spur, ⁸⁵
With a step, a roar, a bursting unarrested of any brake.
But anear the foamy places when he came, to the frothy beach,
When he saw the sexless Attis by the seas’ level opaline,
Then he rushed upon him; affrighted to the wintery wood he flew,
Cybele’s for aye, for all years, in her order a votaress. ⁹⁰
Holy deity, great Cybele, holy lady Dindymene,
Be to me afar for ever that inordinate agony.
O another hound to madness, O another hurry to rage!

LXIV.

Born on Pelion height, so legend hoary relateth,
Pines once floated adrift on Neptune billowy streaming
On to the Phasis flood, to the borders Æætean.
Then did a chosen array, rare bloom of valorous Argos,
Fain from Colchian earth her fleece of glory to ravish, 5
Dare with a keel of swiftness adown salt seas to be fleeting,
Swept with fir-blades oary the fair level azure of Ocean.
Then that deity bright, who keeps in cities her high ward,
Made to delight them a car, to the light breeze airily scudding,
Texture of upright pine with a keel's curved rondure uniting. 10
That first sailer of all burst ever on Amphitrite.

Scarcely the forward snout tore up that wintery water,
Scarcely the wave foamed white to the reckless harrow of oarsmen,
Straight from amid white eddies arose wild faces of Ocean,
Nereid, earnest-eyed, in wonderous admiration. 15
Then, not after again, saw ever mortal unharmed
Sea-born Nymphs unveil limbs flushing naked about them.
Stark to the nursing breasts from foam and billow arising.
Then, so stories avow, burn'd Peleus hotly to Thetis,
Then to a mortal lover abode not Thetis unheeding, 20
Then did a father agree Peleus with Thetis unite him.

O in an aureat hour, O born in bounteous ages,
God-sprung heroes, hail: hail, mother of all benediction,
You my song shall address, you melodies everlasting.
Thee most chiefly, supreme in glory of heavenly bridal, 25
Peleus, stately defence of Thessaly. Iuppiter even
Gave thee his own fair love, thy mortal pleasure approving.
Thee could Thetis inarm, most beauteous Ocean-daughter?
Tethys adopt thee, her own dear grandchild's wooer usurping?
Ocean, who earth's vast globe with a watery girdle inorbeth? 30

When the delectable hour those days did fully determine,
Straightway then in crowds all Thessaly flock'd to the palace,
Thronging hosts uncounted, a company joyous approaching.
Many a gift they carry, delight their faces illumines.
Left is Scyros afar, and Phthia's bowery Tempe, 35
Vacant Crannon's homes, unvisited high Larisa,
Towards Pharsalia's halls, Pharsalia's only they hie them.

Bides no tiller afield; necks soften of oxen in idlesse;

Feel not a prong'd crook'd hoe lush vines all weedily trailing;
Tears no steer deep clods with a downward coulter unearthed; 40
Prunes no hedger's bill broad-verging verdurous arbours;
Steals a deforming rust on ploughs left rankly to moulder.

But that sovran abode, each sumptuous inly retiring
Chamber, aflame with gold, with silver is all resplendent;
Thrones gleam ivory-white; cup-crown'd blaze brightly the tables; 45
All the domain with treasure of empery gaudily flushes.

There, set deeply within the remotest centre, a bridal
Bed doth a goddess inarm; smooth ivory glossy from Indies,
Robed in roseate hues, rich seashells' purple adorning.

It was a broidery freak'd with tissue of images olden, 50
One whose curious art did blazon valour of heroes.
Gazing forth from a beach of Dia the billow-resounding,
Look'd on a vanish'd fleet, on Theseus quickly departing,
Restless in unquell'd passion, a feverous heart, Ariadne.
Scarcely her eyes yet seem their seeming clearly to vision. 55
You might guess that arous'd from slumber's drowsy betrayal,
Sand-engirded, alone, then first she knew desolation.
He the betrayer — his oars with fugitive hurry the waters
Beat, each promise of old to the winds given idly to bear them.

Him from amid shore-weeds doth Minos' daughter, in anguish 60
Rigid, a Bacchant-form, dim-gazing stonily follow,
Stonily still, wave-tost on a sea of troublous affliction.
Holds not her yellow locks the tiara's feathery tissue;
Veils not her hidden breast light brede of drapery woven;
Binds not a cincture smooth her bosom's orb'd emotion. 65
Widely from each fair limb that footward-fallen apparel
Drifts its lady before, in billowy salt loose-playing.

Not for silky tiara nor amice gustily floating
Recks she at all any more; thee, Theseus, ever her earnest
Heart, all clinging thought, all chained fancy requireth. 70
Ah unfortunate! whom with miseries ever crazing,
Thorns in her heart deep planted, affray'd Erycina to madness,
From that earlier hour, when fierce for victory Theseus
Started alert from a beach deep-inleted of Piræus,
Gain'd Gortyna's abode, injurious halls of oppression. 75

Once, 'tis sung in stories, a dire distemper atoning
Death of an ill-blest prince, Androgeos, angrily slaughter'd,

Taxed of her youthful array, her maidenly bloom fresh-glowing,
Feast to the monster bull, Cecropia, ransom-laden.
Then, when a plague so deadly, the garrison undermining, 80
Spent that slender city, his Athens dearly to rescue,
Sooner life Theseus and precious body did offer,
Ere his country to Crete freight corpses, a life in seeming.
So with a ship fast-fleeted, a gale blown gently behind him,
Push'd he his onward journey to Minos' haughty dominion. 85

Him for very delight when a virgin fondly desiring
Gazed on, a royal virgin, in odours silkily nestled,
Pure from a maiden's couch, from a mother's pillowly bosom,
Like some myrtle, anear Eurotas' water arising,
Like earth's myriad hues, spring's progeny, rais'd to the breezes; 90
Droop'd not her eyes their gaze unquenchable, ever-burning
Save when in each charm'd limb to the depths enfolded, a sudden
Flame blazed hotly within her, in all her marrow abiding.

O thou cruel of heart, thou madding worker of anguish,
Boy immortal, of whom joy springs with misery blending, 95
Yea, thou queen of Golgi, of Idaly leaf-embower'd,
O'er what a fire love-lit, what billows wearily tossing,
Drave ye the maid, for a guest so sunnily lock'd deep sighing.
What most dismal alarms her swooning fancy did echo!
Oft what a sallower hue than gold's cold glitter upon her! 100
Whiles, heart-hungry in arms that monster deadly to combat,
Theseus drew towards death or victory, guerdon of honour.
Yet not lost the devotion, or offer'd idly the virgin's
Gifts, as her unvoic'd lips breathed incense faintly to heaven.

As on Taurus aloft some oak agitatedly waving 105
Tosses his arms, or a pine cone-mantled, oozily rinded,
When as his huge gnarled trunk in furious eddies a whirlwind
Riving wresteth amain; down falleth he, upward hoven,
Falleth on earth; far, near, all crackles brittle around him,
So to the ground Theseus his fallen foeman abasing, 110
Slew, that his horned front toss'd vainly, a sport to the breezes.
Thence in safety, a victor, in height of glory returned,
Guiding errant feet to a thread's impalpable order.
Lest, upon egress bent thro' tortuous aisles labyrinthine,
Walls of blindness, a maze unravell'd ever, elude him. 115

Yet, for again I come to the former story, beseems not
Linger on all done there; how left that daughter a gazing
Father, a sister's arms, her mother woefully clinging,

Mother, who o'er that child moan'd desperate, all heart-broken;
How not in home that maid, in Theseus only delighted; 120
How her ship on a shore of foaming Dia did harbour;
How, when her eyes lay bound in slumber's shadowy prison,
He forsook, forgot her, a wooer traitorous-hearted:

Oft, say stories, at heart with frenzied fantasy burning,
Pour'd she, a deep-wrung breast, clear-ringing cries of oppression; 125
Sometimes mournfully clomb to the mountain's rugged ascension,
Straining thence her vision across wide surges of ocean;
Now to the brine ran forth, upsplashing freshly to meet her,
Lifting raiment fine her thighs which softly did open;
Last, when sorrow had end, these words thus spake she lamenting, 130
While from a mouth tear-stain'd chill sobs gushed dolorous ever.

'Look, is it here, false heart, that rapt from country, from altar,
Household altar ashore, I wander, falsely deserted?
Ah! is it hence, Theseus, that against high heaven a traitor
Homeward thou thy vileness, alas thy perjury bearest? 135

Might not a thought, one thought, thy cruel counsel abating
Sway thee tender? at heart rose no compassion or any
Mercy, to bend thy soul, or me for pity deliver?

Yet not this thy promise of old, thy dearly remembered
Voice, not these the delights thou bad'st thy poor one inherit; 140
Nay, but wedlock happy, but envied joy hymeneal;
All now melted in air, with a light wind emptily fleeting.

Let not a woman trust, since that first treason, a lover's
Desperate oath, none hope true lover's promise is earnest.
They, while fondly to win their amorous humour essayeth, 145
Fear no covetous oath, all false free promises heed not;
They if once lewd pleasure attain unruly possession,
Lo they fear not promise, of oath or perjury reck not.

Yet indeed, yet I, when floods of death were around thee,
Set thee on high, did rather a brother choose to defend not, 150
Ere I, in hate's last hour, false heart, fail'd thee to deliver.

Now, for a goodly reward, to the beasts they give me, the flying
Fowls; no handful of earth shall bury me, pass'd to the shadows.

What grim lioness yeaned thee, aneath what rock's desolation?
What wild sea did bear, what billows foamy regorged thee? 155
Seething sand, or Scylla the snare, or lonely Charybdis?

If for a life's dear joy comes back such only requital?

Hadst not a will with spousal an honour'd wife to receive me?
Awed thee a father stern, cross age's churlish avising?
Yet to your household thou, your kindred palaces olden, ¹⁶⁰
Might'st have led me, to wait, joy-filled, a retainer upon thee,
Now in waters clear thy feet like ivory laving,
Clothing now thy bed with crimson's gorgeous apparel.

Yet to the brutish winds why moan I longer unheeded,
Crazy with an ill wrong? They senseless, voiceless, inhuman ¹⁶⁵
Utter'd cry they hear not, in answers hollow reply not.
He rides far already, the mid sea's boundary cleaving,
Strays no mortal along these weeds stretched lonely about me.
Thus to my utmost need chance, spitefuller injury dealing,
Grudges an ear, where yet might lamentation have entry. ¹⁷⁰

Jove, almighty, supreme, O would that never in early
Time on Gnosian earth great Cecrops' navies had harbour'd,
Ne'er to that unquell'd bull with a ransom of horror atoning,
Moor'd on Crete his cable a shipman's wily dishonour.
Never in youth's fair shape such ruthless stratagem hiding ¹⁷⁵
He, that vile one, a guest found with us a safe habitation.

Whither flee then afar? what hope, poor lost one, upholds thee?
Mountains Idomenean? alas, broad surges of ocean
Part us, a rough rude space of flowing water, asunder.
Trust in a father's help? how trust, whom darkly deserting, ¹⁸⁰
Him I turned to alone, my brother's bloody defier?
Nay, but a loyal lover, a hand pledg'd surely, shall ease me.
Surely; for o'er wide water his oars move flexibly fleeting.

Also a desert lies this region, a tenantless island,
Nowhere open way, seas splash in circle around me, ¹⁸⁵
Nowhere flight, no glimmer of hope; all mournfully silent,
Loneliness all, all points me to death, death only remaining.

Yet these luminous orbs shall sink not feebly to darkness,
Yet from grief-worn limbs shall feeling wholly depart not,
Till to the gods I cry, the betrayed, for justice on evil, ¹⁹⁰
Sue for life's last mercy the great federation of heaven.

Then, O sworn to requite man's evil wrathfully, Powers
Gracious, on whose grim brows, with viper tresses inorbed,
Looks red-breathing forth your bosom's feverous anger;

Now, yea now come surely, to these loud miseries harken, 195
All I cry, the afflicted, of inmost marrow arising,
Desolate, hot with pain, with blinding fury bewilder'd.

Yet, for of heart they spring, grief's children truly begotten,
Verily, Gods, these moans you will not idly to perish.
But with counsel of evil as he forsook me deceiving, 200
Death to his house, to his heart, bring also counsel of evil.

When from an anguish'd heart these words stream'd sorrowful upwards,
Words which on iron deeds did sue for deadly requital,
Bow'd with a nod of assent almighty the ruler of heaven.
With that dreadful motion aneath earth's hollow, the ruffled 205
Ocean shook, and stormy the stars 'gan tremble in ether.
Thereto his heart thick-sown with blindness cloudily dark'ning,
Thought not of all those words, Theseus, from memory fallen,
Words which his heedful soul had kept immovable ever.
Nor to his eager sire fair token of happy returning 210
Rais'd, when his eyes safe-sighted Erectheus' populous haven.
Once, so stories tell, when Pallas' city behind him
Leaving, Theseus' fleet to the winds given hopefully parted,
Clasping then his son spake Aegeus, straitly commanding.

Son, mine only delight, than life more lovely to gaze on, 215
Son, whom needs it faints me to launch full-tided on hazards,
Whom my winter of years hath laid so lately before me:

Since my fate unkindly, thy own fierce valour unheeding,
Needs must wrest thee away, ere yet these dimly-lit eye-balls
Feed to the full on thee, thy worshipt body beholding; 220

Neither in exultation of heart I send thee a-warring;
Nor to the fight shalt bear fair fortune's happier earnest;
Rather, first in cries mine heart shall lighten her anguish,
When greylocks I sully with earth, with sprinkle of ashes;

Next to the swaying mast shall a sail hang duskily swinging; 225
So this grief, mine own, this burning sorrow within me,
Want not a sign, dark shrouds of Iberia, sombre as iron.

Then, if haply the queen, lone ranger on haunted Itonus,
Pleas'd to defend our people, Erectheus' safe habitations,
Frown not, allow thine hand that bull all redly to slaughter, 230

Look that warily then deep-laid in steady remembrance,
These our words grow greenly, nor age move on to deface them;

Soon as on home's fair hills thine eyes shall signal a welcome,
See that on each straight yard down droop their funeral housings,
Whitely the tight-strung cordage a sparkling canvas aloft swing, 235

Which to behold straightway with joy shall cheer me, with inward
Joy, when a prosperous hour shall bring to thee happy returning.

So for a while that charge did Theseus faithfully cherish.

Last, it melted away, as a cloud which riven in ether
Breaks to the blast, high peak and spire snow-silvery leaving. 240
But from a rock's wall'd eyrie the father wistfully gazing,
Father whose eyes, care-dimm'd, wore hourly for ever a-weeping,
Scarcely the wind-puff'd sail from afar 'gan darken upon him,
Down the precipitous heights headlong his body he hurried,
Deeming Theseus surely by hateful destiny taken. 245
So to a dim death-palace, alert from victory, Theseus
Came, what bitter sorrow to Minos' daughter his evil
Perjury gave, himself with an even sorrow atoning.
She, as his onward keel still moved, still mournfully follow'd;
Passion-stricken, her heart a tumultuous image of ocean. 250

Also upon that couch, flush'd youthfully, breathless Iacchus
Roam'd with a Satyr-band, with Nisa-begot Sileni;
Seeking thee, Ariadna, aflame thy beauty to ravish.
Wildly behind they rushed and wildly before to the folly,
Euhoe rav'd, Euhoe with fanatic heads gyrated; 255
Some in womanish hands shook rods cone-wreathed above them,
Some from a mangled steer toss'd flesh yet gorily streaming;
Some girt round them in orbs, snakes gordian, intertwining;
Some with caskets deep did blazon mystical emblems,
Emblems muffled darkly, nor heard of spirit unholy. 260
Part with a slender palm taborines beat merrily jangling;
Now with a cymbal slim would a sharp shrill tinkle awaken;
Often a trumpeter horn blew murmurous, hoarsely resounding.
Rose on pipes barbaric a jarring music of horror.

Such, wrought rarely, the shapes this quilt did richly apparel, 265
Where to the couch close-clasped it hung thick veils of adorning.
So to the full heart-sated of all their curious eying,
Thessaly's youth gave place to the Gods high-throned in heaven.
As, when dawn is awake, light Zephyrus even-breathing
Brushes a sleeping sea, which slant-wise curved in edges 270
Breaks, while mounts Aurora the sun's high journey to welcome;
They, first smitten faintly by his most airy caressing,
Move slow on, light surges a plashing silvery laughter;

Soon with a waxing wind they crowd them apace, thick-fleeting,
Swim in a rose-red glow and far off sparkle in Ocean; 275
So thro' column'd porch and chambers sumptuous hieing,
Thither or hither away, that company stream'd, home-wending.

First from Pelion height, when they were duly departed,
Chiron came, in his hand green gifts of flowery forest.
All that on earth's leas blooms, what blossoms Thessaly nursing 280
Breeds on mountainous heights, what near each showery river
Swells to the warm west-wind, in gales of foison alighting;
These did his own hands bear in girlonds twined of all hues,
That to the perfume sweet for joy laugh'd gaily the palace.
Follow'd straight Penios, awhile his bowery Tempe, 285
Tempe, shrined around in shadowy woods o'erhanging,
Left to the bare-limb'd maids Magnesian, airily ranging.
No scant carrier he; tall root-torn beeches his heavy
Burden, bays stemm'd stately, in heights exalted ascending.
Thereto the nodding plane, and that lithe sister of youthful 290
Phaethon flame-enwrap, and cypress in air upspringing:
These in breadths inwoven he heap'd close-twin'd to the palace,
Whereto the porch vox green, with soft leaves canopied over.

Him did follow anear, deep heart and wily, Prometheus,
Scarr'd and wearing yet dim traces of early dishonour, 295
All which of old his body to flint fast-welded in iron,
Bore and dearly abied, on slippery crags suspended.
Last with his awful spouse, with children goodly, the sovran
Father approach'd; thou, Phoebus, alone, his warder in heaven,
Left, with that dear sister, on Idrus ranger eternal. 300
Peleus sister alike and brother in high misprision
Held, nor lifted a torch when Thetis wedded at even.
So when on ivory thrones they rested, snowily gleaming,
Many a feast high-pil'd did load each table about them;
Whiles to a tremor of age their gray infirmity rocking, 305
Busy began that chant which speaketh surely the Parcae.

Round them a folding robe their weak limbs aguish hiding,
Fell bright-white to the feet, with a purple border of issue.
Wreaths sat on each hoar crown, whose snows flush'd rosy beneath them;
Still each hand fulfilled its pious labour eternal. 310
Singly the left upbore in wool soft-hooded a distaff,
Whereto the right large threads down drawing deftly, with upturn'd
Fingers shap'd them anew; then thumbs earth-pointed in even
Balance twisted a spindle on orb'd wheels smoothly rotating.
So clear'd softly between and tooth-nipt even it ever 315

Onward moved; still clung on wan lips, sodden as ashes,
Shreds all woolly from out that soft smooth surface arisen.
Lastly before their feet lay fells, white, fleecy, refulgent,
Warily guarded they in baskets woven of osier.
They, as on each light tuft their voice smote louder approaching, 320
Pour'd grave inspiration, a prophet chant to the future,
Chant which an after-time shall tax of vanity never.

O in valorous acts thy wondrous glory renewing,
Rich Aemathia's arm, great sire of a goodlier issue,
Hark on a joyous day what prophet-story the sisters 325
Open surely to thee; and you, what followeth after,
Guide to a long-drawn thread and run with destiny, spindles.

Soon shall approach, and bear the delight long-wish'd for of husbands,
Hesper, a bride shall approach in starlight happy presented,
Softly to sway thy soul in love's completion abiding, 330
Soon in a trance with thee of slumber dreamy to mingle,
Making smooth round arms thy clasp'd throat sinewy pillow.
Trail ye a long-drawn thread and run with destiny, spindles.

Never hath house closed yet o'er loves so blissful uniting,
Never love so well his children in harmony knitten, 335
So as Thetis agrees, as Peleus bendeth according.
Trail ye a long-drawn thread and run with destiny, spindles.

You shall a son see born that knows not terror, Achilles,
One whose back no foe, whose front each knoweth in onset;
Often a conqueror, he, where feet course swiftly together, 340
Steps of a fire-fleet doe shall leave in his hurry behind him.
Trail ye a long-drawn thread and run with destiny, spindles.

Him to resist in war, no champion hero ariseth,
Then on Phrygian earth when carnage Trojan is utter'd;
Then when a long sad strife shall Troy's crown'd city beleaguer, 345
Waste her a third false heir from Pelops wary descending.
Trail ye a long-drawn thread and run with destiny, spindles.

His unmatchable acts, his deeds of glorious honour,
Oft shall mothers speak o'er sons untimely departed;
While from crowns earth-bow'd fall loosen'd silvery tresses, 350
Beat on shrivell'd breasts weak palms their dusky defacing.
Trail ye a long-drawn thread and run with destiny, spindles.

As some labourer ears close-cluster'd lustily lopping,

Under a flaming sun, mows fields ripe-yellow in harvest,
So, in fury of heart, shall death's stern reaper, Achilles,
Charge Troy's children afield and fell them grimly with iron. 355
Trail ye a long-drawn thread and run with destiny, spindles.

Deeds of such high glory Scamander's river avoucheth,
Hurried in eddies afar thro' boisterous Hellespontus;
Then when a slaughter'd heap his pathway watery choking,
Brimmeth a warm red tide and blood with water allieth. 360
Trail ye a long-drawn thread and run with destiny, spindles.

Voucher of him last riseth a prey untimely devoted
E'en to the tomb, which mounded in heaps, high, spherical, earthen,
Grants to the snow-white limbs, to the stricken maiden a welcome.
Trail ye a long-drawn thread and run with destiny, spindles. 365

Scarcely the war-worn Greeks shall win such favour of heaven,
Neptune's bonds of stone from Dardan city to loosen,
Dankly that high-heav'd grave shall gory Polyxena crimson.
She as a lamb falls smitten a twin-edg'd falchion under,
Boweth on earth weak knees, her limbs down flingeth unheeding. 370
Trail ye a long-drawn thread and run with destiny, spindles.

Up then, fair paramours, in fond love happily mingle.
Now in blessed treaty the bridegroom welcome a goddess;
Now give a bride long-veil'd to her husband's passionate yearning.
Trail ye a long-drawn thread and run with destiny, spindles. 375

Her when duly the nurse with day-light early revisits,
Necklace of yester-night — she shall not clasp it about her.
Trail ye a long-drawn thread and run with destiny, spindles.

Nor shall a mother fond, o'er brawls unlovely dishearten'd,
Lay her alone, or cease the delight of children awaiting. 380
Trail ye a long-drawn thread and run with destiny, spindles.

In such prelude old, such good-night ditty to Peleus,
Sang their deep divination, ineffable, holy, the Parcae.
Such as in ages past, upon houses godly descending,
Houses of heroes came, in mortal company present, 385
Gods high-throned in heaven, while yet was worship in honour.

Often a sovran Jove, in his own bright temple appearing,
Yearly, when'er his day did rites ceremonial usher,
Gazed on an hundred slain, on strong bulls heavily falling.
Often on high Parnassus a roving Liber in hurried 390

Frenzy the Thyiads drave, their locks blown loosely, before him.
While all Delphi's city in eager jealousy trooping,
Blithely receiv'd their god on fuming festival altars.
Mavors often amidst encounter mortal of armies,
Streaming Triton's queen, or maid Ramnusian awful, ³⁹⁵
Stood in body before them, a fainting host to deliver.

Only when heinous sin earth's wholesome purity blasted,
When from covetous hearts fled justice sadly retreating,
Then did a brother his hands dye deep in blood of a brother,
Lightly the son forgot his parents' piteous ashes. ⁴⁰⁰
Lightly the son's young grave his father pray'd for, an unwed
Maiden, a step-dame fair in freer luxury clasping.
Then did mother unholy to son that knew not abase her,
Shamefully, fear'd not unholy the blessed dead to dishonour.
Human, inhuman alike, in wayward infamy blending, ⁴⁰⁵
Turned far from us away that righteous counsel of heaven.
Therefore proudly the Gods such sinful company view not,
Bear not day-light clear upon immortality breathing.

LXV.

Though, outworn with sorrow, with hours of torturous anguish,
Ortalus, I no more tarry the Muses among;
Though from a fancy deprest fair blooms of poesy budding
Rise not at all; such grief rocks me, uneasily stirr'd:

Coldly but even now mine own dear brother in ebbing 5
Lethe his ice-wan feet laveth, a shadowy ghost.
He whom Troy's deep bosom, a shore Rhoetea above him,
Rudely denies these eyes, heavily crushes in earth.

Ah! no more to address thee, or hear thy kindly replying,
Brother! O e'en than life round me delightfuller yet, 10
Ne'er to behold thee again! Still love shall fail not alone in
Fancy to muse death's dark elegy, closely to weep.
Closely as under boughs of dimmest shadow the pensive
Daulian ever moans Itsy in agony slain.

Yet mid such desolation a verse I tender of ancient 15
Battiades, new-drest, Ortalus, wholly for you.
Lest to the roving winds these words all idly deliver'd,
Seem too soon from a frail memory fallen away.

E'en as a furtive gift, sent, some love-apple, a-wooing,
Leaps from breast of a coy maiden, a canopy pure; 20
There forgotten alas, mid vestments silky reposing, —
Soon as a mother's step starts her, it hurleth adown:
Straight to the ground, dash'd forth ungently, the gift shoots headlong;
She in tell-tale cheeks glows a disorderly shame.

LXVI.

He whose glance scann'd clearly the lights uncounted of ether,
Found when arises a star, sinks in his haven again,
How yon eclipsed sun glares luminous obscuration,
How in seasons due vanishes orb upon orb;
How 'neath Latmian heights fair Trivia stealthily banish'd 5
Falls, from her upward path lured by a lover awhile;
That same sage, that Conon, a lock of great Berenice
Saw me, in heavenly-bright deification afar
Lustrous, a gleaming glory; to gods full many devoted,
Whiles she her arms in prayer lifted, as ivory smooth; 10
In that glorious hour when, flush'd with a new hymeneal,
Hotly the King to deface outer Assyria sped,
Bearing ensigns sweet of that soft struggle a night brings,
When from a virgin's arms spoils he had happily won.

Stands it an edict true that brides hate Venus? or ever 15
Falsely the parents' joy dashes a showery tear,
When to the nuptial door they come in rainy beteeeming?
Now to the Gods I swear, tears be hypocrisy then.
So mine own queen taught me in all her weary lamentings,
Whiles her bridegroom bold set to the battle a face. 20
What? for an husband lost thou weptst not gloomily lying?
Rather a brother dear, forced for a while to depart?
This, when love's sharp grief was gnawing inly to waste thee!
Ah poor wife! whose soul steep'd in unhappiness all,
Fell from reason away, nor abode thy senses! A nobler 25
Spirit had I erewhile known thee, a fiery child.

Pass'd that deed forgotten, a royal wooer had earn'd thee?
Deed that braver none ventureth ever again?
Yet what sorrow to lose thy lord, what murmur of anguish!
Jove, how rain'd those tears brush'd from a passionate eye! 30
Who is this could wean thee, a God so mighty, to falter?
May not a lover live from the beloved afar?
Then for a spouse so goodly, before each spirit of heaven,
Me thou vowd'st, with slain oxen, a vast hecatomb,
Home if again he alighted. Awhile and Asia crouching 35
Humbly to Egypt's realm added a boundary new;
I, in starry return to the ranks dedicated of heaven,
Debt of an ancient vow sum in a bounty to-day.

Full of sorrow was I, fair queen, thy brows to abandon,

Full of sorrow; in oath answer, adorable head. 40
Evil on him that oath who sweareth falsely soever!
Yet in a strife with steel who can a victory claim?
Steel could a mountain abase, no loftier any thro' heaven's
Cupola Thia's child lifteth his axle above,
Then, when a new-born sea rose Mede-uplifted; in Athos' 45
Centre his ocean-fleet floated a barbarous host.
What shall a weak tress do, when powers so mighty resist not?
Jove! may Chalybes all perish, a people accurst,
Perish who earth's hid veins first labour'd dimly to quarry,
Clench'd in a molten mass iron, a ruffian heart! 50

Scarcely the sister-locks were parted dolefully weeping,
Straight that brother of young Memnon, in Africa born,
Came, and shook thro' heaven his pennons oary, before me,
Winged, a queen's proud steed, Locrian Arsinoë.
So flew with me aloft thro' darkening shadow of heaven, 55
There to a god's pure breast laid me, to Venus's arms.
Him Zephyritis' self had sent to the task, her servant,
She from realms of Greece borne to Canopus of yore.
There, that at heav'n's high porch, not one sole crown, Ariadne's,
Golden above those brows Ismaros' youth did adore, 60
Starry should hang, set alone; but luminous I might glisten,
Vow'd to the Gods, bright spoil won from an aureat head;
While to the skies I clomb still ocean-dewy, the Goddess
Placed me amid star-spheres primal, a glory to be.

Close to the Virgin bright, to the Lion sulkily gleaming, 65
Nigh Callisto, a cold child Lycaonian, I
Wheel obliquely to set, and guide yon tardy Bootes
Where scarce late his car dewy descends to the sea.
Yet tho' nightly the Gods' immortal steps be above me,
Tho' to the white waves dawn gives me, to Tethys, again; 70
(Maid of Ramnus, a grace I here implore thee, if any
Word should offend; so much cannot a terror alarm,
I should veil aught true; not tho' with clamorous uproar
Rend me the stars; I speak verities hidden at heart):
Lightly for all I reck, so more I sorrow to part me 75
Sadly from her I serve, part me forever away.
With her, a virgin as yet, I quaff'd no sumptuous essence;
With her, a bride, I drain'd many a prodigal oil.

Now, O you whom gladly the marriage cresset uniteth,
See to the bridegroom fond yield ye not amorous arms, 80
Throw not back your robes, nor bare your bosom assenting,

Save from an onyx stream sweetness, a bounty to me.
Yours, in a loyal bed which seek love's privilege, only;
Yieldeth her any to bear loathed adultery's yoke,
Vile her gifts, and lightly the dust shall drink them unheeding. 85
Not of vile I seek gifts, nor of infamous, I.
Rather, O unstain'd brides, may concord tarry for ever
With ye at home, may love with ye for ever abide.
Thou, fair queen, to the stars if looking haply, to Venus
Lights thou kindle on eves festal of high sacrifice, 90
Leave me the lock, thine own, nor blood nor bounty requiring.
Rather a largesse fair pay to me, envy me not.
Stars dash blindly in one! so might I glitter a royal
Tress, let Orion glow next to Aquarius' urn.

LXVII.

CATULLUS.

O to the goodman fair, O welcome alike to the father,
Hail, and Jove's kind grace shower his help upon you!
Door, that of old, men say, wrought Balbus ready obeisance,
Once, when his home, time was, lodged him, a master in years;
Door, that again, men say, grudg'd aught but a spiteful obeisance, 5
Soon as a corpse outstretch'd starkly declar'd you a bride.
Come, speak truly to me; what shameful rumour avouches
Duty of years forsworn, honour in injury lost?

DOOR.

So be the tenant new, Caecilius, happy to own me,
I'm not guilty, for all jealousy says it is I. 10
Never a fault was mine, nor man shall whisper it ever;
Only, my friend, your mob's noisy "The door is a rogue."
Comes to the light some mischief, a deed uncivil arising,
Loudly to me shout all, "Door, you are wholly to blame."

CATULLUS.

'Tis not enough so merely to say, so think to decide it. 15
Better, who wills should feel, see it, who wills, to be true.

DOOR.

How then? if here none asks, nor labours any to know it.

CATULLUS.

Nay, *I* ask it; away scruple; your hearer is I.

DOOR.

First, what rumour avers, they gave her to us a virgin —
They lie on her. A light lady! be sure, not alone 20
Clipp'd her an husband first; weak stalk from a garden, a pointless
Falchion, a heart did ne'er fully to courage awake.
No; to the son's own bed, 'tis said, that father ascended,
Vilely; with act impure stain'd the facinorous house.
Whether a blind fierce lust in his heart burnt sinfully flaming, 25
Or that inert that son's vigour, amort to delight,

Needed a sturdier arm, that franker quality somewhere,
Looser of youth's fast-bound girdle, a virgin as yet.

CATULLUS.

Truly a noble father, a glorious act of affection!
Thus in a son's kind sheets lewdly to puddle, his own. 30

DOOR.

Yet not alone of this, her crag Chinaean abiding
Under, a watch-tower set warily, Brixia tells,
Brixia, trails whereby his waters Mella the golden,
Mother of her, mine own city, Verona the fair.
Add Postumius yet, Cornelius also, a twice-told 35
Folly, with whom our light mistress adultery knew.
Asks some questioner here "What? a door, yet privy to lewdness?
You, from your owner's gate never a minute away?
Strange to the talk o' the town? since here, stout timber above you,
Hung to the beam, you shut mutely or open again." 40
Many a shameful time I heard her stealthy profession,
While to the maids her guilt softly she hinted alone.
Spoke unabash'd her amours and named them singly, opining
Haply an ear to record fail'd me, a voice to reveal.
There was another; enough; his name I gladly dissemble; 45
Lest his lifted brows blush a disorderly rage.
Sir, 'twas a long lean suitor; a process huge had assail'd him;
'Twas for a pregnant womb falsely declar'd to be true.

LXVIII.

If, when fortune's wrong with bitter misery whelms thee,
Thou thy sad tear-scrawl'd letter, a mark to the storm,
Send'st, and bid'st me to succour a stranded seaman of Ocean,
Toss'd in foam, from death's door to return thee again;
Whom nor softly to rest love's tender sanctity suffers, 5
Lost on a couch of lone slumber, unhappily lain;
Nor with melody sweet of poets hoary the Muses
Cheer, while worn with grief nightly the soul is awake:
Well-contented am I, that thou thy friendship avowest,
Ask'st the delights of love from me, the pleasure of hymns; 10
Yet lest all unnoted a kindred story bely thee,
Deeming, Mallius, I calls of humanity shun;
Hear what a grief is mine, what storm of destiny whelms me.
Cease to demand of a soul's misery joy's sacrifice.

Once, what time white robes of manhood first did array me, 15
Whiles in jollity life sported a spring holiday,
Youth ran riot enow; right well she knows me, the Goddess,
She whose honey delights blend with a bitter annoy.
Henceforth dies sweet pleasure, in anguish lost of a brother's
Funeral. O poor soul, brother, O heavily ta'en, 20
You all happier hours, you, dying brother, effaced;
All our house lies low mournfully buried in you;
Quench'd untimely with you joy waits not ever a morrow,
Joy which alive your love's bounty fed hour upon hour;
Now, since thou liest dead, heart-banish'd wholly desert me 25
Vanities all, each gay freak of a riotous heart.

How then obey? You write 'Let not Verona, Catullus,
Stay thee, if here each proud quality, Rome's eminence,
Freely the light limbs warms thou leavest coldly to languish,'
Infamy lies not there, Mallius, only regret. 30
So forgive me, if I, whom grief so rudely bereaveth,
Deal not a joy myself know not, a beggar in all.
Books — if they're but scanty, a store full meagre, around me,
Rome is alone my life's centre, a mansion of home,
Rome my abode, house, hearth; there wanes and waxes a life's span; 35
Hither of all those choice cases attends me but one.
Therefore deem not thou aught spiteful bids me deny thee;
Say not 'his heart is false, haply, to jealousy leans,'
If nor books I send nor flatter sorrow to silence.
Trust me, were either mine, either unask'd should appear. 40

Goddesses, hide I may not in how great trial upheld me
Allius, how no faint charities held me to life.
Nor shall time borne fleetly nor years' oblivion ever
Make such zeal to the night fade, to the darkness, away.
As from me you learn it, of you shall many a thousand 45
Learn it again. Grow old, scroll, to declare it anew.

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So to the dead increase honour in year upon year. 50
Nor to the spider, aloft her silk-slight flimsiness hanging,
Allius aye unswept moulder, a memory dim. (50)

Well you wot, how sore the deceit Amathusia wrought me,
Well what a thing in love's treachery made me to fall;
Ready to burst in flame, as burn Trinacrian embers, 55
Burn near Thermopylae's Oeta the fiery springs.
Sad, these piteous eyes did waste all wearily weeping, (55)
Sad, these cheeks did rain ceaseless a showery woe.
Wakeful, as hill-born brook, which, afar off silvery gleaming,
O'er his moss-grown crags leaps with a tumble adown; 60
Brook which awhile headlong o'er steep and valley descending,
Crosses anon wide ways populous, hastes to the street; (60)
Cheerer in heats o' the sun to the wanderer heavily fuming,
Under a drought, when fields swelter agape to the sky.

Then as tossing shipmen amid black surges of Ocean, 65
See some prosperous air gently to calm them arise,
Safe thro' Pollux' aid or Castor, alike entreated; (65)
Mallius e'en such help brought me, a warder of harm.
He in a closed field gave scope of liberal entry;
Gave me an house of love, gave me the lady within, 70
Busily there to renew love's even duty together;
Thither afoot mine own mistress, a deity bright, (70)
Came, and planted firm her sole most sunny; beneath her
Lightly the polish'd floor creak'd to the sandal again.

So with passion aflame came wistful Laodamia 75
Into her husband's home, Protesilaus, of yore;
Home o'er-lightly begun, ere slaughter'd victim atoning (75)
Waited of heaven's high-thron'd company grace to agree.
Nought be to me so dear, O Maid Ramnusian, ever,
I should against that law match me with opposite, I. 80
Bloodless of high sacrifice, how thirsts each desolate altar!
This, when her husband fell, Laodamia did heed, (80)

Rapt from a bridegroom new, from his arms forced early to part her.
Early; for hardly the first winter, another again,
Yet in many a night's long dream had sated her yearning, 85
So that love might wear cheerly, the master away;
Which not long should abide, so presag'd surely the Parcae, (85)
If to the wars her lord hurry, for Ilion arm.

Now to revenge fair Helen, had Argos' chiefs, her puissance,
Set them afield; for Troy rous'd them, a cry not of home, 90
Troy, dark death universal, of Asia grave and Europe,
Altar of heroes Troy, Troy of heroic acts, (90)

Now to my own dear brother abhorred worker of ancient
Death. Ah woeful soul, brother, unhappily lost,
Ah fair light unblest, in darkness sadly receding, 95
All our house lies low, brother, inearthed in you,
Quench'd untimely with you, joy waits not ever a morrow, (95)
Joy which alive your love's bounty fed hour upon hour.
Now on a distant shore, no kind mortality near him,
Far all household love, every familiar urn, 100
Tomb'd in Troy the malign, in Troy the unholy reposing,
Strangely the land's last verge holds him, a dungeon of earth. (100)

Thither in haste all Greece, one armed people assembling,
Flock'd on an ancient day, left the recesses of home,
Lest in a safe content, unreach'd, his stolen adultress. 105
Paris inarm, in soft luxury quietly lain.

E'en such chance, fair queen, such misery, Laodamia, (105)
Brought thee a loss as life precious, as heavenly breath.
Loss of a bridegroom dear; such whirling passion in eddies
Suck'd thee adown, so drew sheer to a sudden abyss, 110
Deep as Graian abyss near Pheneos o'er Cyllene,
Strainer of ooze impure milk'd from a watery fen; (110)
Hewn, so stories avouch, in a mountain's kernel; an hero
Hew'd it, falsely declar'd Amphytrionian, he,
When those monster birds near grim Stymphalus his arrow 115
Smote to the death; such task bade him a dastardly lord.
So that another God might tread that portal of heaven (115)
Freely, nor Hebe fair wither a chaste eremite.
Yet than abyss more deep thy love, thy depth of emotion;
Love which school'd thy lord, made of a master a thrall. 120

Not to a grandsire old so priz'd, so lovely the grandson
One dear daughter alone rears i' the soft of his years; (120)

He, long-wish'd for, an heir of wealth ancestral arriving, —
 Scarcely the tablets' marge holds him, a name to the will,
 Straight all hopes laugh'd down, each baffled kinsman usurping 125
 Leaves to repose white hairs, stretches, a vulture, away;
 Not in her own fond mate so turtle snowy delighteth, (125)
 Tho' unabash'd, 'tis said, she the voluptuous hours
 Snatches a thousand kisses, in amorous extasy biting.
 Yet, more lightly than all ranges a womanly will. 130
 Great their love, their frenzy; but all their frenzy before thee
 Fail'd, once clasp'd thy lord splendid in aureat hair. (130)

Worthy in all or part thee, Laodamia, to rival,
 Sought me my own sweet love, journey'd awhile to my arms.
 Round her playing oft ran Cupid thither or hither, 135
 Lustrous, array'd in bright broidery, saffron of hue.
 What, to Catullus alone if a wayward fancy resort not? (135)
 Must I pale for a stray frailty, the shame of an hour?
 Nay; lest all too much such jealous folly provoke her.
 Juno's self, a supreme glory celestial, oft 140
 Crushes her eager rage, in wedlock-injury flaring,
 Knowing yet right well Jove, what a losel is he. (140)

Yet, for a man with Gods shall never lawfully match him

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 145

 150

 155

 160

Lift thy father, a weak burden, unholpen, abhorr'd.
 Not that a father's hand my love led to me, nor odours
 Wafted her home on rich airs, of Assyria born;
 Stealthy the gifts she gave me, a night unspeakable o'er us, 165 (145)

Gifts from her husband's dreams verily stolen, his own.
Then 'tis enough for me, if mine, mine only remaineth
That one day, whose stone shines with an happier hue.

So, it is all I can, take, Allius, answer, a little
Verse to requite thy much friendship, a contrary boon. 170 (150)
So your household names no rust nor seamy defacing
Soil this day, that new morrow, the next to the last.
Gifts full many to these heaven send as largely requiting,
Gifts Themis ever wont deal to the pious of yore.
Joys come plenty to thee, to thy own fair lady together, 175 (155)
Come to that house of mirth, come to the lady within;
Joy to the forward friend, our love's first fashioner, Anser,
Author of all this fair history, founder of all.
Lastly beyond them, above them, on her more lovely than even
Life, my lady, for whose life it is happy to be. 180 (160)

LXIX.

Rufus, it is no wonder if yet no woman assenting
Softly to thine embrace tender a delicate arm.
Not tho' a gift should seek, some robe most filmy, to move her;
Not for a cherish'd gem's clarity, lucid of hue.

Deep in a valley, thy arms, such evil story maligns thee, 5
Rufus, a villain goat houses, a grim denizen.
All are afraid of it, all; what wonder? a rascally creature,
Verily! not with such company dally the fair.

Slay, nor pity the brute, our nostril's rueful aversion.
Else admire not if each ravisher angrily fly. 10

LXX.

Saith my lady to me, no man shall wed me, but only
Thou; no other if e'en Jove should approach me to woo;
Yea; but a woman's words, when a lover fondly desireth,
Limn them on ebbing floods, write on a wintery gale.

LXXII.

Lesbia, thou didst swear thou knewest only Catullus,
Cared'st not, if him thine arms chained, a Jove to retain.
Then not alone I loved thee, as each light lover a mistress,
Lov'd as a father his own sons, or an heir to the name.

Now I know thee aright; so, if more hotly desiring, 5
Yet must count thee a soul cheaper, a frailty to scorn.
'Friend,' thou say'st, 'you cannot.' Alas! such injury leaveth
Blindly to doat poor love's folly, malignly to will.

LXXIII.

Never again think any to work aught kindly soever,
Dream that in any abides honour, of injury free.
Love is a debt in arrear; time's parted service avails not;
Rather is only the more sorrow, a heavier ill:
Chiefly to me, whom none so fierce, so deadly deceiving 5
Troubleth, as he whose friend only but inly was I.

LXXIV.

Gellius heard that his uncle in ire exploded, if any
Dared, some wanton, a fault practise, a levity speak.
Not to be slain himself, see Gellius handle his uncle's
Lady; no Harpocrates muter, his uncle is hush'd.
So what he aim'd at, arriv'd at, anon let Gellius e'en this 5
Uncle abuse; not a word yet will his uncle assay.

LXXVIII.

Brothers twain has Gallus, of whom one owns a delightful
Son; his brother a fair lady, delightfuller yet.
Gallant sure is Gallus, a pair so dainty uniting;
Lovely the lady, the lad lovely, a company sweet.
Foolish sure is Gallus, an o'er-incurious husband; 5
Uncle, a wife once taught luxury, stops not at one.

LXXIX.

Lesbius, handsome is he. Why not? if Lesbia loves him
Far above all your tribe, angry Catullus, or you.
Only let all your tribe sell off, and follow, Catullus,
Kiss but his handsome lips children, a plenary three.

LXXXI.

What? not in all this city, Juventius, ever a gallant
Poorly to win love's fresh favour of amorous you,
Only the lack-love signor, a wretch from sickly Pisaurum,
Guest of your hearth, no gilt statue as ashy as he?
Now your very delight, whose faithless fancy Catullus 5
Banisheth, Ah light-reck'd lightness, apostasy vile!

LXXXII.

Wouldst thou, Quintius, have me a debtor ready to owe thee
Eyes, or if earth have joy goodlier any than eyes?
One thing take not from me, to me more goodly than even
Eyes, or if earth have joy goodlier any than eyes.

LXXXIII.

Lesbia while her lord stands near, rails ever upon me.

This to the fond weak fool seemeth a mighty delight.

Dolt, you see not at all. Could she forget me, to rail not,

Nought were amiss; if now scold she, or if she revile,

'Tis not alone to remember; a shrewder stimulus arms her, 5

Anger; her heart doth burn verily, thus to revile.

LXXXIV.

Stipends Arrius ever on opportunity *shtipends*,
 Ambush as *hambush* still Arrius used to declaim.
Then, hoped fondly the words were a marvel of articulation,
 While with an *h* immense '*hambush*' arose from his heart.
So his mother of old, so e'en spoke Liber his uncle, 5
 Credibly; so grandsire, grandam alike did agree.

Syria took him away; all ears had rest for a moment;
 Lightly the lips those words, slightly could utter again.
None was afraid any more of a sound so clumsy returning;
 Sudden a solemn fright seized us, a message arrives. 10
'News from Ionia country; the sea, since Arrius enter'd,
 Changed; 'twas *Ionian* once, now 'twas *Hionian* all.'

LXXXV.

Half I hate, half love. How so? one haply requireth.
Nay, I know not; alas feel it, in agony groan.

LXXXVI.

Lovely to many a man is Quintia; shapely, majestic,
Stately, to me; each point singly 'tis easy to grant.
'Lovely' the whole, I grant not; in all that bodily largeness,
Lives not a grain of salt, breathes not a charm anywhere.
Lesbia — she is lovely, an even temper of utmost 5
Beauty, that every charm stealeth of every fair.

LXXXVII & LXXV.

Ne'er shall woman avouch herself so rightly beloved,
Friend, as rightly thou art, Lesbia, lovely to me.
Ne'er was a bond so firm, no troth so faithfully plighted,
Such as against our love's venture in honour am I.

Now so sadly my heart, dear Lesbia, draws me asunder, 5
So in her own misspent worship uneasily lost,
Wert thou blameless in all, I may not longer approve thee,
Do anything thou wilt, cannot an enemy be.

LXXVI.

If to a man bring joy past service dearly remember'd,
When to the soul her thought speaks, to be blameless of ill;
Faith not rudely profan'd, nor in oath or charter abused
Heaven, a God's mis-sworn sanctity, dead to men.
Then doth a life-long pleasure await thee surely, Catullus, 5
Pleasure of all this love's traitorous injury born.

Whatso a man may speak, whom charity leads to another,
Whatso enact, by me spoken or acted is all.
Waste on a traitorous heart, nor finding kindly requital.
Therefore cease, nor still bleed agoniz'd any more. 10

Make thee as iron a soul, thyself draw back from affliction.
Yea, tho' a God say nay, be not unhappy for aye.
What? it is hard long love so lightly to leave in a moment?
Hard; yet abides this one duty, to do it: obey.
Here lies safety alone, one victory must not fail thee. 15
One last stake to be lost haply, perhaps to be won.

O great Gods immortal, if you can pity or ever
Lighted above dark death's shadow, a help to the lost;
Ah! look, a wretch, on me; if white and blameless in all I
Liv'd, then take this long canker of anguish away. 20
If to my inmost veins, like dull death drowsily creeping,
Every delight, all heart's pleasure it wholly benumbs.

Not anymore I pray for a love so faulty returning,
Not that a wanton abide chastely, she may not again.
Only for health I ask, a disease so deadly to banish. 25
Gods vouchsafe it, as I ask, that am harmless of ill.

LXXVII.

Rufus, a friend so vainly believ'd, so wrongly relied in,
 (Vainly? alas the reward fail'd not, a heavier ill;)
Could'st thou thus steal on me, a lurking viper, an aching
 Fire to the bones, nor leave aught to delight any more?
Nought to delight any more! ah cruel poison of equal 5
 Lives! ah breasts that grew each to the other awhile!
Yet far most this grieves me, to think thy slaver abhorred
 Foully my own love's lips soileth, a purity rare.
Thou shalt surely atone thine injury: centuries harken,
 Know thee afar; grow old, fame, to declare him anew. 10

LXXXVIII.

Gellius, how if a man in lust with a mother, a sister
Rioteth, one uncheck'd night, to iniquity bare?
How if a man's dark passion an aunt's own chastity spare not?
Canst thou tell what vast infamy lieth on him?

Infamy lieth on him, no farthest Tethys, or ancient 5
Ocean, of hundred streams father, abolisheth yet.
Infamy none o'ersteps, nor ventures any beyond it.
Not tho' a scorpion heat melt him, his own paramour.

LXXXIX.

Gellius — he's full meagre. It is no wonder, a friendly

Mother, a sister is his loveable, healthy withal.

Then so friendly an uncle, a world of pretty relations.

Must not a man so blest meagre abide to the last?

Yea, let his hand touch only what hands touch only to trespass; 5

Reason enough to become meagre, enough to remain.

XC.

Rise from a mother's shame with Gellius hatefully wedded,
One to be taught gross rites Persic, a Magian he.
Weds with a mother a son, so needs should a Magian issue,
Save in her evil creed Persia determineth ill.
Then shall a son, so born, chant down high favour of heaven, 5
Melting lapt in flame fatly the slippery caul.

XCI.

Think not a hope so false rose, Gellius, in me to find thee
Faithful in all this love's anguish ineffable yet,
For that in heart I knew thee, had in thee honour imagin'd,
Held thee a soul to abhor vileness or any reproach.

Only in her, I knew, thou found'st not a mother, a sister, 5
Her that awhile for love wearily made me to pine.
Yea tho' mutual use did bind us straitly together,
Scarcely methought could lie cause to desert me therein.

Thou found'st reason enow; so joys thy spirit in every
Shame, wherever is aught heinous, of infamy born. 10

XCI.

Lesbia doth but rail, rail ever upon me, nor endeth
Ever. A life I stake, Lesbia loves me at heart.
Ask me a sign? Our score runs parallel. I that abuse her
Ever, a life to the stake, Lesbia, love thee at heart.

XCIII.

Lightly methinks I reckon if Cæsar smile not upon me:
Care not, whether a white, whether a swarth-skin, is he.

XCIV.

Mentula — wanton is he; his calling sure is a wanton's.
Herbs to the pot, 'tis said wisely, the name to the man.

XCV.

Nine times winter had end, nine times flush'd summer in harvest,
Ere to the world gave forth Cinna, the labour of years,
Zmyrna; but in one month Hortensius hundred on hundred
Verses, an unripe birth feeble, of hurry begot.

Zmyrna to far Satrachus, to the stream of Cyprus, ascendeth; 5
Zmyrna with eyes unborn study the centuries hoar.
Padus her own ill child shall bury, Volusius' annals;
In them a mackerel oft house him, a wrapper of ease.

Dear to my heart be a friend's unbulky memorial ever;
Cherish an Antimachus, weighty as empty, the mob. 10

XCVI.

If to the silent dead aught sweet or tender ariseth,
Calvus, of our dim grief's common humanity born;
When to a love long cold some pensive pity recalls us,
When for a friend long lost wakes some unhappy regret;
Not so deeply, be sure, Quintilia's early departing
Grieves her, as in thy love dureth a plenary joy.

XCVIII.

Asks some booby rebuke, some prolix prattler a judgment?

Vettius, all were said verily truer of you.

Tongue so noisome as yours, come chance, might surely on order

Bend to the mire, or lick dirt from a beggarly shoe.

Would you on all of us, all, bring, Vettius, utterly ruin? 5

Speak; not a doubt, 'twill come utterly, ruin on all.

XCIX.

Dear one, a kiss I stole, while you did wanton a-playing,
Sweet ambrosia, love, never as honily sweet.

Dearly the deed I paid for; an hour's long misery waning
Ended, as I agoniz'd hung to the point of a cross,
Hoping vain purgation; alas! no potion of any 5
Tears could abate that fair angriness, youthful as you.

Hardly the sin was in act, your lips did many a falling
Drop dilute, which anon every finger away
Cleansed apace, lest still my mouth's infection abiding
Stain, like slaver abhor'd breath'd from a foul fricatrice. 10

Add, that a booty to love in misery me to deliver
You did spare not, a fell worker of all agonies,
So that, again transmuted, a kiss ambrosia seeming
Sugary, turn'd to the strange harshness of harsh hellebore.

Then such dolorous end since your poor lover awaiteth, 15
Never a kiss will I venture, a theft any more.

C.

Quintius, Aufilena; to Caelius, Aufilenus;

Lovers each, fair flower either of youths Veronese.

One to the brother bends, and one to the sister. A noble

Friendship, if e'er was true friendship, a rare brotherhood.

Ask me to which I lean? You, Caelius: yours a devotion 5

Single, a faith of tried quality, steady to me;

Into my inmost veins when love sank fiercely to burn them.

Mighty be your bright love, Caelius, happy be you!

CI.

Borne o'er many a land, o'er many a level of ocean,
Here to the grave I come, brother, of holy repose,
Sadly the last poor gifts, death's simple duty, to bring thee;
Unto the silent dust vainly to murmur a cry.

Since thy form deep-shrouded an evil destiny taketh 5
From me, O hapless ghost, brother, O heavily ta'en,
Yet this bounty the while, these gifts ancestral of usance
Homely, the sad slight store piety grants to the tomb;
Drench'd in a brother's tears, and weeping freshly, receive them;
Yea, take, brother, a long Ave, a timeless adieu. 10

CII.

If to a friend sincere, Cornelius, e'er was a secret
Trusted, a friend whose soul steady to honour abides;
Me to the same brotherhood doubt not to be inly devoted,
Sworn upon oath, to the last secret, an Harpocrates.

CIII.

Briefly, the sesterces all, give back, full quantity, Silo,

Then be a bully beyond exorability, you:

Else, if money be all, O cease so lewdly to practise

Bawd, yet bully beyond exorability, you.

CIV.

What? should a lover adore, yet cruelly slander adoring?

I my lady, than eyes goodlier easily she?

Nay, I rail not at all. How rail, so blindly desiring?

Tappo alone dare brave all that is heinous, or you.

CV.

Mentula toils, Pimplea, the Muses' mountain, ascending:
They with pitchforks hurl Mentula dizzily down.

CVI.

Walks with a salesman a beauty, your eyes that beauty discerning?
Doubt not your eyes speak true; Sir, 'tis a beauty to sell.

CVII.

If to delight man's wish, joy e'er unlook'd for, unhop'd for,
Falleth, a joy were such proper, a bliss to the soul.
Then 'tis a joy to the soul, like gold of Lydia precious,
Lesbia mine, that thou com'st to delight me again.

Com'st yet again long-hop'd, long-look'd for vainly, returnest
Freely to me. O day white with a luckier hue!
Lives there happier any than I, I only? a fairer
Destiny? Life so sweet know ye, or aught parallel?

CVIII.

Loathly Cominius, if e'er this people's voice should arraign thee,
Hoary with all unclean infamy, worthy to die;
First should a tongue, I doubt not, of old so deadly to goodness,
Fall extruded, of each vulture a hungry regale;
Gouged be the carrion eyes some crow's black maw to replenish, 5
Stomach a dog's fierce teeth harry, a wolf the remains.

CIX.

Think you truly, belov'd, this bond of duty between us,
Lasteth, an ever-new jollity, ne'er to decease?
Grant it, Gods immortal, assure her promise in earnest;
Yea, be the lips sincere; yea, be the words from her heart.
So still rightly remain our lovers' charter, a life-long 5
Friendship in us, whose faith fades not away to the last.

CX.

Aufilena, the fair, if kind, is a favourite ever;

Asks she a price, then yields frankly? the price is her own.

You, that agreed to be kind, now vilely the treaty dishonour,

Give not at all, nor again take;— 'tis a wrong to a wrong.

Not to deceive were noble, a chastity ne'er had assented, 5

Aufilena; but you — blindly to grasp at a gain,

Yet to withhold the effects,— 'tis a greed more loathly than harlot's

Vileness, a wretch whose limbs ply to the lusts of a town.

CXI.

One lord only to love, one, Aufilena, to live for,
Praise can a bride nowhere goodlier any betide;
Yet, when a niece with an uncle is even mother or even
Cousin — of all paramours this were as heinous as all.

CXII.

Naso, if you show much, your company shows but a very
Little; a man you show, Naso, a woman in one.

CXIII.

Pompey the first time consul, as yet Maecilia counted
Two paramours; reappears Pompey a consul again,
Two still, Cinna, remain; but grown, each unit an even
Thousand. Truly the stock's fruitful: adultery breeds.

CXIV.

Rightly a lordly demesne makes Firman Mentula count for

Wealthy! the rich fine things, then the variety there!

Game in plenty to choose, fish, field, and meadow with hunting;

Only the waste exceeds strangely the quantity still.

Wealthy? perhaps I grant it; if all, wealth asks for, is absent. 5

Praise the demesne? no doubt; only be needy the man.

CXV.

Acres thirty in all, good grass, own Mentula master;

Forty to plough; bare seas, arid or empty, the rest.

Poorly methinks might Croesus a man so sumptuous equal,

Counted in one rich park owner of all he can ask.

Grass or plough, big woods, much mountain, mighty morasses; 5

On to the farthest North, on to the boundary main.

Vastness is all that is here; yet Mentula reaches a vaster —

Man? not so; 'tis a vast mountainous ominous He.

CXVI.

Oft with a studious heart, which hunted closely, requiring
Skill great Battiades' poesies haply to send,
Laying thus thy rage in rest, lest everlasting
Darts should reach me, to wound still an assailable head:

Barren now I see that labour of any requital, 5
Gellius; here all prayers fall to the ground, nor avail.
No; but a robe I carry, the barbs, thy folly, to muffle;
Mine strike sure; thy deep injury *they* shall atone.

FRAGMENTS.

II.

Here I give to be thine a fair grove, an holy, Priapus,
Where thy Lampsacus holds thee in chamber seemly, Priapus;
God, in every city, thou, most ador'd on a sea-shore
Hellespontian, eminent most of oystery sea-shores.

IV.

Rapidly the spirit in an agony fled away.

V.

Where yon lucent mast-top, a cup of silver, arises.

The Latin Text



Grotte di Catullo, Sirmio, a promontory at the southern end of Lake Garda — the large ruins of the Roman villa are believed to be from the poet's country house.



Further ruins at Sirmio — the social prominence of Catullus' family allowed the poet's father to entertain Julius Caesar when he was the Proconsul of both Gallic provinces.

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In this section of the eBook, readers can view the original Latin text of Catullus' poems. You may wish to Bookmark this page for future reference.

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I. ad Cornelium

Cui dono lepidum novum libellum
arida modo pumice expolitum?
Corneli, tibi: namque tu solebas
meas esse aliquid putare nugas.
Iam tum, cum ausus es unus Italorum
omne aevum tribus explicare cartis . . .
Doctis, Iuppiter, et laboriosis!
Quare habe tibi quidquid hoc libelli —
qualecumque, quod, o patrona virgo,
plus uno maneat perenne saeclo!

II. fletus passeris Lesbiae

Passer, deliciae meae puellae,
quicum ludere, quem in sinu tenere,
cui primum digitum dare appetenti
et acris solet incitare morsus,
cum desiderio meo nitenti
carum nescio quid lubet iocari
et solaciolum sui doloris,
credo ut tum gravis acquiescat ardor:
tecum ludere sicut ipsa possem
et tristis animi levare curas!

IIb.

Tam gratum est mihi quam ferunt puellae
pernici aureolum fuisse malum,
quod zonam soluit diu ligatam.

III. fletus passeris Lesbiae

Lugete, o Veneres Cupidinesque,
et quantum est hominum venustiorum:
passer mortuus est meae puellae,
passer, deliciae meae puellae,
quem plus illa oculis suis amabat.
nam mellitus erat suamque norat
ipsam tam bene quam puella matrem,
nec sese a gremio illius movebat,
sed circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc
ad solam dominam usque pipiabat.
qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
illuc, unde negant redire quemquam.
at vobis male sit, malae tenebrae
Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis:
tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis
o factum male! o miselle passer!
tua nunc opera meae puellae
flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

IV. de phasello

Phaselus ille, quem videtis, hospites,
ait fuisse navium celerrimus,
neque ullius natantis impetum trabis
nequisse praeterire, sive palmulis
opus foret volare sive linteo.
et hoc negat minacis Hadriatici
negare litus insulasve Cycladas
Rhodumque nobilem horridamque Thraciam
Propontida trucemve Ponticum sinum,
ubi iste post phaselus antea fuit
comata silva; nam Cytorio in iugo
loquente saepe sibilum edidit coma.
Amastri Pontica et Cytore buxifer,
tibi haec fuisse et esse cognitissima
ait phaselus: ultima ex origine
tuo stetisse dicit in cacumine,
tuo imbuisse palmulas in aequore,
et inde tot per impotentia freta
erum tulisse, laeva sive dextera
vocaret aura, sive utrumque Iuppiter
simul secundus incidisset in pedem;
neque ulla vota litoralibus deis
sibi esse facta, cum veniret a mari
novissimo hunc ad usque limpidum lacum.
sed haec prius fuere: nunc recondita
senet quiete seque dedicat tibi,
gemelle Castor et gemelle Castoris.

V. ad Lesbiam

Vivamus mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
rumoresque senum severiorum
omnes unius aestimemus assis!
soles occidere et redire possunt:
nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
nox est perpetua una dormienda.
da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.
dein, cum milia multa fecerimus,
conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
aut ne quis malus invidere possit,
cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.

VI. ad Flavium

Flavi, delicias tuas Catullo,
ni sint illepidae atque inelegantes,
velles dicere nec tacere posses.
verum nescio quid febriculosi
scorti diligis: hoc pudet fateri.
nam te non viduas iacere noctes
nequiquam tacitum cubile clamat
sertis ac Syrio fragrans olivo,
pulvinusque peraeque et hic et ille
attritus, tremulique quassa lecti
argutatio inambulatioque.
nam inista prevalet nihil tacere.
cur? non tam latera ecfututa pandas,
ni tu quid facias ineptiarum.
quare, quidquid habes boni malique,
dic nobis. volo te ac tuos amores
ad caelum lepido vocare versu.

VII. ad Lesbiam

Quaeris, quot mihi basiationes
tuae, Lesbia, sint satis superque.
quam magnus numerus Libyssae harenae
lasarpiciferis iacet Cyrenis
oraclum Iovis inter aestuosi
et Batti veteris sacrum sepulcrum;
aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
furtivos hominum vident amores:
tam te basia multa basiare
vesano satis et super Catullo est,
quae nec pernumerare curiosi
possint nec mala fascinare lingua.

VIII. ad se ipsum

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire,
et quod vides perisse perditum ducas.
fulsere quondam candidi tibi soles,
cum ventitabas quo puella ducebat
amata nobis quantum amabitur nulla.
ibi illa multa cum iocosa fiebant,
quae tu volebas nec puella nolebat,
fulsere vere candidi tibi soles.
nunc iam illa non vult: tu quoque impotens noli,
nec quae fugit sectare, nec miser vive,
sed obstinata mente perfer, obdura.
vale puella, iam Catullus obdurat,
nec te requiret nec rogabit invitam.
at tu dolebis, cum rogaberis nulla.
scelestas, vae te, quae tibi manet vita?
quis nunc te adibit? cui videberis bella?
quem nunc amabis? cuius esse diceris?
quem basiabis? cui labella mordebis?
at tu, Catulle, destinatus obdura.

IX. ad Veranium

Verani, omnibus e meis amicis
antistans mihi milibus trecentis,
venistine domum ad tuos penates
fratresque unanimos anumque matrem?
venisti. o mihi nuntii beati!
visam te incolumem audiamque Hiberum
narrantem loca, facta nationes,
ut mos est tuus, applicansque collum
iucundum os oculosque suaviabor.
o quantum est hominum beatiorum,
quid me laetius est beatiusve?

X. ad Varum

Varus me meus ad suos amores
visum duxerat e foro otiosum,
scortillum, ut mihi tum repente visum est,
non sane illepidum neque invenustum,
huc ut venimus, incidere nobis
sermones varii, in quibus, quid esset
iam Bithynia, quo modo se haberet,
et quonam mihi profuisset aere.
 respondi id quod erat, nihil neque ipsis
nec praetoribus esse nec cohorti,
cur quisquam caput unctius referret,
praesertim quibus esset irrumator
praetor, nec faceret pili cohortem.
'at certe tamen,' inquiunt 'quod illic
natum dicitur esse, comparasti
ad lecticam homines.' ego, ut puellae
unum me facerem beatiorem,
'non' inquam 'mihi tam fuit maligne
ut, provincia quod mala incidisset,
non possem octo homines parare rectos.'
at mi nullus erat nec hic neque illic
fractum qui veteris pedem grabati
in collo sibi collocare posset.
hic illa, ut decuit cinaediorum,
'quaeso' inquit 'mihi, mi Catulle, paulum
istos commoda: nam volo ad Serapim
deferri.' 'mane' inquit puellae,
'istud quod modo dixeram me habere,
fugit me ratio: meus sodalis —
Cinna est Gaius — is sibi paravit.
verum, utrum illius an mei, quid ad me?
utor tam bene quam mihi pararim.
sed tu insulsa male et molesta vivis,
per quam non licet esse neglegentem.'

XI. ad Furium et Aurelium

Furi et Aureli comites Catulli,
sive in extremos penetrabit Indos,
litus ut longe resonante Eoa
 tunditur unda,
sive in Hyrcanos Arabesve molles,
seu Sagas sagittiferosve Parthos,
sive quae septemgeminus colorat
 aequora Nilus,
sive trans altas gradietur Alpes,
Caesaris visens monimenta magni,
Gallicum Rhenum horribile aequor ulti-
 mosque Britannos,
omnia haec, quaecumque feret voluntas
caelitum, temptare simul parati,
pauca nuntiate meae puellae
 non bona dicta.
cum suis vivat valeatque moechis,
quos simul complexa tenet trecentos,
nullum amans vere, sed identidem omnium
 ilia rumpens;
nec meum respectet, ut ante, amorem,
qui illius culpa cecidit velut prati
ultimi flos, praetereunte postquam
 tactus aratro est.

XII. ad Matrucinum Asinium

Marrucine Asini, manu sinistra
non belle uteris: in ioco atque vino
tollis lintea neglegentiorum.
hoc salsum esse putas? fugit te, inepte:
quamvis sordida res et invenusta est.
non credis mihi? crede Pollioni
fratri, qui tua furta vel talento
mutari velit: est enim leporum
differtus puer ac facetiarum.
quare aut hendecasyllabos trecentos
exspecta, aut mihi lintheum remitte,
quod me non movet aestimatione,
verum est mnemosynum mei sodalis.
nam sudaria Saetaba ex Hiberis
miserunt mihi muneri Fabullus
et Veranius: haec amem necesse est
ut Veraniolum meum et Fabullum.

XIII. ad Fabullum

Cenabis bene, mi Fabulle, apud me
paucis, si tibi di favent, diebus,
si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam
cenam, non sine candida puella
et vino et sale et omnibus cachinnis.
haec si, inquam, attuleris, venuste noster,
cenabis bene; nam tui Catulli
plenus sacculus est aranearum.
sed contra accipies meros amores
seu quid suavius elegantiusve est:
nam unguentum dabo, quod meae puellae
donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque,
quod tu cum olfacies, deos rogabis,
totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum.

XIV. ad Calvum poetam

Ni te plus oculis meis amarem,
iucundissime Calve, munere isto
odissem te odio Vatiniano:
nam quid feci ego quidve sum locutus,
cur me tot male perderes poetis?
isti di mala multa dent clienti,
qui tantum tibi misit impiorum.
quod si, ut suspicor, hoc novum ac repertum
munus dat tibi Sulla litterator,
non est mi male, sed bene ac beate,
quod non dispereunt tui labores.
di magni, horribilem et sacrum libellum!
quem tu scilicet ad tuum Catullum
misti, continuo ut die periret,
Saturnalibus, optimo dierum!
non non hoc tibi, false, sic abibit.
nam si luxerit ad librariorum
curram scrinia, Caesios, Aquinos,
Suffenum, omnia colligam venena.
ac te his suppliciis remunerabor.
vos hinc interea valete abite
illuc, unde malum pedem attulistis,
saecli incommoda, pessimi poetae.

XIVb.

Si qui forte mearum ineptiarum
lectores eritis manusque vestras
non horrebitis admovere nobis,

XV. ad Aurelium

Commendo tibi me ac meos amores,
Aureli. veniam peto pudentem,
ut, si quicquam animo tuo cupisti,
quod castum expeteres et integellum,
conserve puerum mihi pudice,
non dico a populo — nihil veremur
istos, qui in platea modo huc modo illuc
in re praetereunt sua occupati —
verum a te metuo tuoque pene
infesto pueris bonis malisque.
quem tu qua lubet, ut lubet moveto
quantum vis, ubi erit foris paratum:
hunc unum excipio, ut puto, pudenter.
quod si te mala mens furorque vecors
in tantam impulerit, sceleste, culpam,
ut nostrum insidiis caput lacessas.
a tum te miserum malique fati!
quem attractis pedibus patente porta
percurrent raphanique mugilesque.

XVI. ad Aurelium et Furium

Pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo,
Aureli pathice et cinaede Furi,
qui me ex versiculis meis putastis,
quod sunt molliculi, parum pudicum.
nam castum esse decet pium poetam
ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est;
qui tum denique habent salem ac leporem,
si sunt molliculi ac parum pudici,
et quod pruriat incitare possunt,
non dico pueris, sed his pilosis
qui duros nequeunt movere lumbos.
vos, quod milia multa basiorum
legistis, male me marem putatis?
pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo.

XVII.

O Colonia, quae cupis ponte ludere longo,
et salire paratum habes, sed vereris inepta
crura ponticuli axulis stantis in redivivis,
ne supinus eat cavaque in palude recumbat:
sic tibi bonus ex tua pons libidine fiat,
in quo vel Salisubsali sacra suscipiantur,
munus hoc mihi maximi da, Colonia, risus.
quendam municipem meum de tuo volo ponte
ire praecipitem in lutum per caputque pedesque,
verum totius ut lacus putidaeque paludis
lividissima maximeque est profunda vorago.
insulsissimus est homo, nec sapit pueri instar
bimuli tremula patris dormientis in ulna.
cui cum sit viridissimo nupta flore puella
et puella tenellulo delicatior haedo,
adservanda nigerrimis diligentius uuis,
ludere hanc sinit ut lubet, nec pili facit uni,
nec se subleuat ex sua parte, sed velut alnus
in fossa Liguri iacet supernata securi,
tantundem omnia sentiens quam si nulla sit usquam;
talis iste meus stupor nil videt, nihil audit,
ipse qui sit, utrum sit an non sit, id quoque nescit.
nunc eum volo de tuo ponte mittere pronum,
si pote stolidum repente excitare veternum,
et supinum animum in gravi derelinquere caeno,
ferream ut soleam tenaci in voragine mula.

XXI. ad Aurelium

Aureli, pater esuritionum,
non harum modo, sed quot aut fuerunt
aut sunt aut aliis erunt in annis,
pedicare cupis meos amores.
nec clam: nam simul es, iocaris una,
haerens ad latus omnia experiris.
frustra: nam insidias mihi instruentem
tangam te prior irrumatione.
atque id si faceres satur, tacerem:
nunc ipsum id doleo, quod esurire
me me puer et sitire discet.
quare desine, dum licet pudico,
ne finem facias, sed irrumatus.

XXII. ad Varum

Suffenus iste, Vare, quem probe nosti,
homo est venustus et dicax et urbanus,
idemque longe plurimos facit versus.
puto esse ego illi milia aut decem aut plura
perscripta, nec sic ut fit in palimpsesto
relata: cartae regiae, novi libri,
novi umbilici, lora rubra membranae,
directa plumbo et pumice omnia aequata.
haec cum legas tu, bellus ille et urbanus
Suffenus unus caprimulgus aut fossor
rursus videtur: tantum abhorret ac mutat.
hoc quid putemus esse? qui modo scurra
aut si quid hac re scitius videbatur,
idem infaceto est infacetior rure,
simul poemata attigit, neque idem umquam
aeque est beatus ac poema cum scribit:
tam gaudet in se tamque se ipse miratur.
nimirum idem omnes fallimur, neque est quisquam
quem non in aliqua re videre Suffenum
possis. suus cuique attributus est error;
sed non videmus manticae quod in tergo est.

XXIII. ad Furium

Furi cui neque servus est neque arca
nec cimex neque araneus neque ignis,
verum est et pater et noverca, quorum
dentes vel silicem comesse possunt,
est pulcre tibi cum tuo parente
et cum coniuge lignea parentis.
nec mirum: bene nam valetis omnes,
pulcre concoquitis, nihil timetis,
non incendia, non graves rvinas,
non facta impia, non dolos veneni,
non casus alios periculorum.
atque corpora sicciora cornu
aut siquid magis aridum est habetis
sole et frigore et esuritione.
quare non tibi sit bene ac beate?
a te sudor abest, abest saliva,
mucusque et mala pituita nasi.
hanc ad munditiem adde mundiozem,
quod culus tibi purior salillo est,
nec toto decies cacas in anno;
atque id durius est faba et lapillis.
quod tu si manibus teras fricesque,
non umquam digitum inquinare posses
haec tu commoda tam beata, Furi,
noli spernere nec putare parvi,
et sestertia quae soles precari
centum desine: nam sat es beatus.

XXIV. ad Iuventium

O qui flosculus es Iuventiorum,
non horum modo, sed quot aut fuerunt
aut posthac aliis erunt in annis,
mallem divitias Midae dedisses
isti, cui neque servus est neque arca,
quam sic te sineres ab illo amari.
'qui? non est homo bellus?' inquires. est:
sed bello huic neque servus est neque arca.
hoc tu quam lubet abice elevaque:
nec servum tamen ille habet neque arcam.

XXV. ad Thallum

Cinaede Thalle, mollior cuniculi capillo
vel anseris medullula vel imula oricilla
vel pene languido senis situque araneoso,
idemque, Thalle, turbida rapacior procella,
cum diva mulier aries ostendit oscitantes,
remitte pallium mihi meum, quod involasti,
sudariumque Saetabum catagraphosque Thynos,
inepte, quae palam soles habere tamquam avita.
quae nunc tuis ab unguibus reglutina et remitte,
ne laneum latusculum manusque mollicellas
inusta turpiter tibi flagella conscribillent,
et insolenter aestues, velut minuta magno
depressa navis in mari, vesaniente vento.

XXVI. ad Furium

Furi villula vestra non ad Austri
flatus opposita est neque ad Favoni
nec saevi Boreae aut Apheliotae,
verum ad milia quindecim et ducentos.
o ventum horribilem atque pestilentem!

XXVII. ad pincernam suum

Minister vetuli puer Falerni
inger mi calices amariores,
ut lex Postumiae iubet magistræ
ebrioso acino ebriosioris.
at vos quo lubet hinc abite, lymphæ
vini perniciēs, et ad severos
migrate. hic merus est Thyonianus.

XXVIII. ad Verannium et Fabullum

Pisonis comites, cohors inanis,
aptis sarcinulis et expeditis,
Verani optime tuque mi Fabulle,
quid rerum geritis? satisne cum isto
vappa frigoraque et famem tulistis?
ecquidnam in tabulis patet lucelli
expensum, ut mihi, qui meum secutus
praetorem refero datum lucello?
o Memmi, bene me ac diu supinum
tota ista trabe lentus irrumasti.
sed, quantum video, pari fuistis
casu: nam nihilo minore verpa
farti estis. pete nobiles amicos!
at vobis mala multa di deaeque
dent, opprobria Romuli Remique.

XXIX. in Romulum cathamitum

Quis hoc potest videre, quis potest pati,
nisi impudicus et vorax et aleo,
Mamurram habere quod Comata Gallia
habebat uncti et ultima Britannia?
cinaede Romule haec videbis et feres?
et ille nunc superbus et superfluens
perambulabit omnium cubilia,
ut albulus columbus aut Adoneus?
cinaede Romule, haec videbis et feres?
es impudicus et vorax et aleo.
eone nomine, imperator unice,
fuisti in ultima occidentis insula,
ut ista vestra diffututa mentula
ducenties comesset aut trecenties?
quid est alid sinistra liberalitas?
parum expatravit an parum elluatus est?
paterna prima lancinata sunt bona,
secunda praeda Pontica, inde tertia
Hibera, quam scit amnis aurifer Tagus:
nunc Galliae timetur et Britanniae.
quid hunc malum fovetis? aut quid hic potest
nisi uncta devorare patrimonia?
eone nomine urbis opulentissime
socer generque, perdidistis omnia?

XXX. ad Alphenum

Alfene immemor atque unanimis false sodalibus,
iam te nil miseret, dure, tui dulcis amiculi?
iam me prodere, iam non dubitas fallere, perfide?
nec facta impia fallacum hominum caelicolis placent.
quae tu neglegis ac me miserum deseris in malis.
eheu quid faciant, dic, homines cuive habeant fidem?
certe tute iubebas animam tradere, inique, me
inducens in amorem, quasi tuta omnia mi forent.
idem nunc retrahis te ac tua dicta omnia factaque
ventos irrita ferre ac nebulas aereas sinis.
si tu oblitus es, at di meminerunt, meminit Fides,
quae te ut paeniteat postmodo facti faciet tui.

XXXI. ad Sirmium insulam

Paene insularum, Sirmio, insularumque
ocelle, quascumque in liquentibus stagnis
marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus,
quam te libenter quamque laetus invisio,
vix mi ipse credens Thuniam atque Bithunos
liquisse campos et videre te in tuto.
o quid solutis est beatius curis,
cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
desideratoque acquiescimus lecto?
hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.
salve, o venusta Sirmio, atque ero gaude
gaudente, vosque, o Lydiae lacus undae,
ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum.

XXXII. ad Ipsicillam

Amabo, mea dulcis Ipsitilla,
meae deliciae, mei lepores,
iube ad te veniam meridiatum.
et si iusseris, illud adiuvato,
ne quis liminis obseret tabellam,
neu tibi lubeat foras abire,
sed domi maneat paresque nobis
novem continuas fututiones.
verum si quid ages, statim iubeto:
nam pransus iaceo et satur supinus
pertundo tunicamque palliumque.

XXXIII. ad Vibennios

O Furum optime balneariorum
Vibenni pater et cinaede fili
(nam dextra pater inquinatio,
culo filius est voracior),
cur non exilium malasque in oras
itis? quandoquidem patris rapinae
notae sunt populo, et natis pilosas,
fili, non potes asse venditare.

XXXIV. carmen Dianae

Dianae sumus in fide
puellae et pueri integri:
Dianam pueri integri
puellaeque canamus.

o Latonia, maximi
magna progenies Iovis,
quam mater prope Deliam
deposiuit olivam,

montium domina ut fores
silvarumque virentium
saltuumque reconditorum
amnumque sonantum:

tu Lucina dolentibus
Iuno dicta puerperis,
tu potens Trivia et notho es
dicta lumine Luna.

tu cursu, dea, menstruo
metiens iter annuum,
rustica agricolae bonis
tectis frugibus explens.

sis quocumque tibi placet
sancta nomine, Romulique,
antique ut solita es, bona
sospites ope gentem.

XXXV. ad Caecilium iubet libello loqui

Poetae tenero, meo sodali,
velim Caecilio, papyre, dicas
Veronam veniat, Noui relinquens
Comi moenia Lariumque litus.
nam quasdam volo cogitationes
amici accipiat sui meique.
quare, si sapiet, viam vorabit,
quamvis candida milies puella
euntem revocet, manusque collo
ambas iniciens roget morari.
quae nunc, si mihi vera nuntiantur,
illum deperit impotente amore.
nam quo tempore legit incohata
Dindymi dominam, ex eo misellae
ignes interiorem edunt medullam.
ignosco tibi, Sapphica puella
musa doctior; est enim venuste
Magna Caecilio incohata Mater.

XXXVI. ad Lusi cacatam

Annales Volusi, cacata carta,
votum soluite pro mea puella.
nam sanctae Veneri Cupidinique
vovit, si sibi restitutus essem
desissemque truces vibrare iambos,
electissima pessimi poetae
scripta tardipedi deo daturam
infelicibus ustulanda lignis.
et hoc pessima se puella vidit
iocose lepide vovere divis.
nunc o caeruleo creata ponto,
quae sanctum Idalium Vriosque apertos
quaeque Ancona Cnidumque harundinosam
colis quaeque Amathunta quaeque Golgos
quaeque Durrachium Hadriae tabernam,
acceptum face redditumque votum,
si non illepidum neque invenustum est.
at vos interea venite in ignem,
pleni ruris et inficetiarum.
annales Volusi, cacata carta.

XXXVII. ad contubernales et Egnatium

Salax taberna vosque contubernales,
a pilleatis nona fratribus pila,
solis putatis esse mentulas vobis,
solis licere, quidquid est puellarum,
confutuere et putare ceteros hircos?
an, continenter quod sedetis insulsi
centum an ducenti, non putatis ausurum
me una ducentos irrumare sessores?
atqui putate: namque totius vobis
frontem tabernae sopionibus scribam.
puella nam mi, quae meo sinu fugit,
amata tantum quantum amabitur nulla,
pro qua mihi sunt magna bella pugnata,
consedit istic. hanc boni beatique
omnes amatis, et quidem, quod indignum est,
omnes pusilli et semitarii moechi;
tu praeter omnes une de capillatis,
cuniculosae Celtiberiae fili,
Egnati. opaca quem bonum facit barba
et dens Hibera defricatus urina.

XXXVIII. ad Cornificium

Malest, Cornifici, tuo Catullo
malest, me hercule, et laboriose,
et magis magis in dies et horas.
quem tu, quod minimum facillimumque est,
qua solatus es allocutione?
irascor tibi. sic meos amores?
paulum quid lubet allocutionis,
maestius lacrimis Simonideis.

XXXIX. ad Egnatium

Egnatius, quod candidos habet dentes,
renidet usque quaque. si ad rei ventum est
subsellium, cum orator excitat fletum,
renidet ille; si ad pii rogum fili
lugetur, orba cum flet unicum mater,
renidet ille. quidquid est, ubicumque est,
quodcumque agit, renidet: hunc habet morbum,
neque elegantem, ut arbitror, neque urbanum.
quare monendum est te mihi, bone Egnati.
si urbanus esses aut Sabinus aut Tiburs
aut pinguis Vmber aut obesus Etruscus
aut Lanuvinus ater atque dentatus
aut Transpadanus, ut meos quoque attingam,
aut quilubet, qui puriter lavit dentes,
tamen renidere usque quaque te nollem:
nam risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.
nunc Celtiber es: Celtiberia in terra,
quod quisque minxit, hoc sibi solet mane
dentem atque russam defricare gingivam,
ut quo iste vester expolitior dens est,
hoc te amplius bibisse praedicet loti.

XL. ad Ravidum

Quaenam te mala mens, miselle Ravide,
agit praecipitem in meos iambos?
quis deus tibi non bene advocatus
vecordem parat excitare rixam?
an ut pervenias in ora vulgi?
quid vis? qualubet esse notus optas?
eris, quandoquidem meos amores
cum longa voluisti amare poena.

XLI. ad Ameanam

Ameana puella defututa
tota milia me decem poposcit,
ista turpiculo puella naso,
decoctoris amica Formiani.
propinqui, quibus est puella curae,
amicos medicosque convocate:
non est sana puella, nec rogare
qualis sit solet aes imagosum.

XLII. ad hendecasyllabos

Adeste, hendecasyllabi, quot estis
omnes undique, quotquot estis omnes.
iocum me putat esse moecha turpis,
et negat mihi nostra reddituram
pugillaria, si pati potestis.
persequamur eam et reflagitemus.
quae sit, quaeritis? illa, quam videtis
turpe incedere, mimice ac moleste
ridentem catuli ore Gallicani.
circumsistite eam, et reflagitate,
'moecha putida, redde codicillos,
redde putida moecha, codicillos!'
non assis facis? o lutum, lupanar,
aut si perditius potes quid esse.
sed non est tamen hoc satis putandum.
quod si non aliud potest ruborem
ferreo canis exprimamus ore.
conclamate iterum altiore voce.
'moecha putide, redde codicillos,
redde, putida moecha, codicillos!'
sed nil proficimus, nihil movetur.
mutanda est ratio modusque vobis,
siquid proficere amplius potestis:
'pudica et proba, redde codicillos.'

XLIII. ad Ameanam

Salve, nec minimo puella naso
nec bello pede nec nigris ocellis
nec longis digitis nec ore sicco
nec sane nimis elegante lingua,
decoctoris amica Formiani.
ten provincia narrat esse bellam?
tecum Lesbia nostra comparatur?
o saeculum insapiens et infacetum!

XLIV. ad Fundum

O Funde noster seu Sabine seu Tiburs
(nam te esse Tiburtem autumant, quibus non est
cordi Catullum laedere; at quibus cordi est,
quovis Sabinum pignore esse contendunt),
sed seu Sabine sive verius Tiburs,
fui libenter in tua suburbana
villa, malamque pectore expuli tussim,
non inmerenti quam mihi meus venter,
dum sumptuosas appeto, dedit, cenas.
nam, Sestianus dum volo esse conviva,
orationem in Antium petitozem
plenam veneni et pestilentiae legi.
hic me gravedo frigida et frequens tussis
quassavit usque, dum in tuum sinum fugi,
et me recuravi otioque et urtica.
quare refectus maximas tibi grates
ago, meum quod non es ulta peccatum.
nec deprecor iam, si nefaria scripta
Sesti recepso, quin gravedinem et tussim
non mihi, sed ipsi Sestio ferat frigus,
qui tunc vocat me, cum malum librum legi.

XLV. ad Septimium

Acmen Septimius suos amores
tenens in gremio 'mea' inquit 'Acme,
ni te perdit amo atque amare porro
omnes sum assidue paratus annos,
quantum qui pote plurimum perire,
solus in Libya Indiaque tosta
caesio veniam obuius leoni.'
hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistra ut ante
dextra sternuit approbationem.

at Acme leviter caput reflectens
et dulcis pueri ebrios ocellos
illo purpureo ore suaviata,
'sic' inquit 'mea vita Septimille,
huic uni domino usque serviamus,
ut multo mihi maior acriorque
ignis mollibus ardet in medullis.'
hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistra ut ante
dextra sternuit approbationem.

nunc ab auspicio bono profecti
mutuis animis amant amantur.
unam Septimius misellus Acmen
mauult quam Syrias Britanniasque:
uno in Septimio fidelis Acme
facit delicias libidinisque.
quis ullos homines beatiores
vidit, quis Venerem auspiciorem?

XLVI.

Iam ver egelidos refert tepores,
iam caeli furor aequinoctialis
iucundis Zephyri silescit aureis.
linquantur Phrygii, Catulle, campi
Nicaeaeque ager uber aestuosae:
ad claras Asiae volemus urbes.
iam mens praetrepidans avet vagari,
iam laeti studio pedes vigescunt.
o dulces comitum valete coetus,
longe quos simul a domo profectos
diuersae varie viae reportant.

XLVII. ad Porcium et Socratonem

Porci et Socraton, duae sinistrae
Pisonis, scabies famesque mundi,
vos Veraniolo meo et Fabullo
verpus praeposuit Priapus ille?
vos convivia lauta sumptuose
de die facitis, mei sodales
quaerunt in triuio vocationes?

XLVIII. ad Iuventium

Mellitos oculos tuos, Iuventi,
si quis me sinat usque basiare,
usque ad milia basiem trecenta
nec numquam videar satur futurus,
non si densior aridis aristis
sit nostrae seges osculationis.

XLIX. ad Marcum Tullium Ciceronem

Disertissime Romuli nepotum,
quot sunt quotque fuere, Marce Tulli,
quotque post aliis erunt in annis,
gratias tibi maximas Catullus
agit pessimus omnium poeta,
tanto pessimus omnium poeta,
quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

L. ad Lucinium

Hesterno, Licini, die otiosi
multum lusimus in meis tabellis,
ut convenerat esse delicatos:
scribens versiculos uterque nostrum
ludebat numero modo hoc modo illoc,
reddens mutua per iocum atque vinum.
atque illinc abii tuo lepore
incensus, Licini, facetiisque,
ut nec me miserum cibus iuvaret
nec somnus tegeret quiete ocellos,
sed toto indomitus furore lecto
versarer, cupiens videre lucem,
ut tecum loquerer, simulque ut essem.
at defessa labore membra postquam
semimortua lectulo iacebant,
hoc, iucunde, tibi poema feci,
ex quo perspiceres meum dolorem.
nunc audax cave sis, precesque nostras,
oramus, cave despuas, ocelle,
ne poenas Nemesis reposcat a te.
est vehemens dea: laedere hanc caveto.

LIIa. ad Lesbiam

Ille mi par esse deo videtur,
ille, si fas est, superare divos,
qui sedens adversus identidem te
spectat et audit
dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,
Lesbia, aspexi, nihil est super mi

* * * * *

lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
flamma demanat, sonitu suo
tintinant aures gemina, teguntur
lumina nocte.
otium, Catulle, tibi molestum est:
otio exsultas nimiumque gestis:
otium et reges prius et beatas
perdidit urbes.

Lib.

Otium, Catulle, tibi molestumst:
otio exultas nimiumque gestis.
otium et reges prius et beatas
perdidit urbes

LII. in Novium

Quid est, Catulle? quid moraris emori?
sella in curuli struma Nonius sedet,
per consulatum peierat Vatinius:
quid est, Catulle? quid moraris emori?

LIII. ad Gaium Licinium Calvum

Risi nescio quem modo e corona,
qui, cum mirifice Vatiniana
meus crimina Caluos explicasset
admirans ait haec manusque tollens,
‘di magni, salaputium disertum!’

LIV. de Octonis capite

Othonis caput oppido est pusillum,
et eri rustice semilauta crura,
subtile et leve peditum Libonis,
si non omnia, displicere vellem
tibi et Sufficio seni recocto...
irascere iterum meis iambis
inmerentibus, unice imperator.

LV. ad Camerium

Oramus, si forte non molestum est,
demonstres ubi sint tuae tenebrae.
te Campo quaesivimus minore,
te in Circo, te in omnibus libellis,
te in templo summi Iovis sacrato.
in Magni simul ambulatione
femellas omnes, amice, prendi,
quas vultu vidi tamen sereno.
avelte, sic ipse flagitabam,
Camerium mihi pessimae puellae.
quaedam inquit, nudum reduc...
'en hic in roseis latet papillis.'
sed te iam ferre Herculi labos est;
tanto te in fastu negas, amice.
dic nobis ubi sis futurus, ede
audacter, committe, crede luci.
nunc te lacteolae tenent puellae?
si linguam clauso tenes in ore,
fructus proicies amoris omnes.
verbosa gaudet Venus loquella.
vel, si vis, licet obseres palatum,
dum vestri sim particeps amoris.

LVI. ad Catonem

O rem ridiculam, Cato, et iocosam,
dignamque auribus et tuo cachinno!
ride quidquid amas, Cato, Catullum:
res est ridicula et nimis iocosa.
deprendi modo pupulum puellae
trusantem; hunc ego, si placet Dionae,
protelo rigida mea cecidi.

LVII. ad Gaium Iulium Caesarem

Pulcre convenit improbis cinaedis,
Mamurrae pathicoque Caesarique.
nec mirum: maculae pares utrisque,
urbana altera et illa Formiana,
impressae resident nec eluentur:
morbosi pariter, gemelli utrique,
uno in lecticulo erudituli ambo,
non hic quam ille magis vorax adulter,
rivales socii puellularum.
pulcre convenit improbis cinaedis.

LVIII. ad Marcum Caelium Rufum

Caeli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa.
illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam
plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
nunc in quadriviis et angiportis
glubit magnanimi Remi nepotes.

LVIIIb. ad Camerium

Non custos si fingar ille Cretum,
non Ladas ego pinnipesve Perseus,
non si Pegaseo ferar volatu,
non Rhesi niveae citaeque bigae;
adde huc plumipedas volatilesque,
ventorumque simul require cursum,
quos iunctos, Cameri, mihi dicares:
defessus tamen omnibus medullis
et multis languoribus peresus
essem te mihi, amice, quaeritando.

LIX. in Rufum

Bononiensis Rufa Rifulum fellat,
uxor Meneni, saepe quam in sepulcretis
vidistis ipso rapere de rogo cenam,
cum devolutum ex igne prosequens panem
ab semiraso tunderetur ustore.

LX.

Num te leaena montibus Libystinis
aut Scylla latrans infima inguinum parte
tam mente dura procreavit ac taetra,
ut supplicis vocem in novissimo casu
contemptam haberes, a nimis fero corde?

LXI. epythalamius Iunie et Mallii

Collis o Heliconii
cultor, Uraniae genus,
qui rapis teneram ad virum
virginem, o Hymenaeae Hymen,
 o Hymen Hymenaeae;

cinge tempora floribus
suave olentis amaraci,
flammeum cape laetus, huc
huc veni, niveo gerens
 luteum pede soccum;

excitusque hilari die,
nuptialia concinens
voce carmina tinnula,
pelle humum pedibus, manu
 pineam quate taedam.

namque Iunia Manlio,
qualis Idalium colens
venit ad Phrygium Venus
iudicem, bona cum bona
 nubet alite virgo,

floridis velut enitens
myrtus Asia ramulis
quos Hamadryades deae
ludicrum sibi roscido
 nutriunt umore.

quare age, huc aditum ferens,
perge linquere Thespieae
rupis Aonios specus,
nympha quos super irrigat
 frigerans Aganippe.

ac domum dominam voca
coniugis cupidam novi,
mentem amore revinciens,
ut tenax hederam huc et huc
 arborem implicat errans.

vosque item simul, integrae
virgines, quibus advenit
par dies, agite in modum
dicite, o Hymenae Hymen,
o Hymen Hymenae.

ut libentius, audiens
se citarier ad suum
munus, huc aditum ferat
dux bonae Veneris, boni
coniugator amoris.

quis deus magis est ama-
tis petendus amantibus?
quem colent homines magis
caelitum, o Hymenae Hymen,
o Hymen Hymenae?

te suis tremulus parens
invocat, tibi virgines
zonula solvunt sinus,
te timens cupida novos
captat aure maritus.

tu fero iuveni in manus
floridam ipse puellulam
dedis a gremio suae
matris, o Hymenae Hymen,
o Hymen Hymenae.

nil potest sine te Venus,
fama quod bona comprobet,
commodi capere, at potest
te volente. quis huic deo
compararier ausit?

nulla quit sine te domus
liberos dare, nec parens
stirpe nitier; ac potest
te volente. quis huic deo
compararier ausit?

quae tuis careat sacris,
non queat dare praesides
terra finibus: at queat

te volente. quis huic deo
compararier ausit?

claustra pandite ianuae.
virgo adest. viden ut faces
splendidas quatiunt comas?

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tardet ingenuus pudor.
quem tamen magis audiens,
flet quod ire necesse est.
flere desine. non tibi Au-
runculeia periculum est,
ne qua femina pulcrior
clarum ab Oceano diem
uiderit venientem.

talis in vario solet
divitis domini hortulo
stare flos hyacinthinus.
sed moraris, abit dies.
prodeas nova nupta.

prodeas nova nupta, si
iam videtur, et audias
nostra verba. viden? faces
aureas quatiunt comas:
prodeas nova nupta.

non tuus levis in mala
deditus vir adultera,
probra turpia persequens,
a tuis teneris volet
secubare papillis,

lenta sed velut adsitas
vitis implicat arbores,
implicabitur in tuum
complexum. sed abit dies:
prodeas nova nupta.

o cubile, quod omnibus

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candido pede lecti,

quae tuo veniunt ero,
quanta gaudia, quae vaga
nocte, quae medio die
gaudeat! sed abit dies:
prodeas nova nupta.

tollite, o pueri, faces:
flammeum video venire.
ite concinite in modum
'io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.'

ne diu taceat procax
Fescennina iocatio,
nec nuces pueris neget
desertum domini audiens
concubinus amorem.

da nuces pueris, iners
concubine! satis diu
lusisti nucibus: lubet
iam servire Talasio.
concubine, nuces da.

sordebant tibi villicae,
concubine, hodie atque heri:
nunc tuum cinerarius
tondet os. miser a miser
concubine, nuces da.

diceris male te a tuis
unguentate glabris marite
abstinere, sed abstine.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

scimus haec tibi quae licent
sola cognita, sed marito
ista non eadem licent.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,

io Hymen Hymenaeae.

nupta, tu quoque quae tuus
vir petet cave ne neges,
ni petitum aliunde eat.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

en tibi domus ut potens
et beata viri tui,
quae tibi sine serviat
(io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae)

usque dum tremulum movens
cana tempus anilitas
omnia omnibus annuit.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

transfer omine cum bono
limen aureolos pedes,
rasilemque subi forem.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

aspice intus ut accubans
vir tuus Tyrio in toro
totus immineat tibi.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

illi non minus ac tibi
pectore uritur intimo
flamma, sed penite magis.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

mitte brachiolum teres,
praetextate, puellulae:
iam cubile adeat viri.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

vos bonae senibus viris
cognitae bene feminae,

collocate puellulam.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

iam licet venias, marite:
uxor in thalamo tibi est,
ore floridulo nitens,
alba parthenice velut
luteumve papaver.

at, marite, ita me iuvent
caelites, nihilo minus
pulcer es, neque te Venus
neglegit. sed abit dies:
perge, ne remorare.

non diu remoratus es:
iam venis. bona te Venus
iuuerit, quoniam palam
quod cupis cupis, et bonum
non abscondis amorem.

ille pulueris Africi
siderumque micantium
subducat numerum prius,
qui vestri numerare vult
multa milia ludi.

ludite ut lubet, et brevi
liberos date. non decet
tam vetus sine liberis
nomen esse, sed indidem
semper ingenerari.

Torquatus volo parvulus
matris e gremio suae
porrigens teneras manus
dulce rideat ad patrem
semihiente labello.

sit suo similis patri
Manlio et facile insciis
noscitur ab omnibus,
et pudicitiam suae
matris indicet ore.

talis illius a bona
matre laus genus approbet,
qualis unica ab optima
matre Telemacho manet
fama Penelopeo.

claudite ostia, virgines:
lusimus satis. at boni
coniuges, bene vivite et
munere assiduo valentem
exercete iuventam.

LXII. exametrum carmen nuptiale

Vesper adest, iuvenes, consurgite: Vesper Olympo
expectata diu vix tandem lumina tollit.
surgere iam tempus, iam pinguis linquere mensas,
iam veniet virgo, iam dicetur hymenaeus.
Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae!
Cernitis, innuptae, iuvenes? consurgite contra;
nimirum Oetaeos ostendit Noctifer ignes.
sic certest; viden ut pernicious exsiluere?
non temere exsiluere, canent quod vincere par est.
Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae!
non facilis nobis, aequales, palma parata est:
aspicite, innuptae secum ut meditata requirunt.
non frustra meditantur: habent memorabile quod sit;
nec mirum, penitus quae tota mente laborant.
nos alio mentes, alio divisimus aures;
iure igitur vincemur: amat victoria curam.
quare nunc animos saltem convertite vestros;
dicere iam incipient, iam respondere decebit.
Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae!
Hespere, quis caelo fertur crudelior ignis?
qui natam possis complexu avellere matris,
complexu matris retinentem avellere natam,
et iuveni ardenti castam donare puellam.
quid faciunt hostes capta crudelius urbe?
Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae!
Hespere, quis caelo lucet iucundior ignis?
qui desponsa tua firmes conubia flamma,
quae pepigere viri, pepigerunt ante parentes,
nec iunxere prius quam se tuus extulit ardor.
quid datur a divis felici optatus hora?
Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae!
Hesperus e nobis, aequales, abstulit unam.

* * * * *

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namque tuo adventu vigilat custodia semper,
nocte latent fures, quos idem saepe reuertens,
Hespere, mutato comprehendis nomine Eous
at lubet innuptis ficto te carpere questu.
quid tum, si carpunt, tacita quem mente requirunt?
Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae!
Ut flos in saeptis secretus nascitur hortis,

ignotus pecori, nullo convolsus aratro,
quem mulcent aurae, firmat sol, educat imber;
multi illum pueri, multae optavere puellae:
idem cum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
nulli illum pueri, nullae optavere puellae:
sic virgo, dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est;
cum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,
nec pueris iucunda manet, nec cara puellis.
Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae!
Ut vidua in nudo vitis quae nascitur aruo,
numquam se extollit, numquam mitem educat uvam,
sed tenerum prono deflectens pondere corpus
iam iam contingit summum radice flagellum;
hanc nulli agricolae, nulli coluere iuveni:
at si forte eadem est ulmo coniuncta marito,
multi illam agricolae, multi coluere iuveni:
sic virgo dum intacta manet, dum inculta senescit;
cum par conubium maturo tempore adepta est,
cara viro magis et minus est invis parenti.
Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae!
Et tu ne pugna cum tali coniuge virgo.
non aequom est pugnare, pater cui tradidit ipse,
ipse pater cum matre, quibus parere necesse est.
virginitas non tota tua est, ex parte parentum est,
tertia pars patrest, pars est data tertia matri,
tertia sola tua est: noli pugnare duobus,
qui genero suo iura simul cum dote dederunt.
Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae!

LXIII. de Berecinthia et Athi

Super alta vectus Attis celeri rate maria,
Phrygium ut nemus citato cupide pede tetigit,
adiitque opaca silvis redimita loca deae,
stimulatus ibi furenti rabie, vagus animis,
de volsit ili acuto sibi pondera silice,
itaque ut relictis sensit sibi membra sine viro,
etiam recente terrae sola sanguine maculans,
niveis citata cepit manibus leve typanum,
typanum tuum, Cybebe, tua, mater initia,
quatiensque terga tauri teneris cava digitis
canere haec suis adorta est tremebunda comitibus.
'agite ite ad alta, Gallae, Cybeles nemora simul,
simul ite, Dindymenae dominae vaga pecora,
aliena quae petentes velut exules loca
sectam meam exsecutae duce me mihi comites
rapidum salum tulistis truculentaque pelagi
et corpus evirastis Veneris nimio odio;
hilarate erae citatis erroribus animum.
mora tarda mente cedat: simul ite, sequimini
Phrygiam ad domum Cybebes, Phrygia ad nemora deae,
ubi cymbalum sonat vox, ubi tympana reboant,
tibicen ubi canit Phryx curvo grave calamo,
ubi capita Maenades ui iaciunt hederigerae,
ubi sacra sancta acutis ululatibus agitant,
ubi suevit illa divae volitare vaga cohors,
quo nos decet citatis celerare tripudiis.'
simul haec comitibus Attis cecinit notha mulier,
thiasus repente linguis trepidantibus ululat,
leve tympanum remugit, cava cymbala recrepant.
viridem citus adit Idam properante pede chorus.
furibunda simul anhelans vaga vadit animam agens
comitata tympano Attis per opaca nemora dux,
veluti iuvenca vitans onus indomita iugi;
rapidae ducem sequuntur Gallae properipedem.
itaque, ut domum Cybebes tetigere lassulae,
nimio e labore somnum capiunt sine Cerere.
piger his labante languore oculos sopor operit;
abit in quiete molli rabidus furor animi.
sed ubi oris aurei Sol radiantibus oculis
lustravit aethera album, sola dura, mare ferum,
populitque noctis umbras vegetis sonipedibus,

ibi Somnus excitam Attin fugiens citus abiit;
trepidante eum recepit dea Pasithea sinu.
ita de quiete molli rapida sine rabie
simul ipsa pectore Attis sua facta recoluit,
liquidaque mente vidit sine quis ubique foret,
animo aestuante rusum reditum ad vada tetulit.
ibi maria vasta visens lacrimantibus oculis,
patriam allocuta maestast ita voce miseriter.
'patria o mei creatrix, patria o mea genetrix,
ego quam miser relinquens, dominos ut erifugae
famuli solent, ad Idae tetuli nemora pedem,
ut apud nivem et ferarum gelida stabula forem,
et earum omnia adirem furibunda latibula,
ubinam aut quibus locis te positam, patria, reor?
cupit ipsa pupula ad te sibi derigere aciem,
rabie fera carens dum breve tempus animus est.
egone a mea remota haec ferar in nemora domo?
patria, bonis, amicis, genitoribus abero?
abero foro, palaestra, stadio et gymnasiis?
miser a miser, querendum est etiam atque etiam, anime.
quod enim genus figurast, ego non quod obierim?
ego mulier, ego adulescens, ego ephebus, ego puer,
ego gymnasi fui flos, ego eram decus olei:
mihi ianuae frequentes, mihi limina tepida,
mihi floridis corollis redimita domus erat,
linquendum ubi esset orto mihi Sole cubiculum.
ego nunc deum ministra et Cybeles famula ferar?
ego Maenas, ego mei pars, ego vir sterilis ero?
ego viridis algida Idae nive amicta loca colam?
ego vitam agam sub altis Phrygiae columinibus,
ubi cerva silvicultrix, ubi aper nemorivagus?
iam iam dolet quod egi, iam iamque paenitet.'
roseis ut huic labellis sonitus citus abiit
geminas deorum ad aures nova nuntia referens,
ibi iuncta iuga resolvens Cybele leonibus
laevumque pecoris hostem stimulans ita loquitur.
'agedum,' inquit 'age ferox i, fac ut hunc furor
fac uti furoris ictu reditum in nemora ferat,
mea libere nimis qui fugere imperia cupit.
age caede terga cauda, tua verbera patere,
fac cuncta mugienti fremitu loca retonent,
rutilam ferox torosa cervice quate iubam.'
ait haec minax Cybebe religatque iuga manu.
ferus ipse sese adhortans rapidum incitat animo,

vadit, fremit, refringit virgulta pede vago.
at ubi umida albicantis loca litoris adiit,
teneramque vidit Attin prope marmora pelagi,
facit impetum. illa demens fugit in nemora fera;
ibi semper omne vitae spatium famula fuit.
dea, magna dea, Cybebe, dea domina Dindymi,
procul a mea tuos sit furor omnis, era, domo:
alios age incitatos, alios age rabidos.

LXIV. Argonautia et epythalamium Thetidis et Pelei

Peliaco quondam prognatae vertice pinus
dicuntur liquidas Neptuni nasse per undas
Phasidos ad fluctus et fines Aeetaeos,
cum lecti iuvenes, Argiuae robora pubis,
auratam optantes Colchis avertere pellem
ausi sunt vada salsa cita decurrere puppi,
caerula verrentes abiegnis aequora palmis.
diva quibus retinens in summis urbibus arces
ipsa levi fecit volitantem flamine currum,
pineae coniungens inflexae texta carinae.
illa rudem cursu prima imbuit Amphitriten;
quae simul ac rostro ventosum proscidit aequor
tortaque remigio spumis incanuit unda,
emersere freti candenti e gurgite vultus
aequoreae monstrum Nereides admirantes.
illa, atque alia, viderunt luce marinas
mortales oculis nudato corpore Nymphas
nutricum tenus exstantes e gurgite cano.
tum Thetidis Peleus incensus fertur amore,
tum Thetis humanos non despexit hymenaeos,
tum Thetidi pater ipse iugandum Pelea sensit.
o nimis optato saeculorum tempore nati
heroes, salvete, deum genus! o bona matrum
progenies, salvete iter...
vos ego saepe, meo vos carmine compellabo.
teque adeo eximie taedis felicibus aucte,
Thessaliae columen Peleu, cui Iuppiter ipse,
ipse suos divum genitor concessit amores;
tene Thetis tenuit pulcerrima Nereine?
tene suam Tethys concessit ducere neptem,
Oceanusque, mari totum qui amplectitur orbem?
quae simul optatae finito tempore luces
advenere, domum conventu tota frequentat
Thessalia, oppletur laetanti regia coetu:
dona ferunt prae se, declarant gaudia vultu.
deseritur Cieros, linquunt Pthiotica Tempe
Crannonisque domos ac moenia Larisaea,
Pharsalum coeunt, Pharsalia tecta frequentant.
rura colit nemo, mollescunt colla iuvencis,
non humilis curvis purgatur vinea rastris,
non glebam pronò convellit vomere taurus,

non falx attenuat frondatorum arboris umbram,
squalida desertis rubigo infertur aratris.
ipsius at sedes, quacumque opulenta recessit
regia, fulgenti splendent auro atque argento.
candet ebur soliis, collucent pocula mensae,
tota domus gaudet regali splendida gaza.
pulvinar vero divae geniale locatur
sedibus in mediis, Indo quod dente politum
tincta tegit roseo conchyli purpura fuco.
haec vestis priscis hominum variata figuris
heroum mira virtutes indicat arte.
namque fluentisono prospectans litore Diae,
Thesea cedentem celeri cum classe tuetur
indomitos in corde gerens Ariadna furores,
necdum etiam sese quae visit visere credit,
utpote fallaci quae tum primum excita somno
desertam in sola miseram se cernat harena.
immemor at iuvenis fugiens pellit vada remis,
irrita ventosae linquens promissa procellae.
quem procul ex alga maestis Minois ocellis,
saxea ut effigies bacchantis, prospicit, eheu,
prospicit et magnis curarum fluctuat undis,
non flavo retinens subtilem vertice mitram,
non contacta levi velatum pectus amictu,
non tereti strophio lactentis vincta papillas,
omnia quae toto delapsa e corpore passim
ipsius ante pedes fluctus salis alludebant.
sed neque tum mitrae neque tum fluitantis amictus
illa vicem curans toto ex te pectore, Theseu,
toto animo, tota pendebat perdita mente.
misera, assiduis quam luctibus externavit
spinosas Erycina serens in pectore curas,
illa tempestate, ferox quo ex tempore Theseus
egressus curvis e litoribus Piraei
attigit iniusti regis Gortynia templa.
nam perhibent olim crudeli peste coactam
Androgeoneae poenas exsolvere caedis
electos iuvenes simul et decus innuptarum
Cecropiam solitam esse dapem dare Minotauro.
quis angusta malis cum moenia vexarentur,
ipse suum Theseus pro caris corpus Athenis
proicere optavit potius quam talia Cretam
funera Cecropiae nec funera portarentur.
atque ita nave levi nitens ac lenibus auris

magnanimum ad Minoa venit sedesque superbas.
hunc simul ac cupido conspexit lumine virgo
regia, quam suavis exspirans castus odores
lectulus in molli complexu matris alebat,
quales Eurotae praecingunt flumina myrtus
aurave distinctos educit verna colores,
non prius ex illo flagrantia declinavit
lumina, quam cuncto concepit corpore flammam
funditus atque imis exarsit tota medullis.
heu misere exagitans immiti corde furores
sancte puer, curis hominum qui gaudia misces,
quaeque regis Golgos quaeque Idalium frondosum,
qualibus incensam iactastis mente puellam
fluctibus, in flavo saepe hospite suspirantem!
quantos illa tulit languenti corde timores!
quanto saepe magis fulgore expalluit auri,
cum saevum cupiens contra contendere monstrum
aut mortem appeteret Theseus aut praemia laudis!
non ingrata tamen frustra munuscula divis
promittens tacito suscepit vota labello.
nam velut in summo quatientem brachia Tauro
quercum aut conigeram sudanti cortice pinum
indomitus turbo contorquens flamine robur,
eruit (illa procul radicitus exturbata
prona cadit, late quaevis cumque obuia frangens,) ¹
sic domito saevum prostravit corpore Theseus
nequiquam vanis iactantem cornua ventis.
inde pedem sospes multa cum laude reflexit
errabunda regens tenui vestigia filo,
ne labyrinthis e flexibus egredientem
tecti frustraretur inobservabilis error.
sed quid ego a primo digressus carmine plura
commemorem, ut linquens genitoris filia vultum,
ut consanguineae complexum, ut denique matris,
quae misera in gnata deperdita laeta
omnibus his Thesei dulcem praeoptarit amorem:
aut ut vecta rati spumosa ad litora Diae
aut ut eam devinctam lumina somno
liquerit immemori discedens pectore coniunx?
saepe illam perhibent ardenti corde furentem
clarisonas imo fudisse e pectore voces,
ac tum praeruptos tristem conscendere montes,
unde aciem pelagi vastos protenderet aestus,
tum tremuli salis adversas procurrare in undas

mollia nudatae tollentem tegmina surae,
atque haec extremis maestam dixisse querellis,
frigidulos udo singultus ore cientem:
‘sicine me patriis avectam, perfide, ab aris
perfide, deserto liquisti in litore, Theseu?
sicine discedens neglecto numine divum,
immemor a! devota domum periuria portas?
nullane res potuit crudelis flectere mentis
consilium? tibi nulla fuit clementia praesto,
immite ut nostri vellet miserescere pectus?
at non haec quondam blanda promissa dedisti
voce mihi, non haec miserae sperare iubebas,
sed conubia laeta, sed optatos hymenaeos,
quae cuncta aereii discerpunt irrita venti.
nunc iam nulla viro iuranti femina credat,
nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles;
quis dum aliquid cupiens animus praegestit apisci,
nil metuunt iurare, nihil promittere parcunt:
sed simul ac cupidae mentis satiata libido est,
dicta nihil metuere, nihil periuria curant.
certe ego te in medio versantem turbine leti
eripui, et potius germanum amittere crevi,
quam tibi fallaci supremo in tempore dessem.
pro quo dilaceranda feris dabor alitibusque
praeda, neque iniacta tumulabor mortua terra.
quaenam te genuit sola sub rupe leaena,
quod mare conceptum spumantibus exspuit undis,
quae Syrtis, quae Scylla rapax, quae vasta Carybdis,
taliam qui reddis pro dulci praemia vita?
si tibi non cordi fuerant conubia nostra,
saeva quod horrebas prisci praecepta parentis,
attamen in vestras potuisti ducere sedes,
quae tibi iucundo famularer serva labore,
candida permulcens liquidis vestigia lymphis,
purpureave tuum consternens veste cubile.
sed quid ego ignaris nequiquam conquerar auris,
externata malo, quae nullis sensibus auctae
nec missas audire queunt nec reddere voces?
ille autem prope iam mediis versatur in undis,
nec quisquam apparet vacua mortalis in alga.
sic nimis insultans extremo tempore saeva
fors etiam nostris invidit questibus auris.
Iuppiter omnipotens, utinam ne tempore primo
Gnosia Cecropiae tetigissent litora puppes,

indomito nec dira ferens stipendia tauro
perfidus in Cretam religasset navita funem,
nec malus hic celans dulci crudelia forma
consilia in nostris requiesset sedibus hospes!
nam quo me referam? quali spe perdita nitor?
Idaeosne petam montes? at gurgite lato
discernens ponti truculentum dividit aequor.
an patris auxilium sperem? quemne ipsa reliqui
respersum iuvenem fraterna caede secuta?
coniugis an fido consoler memet amore?
quine fugit lentos incuruans gurgite remos?
praeterea nullo colitur sola insula tecto,
nec patet egressus pelagi cingentibus undis.
nulla fugae ratio, nulla spes: omnia muta,
omnia sunt deserta, ostentant omnia letum.
non tamen ante mihi languescent lumina morte,
nec prius a fesso secedent corpore sensus,
quam iustam a divis exposcam prodita multam
caelestumque fidem postrema comprecser hora.
quare facta virum multantes vindice poena
Eumenides, quibus anguino redimita capillo
frons exspirantis praeporat pectoris iras,
huc huc adventate, meas audite querellas,
quas ego, vae misera, extremis proferre medullis
cogor inops, ardens, amenti caeca furore.
quae quoniam verae nascuntur pectore ab imo,
vos nolite pati nostrum vanescere luctum,
sed quali solam Theseus me mente reliquit,
tali mente, deae, funestet seque suosque.’
has postquam maesto profudit pectore voces,
supplicium saevis ecens anxia factis,
annuit invicto caelestum numine rector;
quo motu tellus atque horrida contremuerunt
aequora concussitque micantia sidera mundus.
ipse autem caeca mentem caligine Theseus
consitus oblito dimisit pectore cuncta,
quae mandata prius constanti mente tenebat,
dulcia nec maesto sustollens signa parenti
sospitem Erechtheum se ostendit visere portum.
namque ferunt olim, classi cum moenia divae
linquentem gnatum ventis concrederet Aegeus,
taliam complexum iuveni mandata dedisse:
‘gnate mihi longa iucundior unice vita,
gnate, ego quem in dubios cogor dimittere casus,

reddite in extrema nuper mihi fine senectae,
quandoquidem fortuna mea ac tua feruida virtus
eripit invito mihi te, cui languida nondum
lumina sunt gnati cara saturata figura,
non ego te gaudens laetanti pectore mittam,
nec te ferre sinam fortunae signa secundae,
sed primum multas expromam mente querellas,
canitiem terra atque infuso puluere foedans,
inde infecta vago suspendam lintea malo,
nostros ut luctus nostraeque incendia mentis
carbasus obscurata dicet ferrugine Hibera.
quod tibi si sancti concesserit incola Itoni,
quae nostrum genus ac sedes defendere Erecthei
annuit, ut tauri respergas sanguine dextram,
tum vero facito ut memori tibi condita corde
haec vigeant mandata, nec ulla oblitteret aetas;
ut simul ac nostros invisent lumina collis,
funestam antennae deponant undique vestem,
candidaque intorti sustollant vela rudentes,
quam primum cernens ut laeta gaudia mente
agnoscam, cum te reducem aetas prospera sistet.’
haec mandata prius constanti mente tenentem
Thesea ceu pulsae ventorum flamine nubes
aereum nivei montis liquere cacumen.
at pater, ut summa prospectum ex arce petebat,
anxia in assiduos absumens lumina fletus,
cum primum infecti conspexit lintea veli,
praecipitem sese scopulorum e vertice iecit,
amissum credens immiti Thesea fato.
sic funesta domus ingressus tecta paterna
morte ferox Theseus, qualem Minoidi luctum
obtulerat mente immemori, talem ipse recepit.
quae tum prospectans cedentem maesta carinam
multiplices animo voluebat saucia curas.
at parte ex alia florens volitabat Iacchus
cum thiaso Satyrorum et Nysigenis Silenis,
te quaerens, Ariadna, tuoque incensus amore.

* * * * *

quae tum alacres passim lymphata mente furebant
euhoe bacchantes, euhoe capita inflectentes.
harum pars tecta quatiebant cuspidе thyrso,
pars e divolso iactabant membra iuvenco,
pars sese tortis serpentibus incingebant,
pars obscura cavis celebrabant orgia cistis,

orgia quae frustra cupiunt audire profani;
plangebant aliae proceris tympana palmis,
aut tereti tenuis tinnitus aere ciebant;
multis raucisonos efflabant cornua bombos
barbaraque horribili stridebat tibia cantu.
talibus amplifice vestis decorata figuris
pulvinar complexa suo velabat amictu.
quae postquam cupide spectando Thessala pubes
expleta est, sanctis coepit decedere divis.
hic, qualis flatu placidum mare matutino
horrificans Zephyrus procliuas incitat undas,
Aurora exoriente vagi sub limina Solis,
quae tarde primum clementi flamine pulsae
procedunt leviterque sonant plangore cachinni,
post vento crescente magis magis increbescunt,
purpureaque procul nantes ab luce refulgent:
sic tum vestibuli linquentes regia tecta
ad se quisque vago passim pede discedebant.
quorum post abitum princeps e vertice Pelei
advenit Chiron portans siluestria dona:
nam quoscumque ferunt campi, quos Thessala magnis
montibus ora creat, quos propter fluminis undas
aura parit flores tepidi fecunda Favoni,
hos indistinctis plexos tulit ipse corollis,
quo permulsa domus iucundo risit odore.
confestim Penios adest, viridantia Tempe,
Tempe, quae silvae cingunt super impendentes,
Minosim linquens doris celebranda choreis,
non vacuos: namque ille tulit radicitus altas
fagos ac recto proceras stipite laurus,
non sine nutanti platano lentaque sorore
flammati Phaethontis et aerea cupressu.
haec circum sedes late contexta locavit,
vestibulum ut molli velatum fronde vireret.
post hunc consequitur sollerti corde Prometheus,
extenuata gerens veteris vestigia poenae,
quam quondam silici restrictus membra catena
persolvit pendens e verticibus praeruptis.
inde pater divum sancta cum coniuge natisque
advenit caelo, te solum, Phoebe, relinquens
unigenamque simul cultricem montibus Idri:
Pelea nam tecum pariter soror aspernata est,
nec Thetidis taedas voluit celebrare iugales.
qui postquam niveis flexerunt sedibus artus

large multiplici constructae sunt dape mensae,
cum interea infirmo quatientes corpora motu
veridicos Parcae coeperunt edere cantus.
his corpus tremulum complectens undique vestis
candida purpurea talos incinxerat ora,
at roseae niveo residebant vertice vittae,
aeternumque manus carpebant rite laborem.
laeva colum molli lana retinebat amictum,
dextera tum leviter deducens fila supinis
formabat digitis, tum prono in pollice torquens
libratum tereti versabat turbine fusum,
atque ita decerpens aequabat semper opus dens,
laneaque aridulis haerebant morsa labellis,
quae prius in levi fuerant exstantia filo:
ante pedes autem candentis mollia lanae
vellera virgati custodibant calathisci.
haec tum clarisona pellentes vellera voce
talialia divino fuderunt carmine fata,
carmine, perfidiae quod post nulla arguet aetas.
o decus eximium magnis virtutibus augens,
Emathiae tutamen, Opis carissime nato,
accipe, quod laeta tibi pandunt luce sorores,
veridicum oraculum: sed vos, quae fata sequuntur,
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
adveniet tibi iam portans optata maritis
Hesperus, adveniet fausto cum sidere coniunx,
quae tibi flexanimo mentem perfundat amore,
languidulosque paret tecum coniungere somnos,
levia substernens robusto bracchia collo.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
nulla domus tales umquam contexit amores,
nullus amor tali coniunxit foedere amantes,
qualis adest Thetidi, qualis concordia Peleo.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
nascetur vobis expers terroris Achilles,
hostibus haud tergo, sed forti pectore notus,
qui persaepe vago victor certamine cursus
flammea praevertet celeris vestigia cervae.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
non illi quisquam bello se conferet heros,
cum Phrygii Teucro manabunt sanguine
Troicaque obsidens longinquo moenia bello,
periuri Pelopis vastabit tertius heres.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

illius egregias virtutes claraque facta
saepe fatebuntur gnatorum in funere matres,
cum incultum cano solvent a vertice crinem,
putridaque infirmis variabunt pectora palmis.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
namque velut densas praecerpens messor aristas
sole sub ardenti flaventia demetit arua,
Troiuenum infesto prosternet corpora ferro.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
testis erit magnis virtutibus unda Scamandri,
quae passim rapido diffunditur Hellesponto,
cuius iter caesis angustans corporum acervis
alta tepefaciet permixta flumina caede.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
denique testis erit morti quoque reddita praeda,
cum teres excelso coaceruatum aggere bustum
excipiet niveos percussae virginis artus.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
nam simul ac fessis dederit fors copiam Achivis
urbis Dardaniae Neptunia solvere vincla,
alta Polyxenia madefient caede sepulcra;
quae, velut ancipiti succumbens victima ferro,
proiciet truncum summisso poplite corpus.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
quare agite optatos animi coniungite amores.
accipiat coniunx felici foedere divam,
dedatur cupido iam dudum nupta marito.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
non illam nutrix orienti luce revisens
hesterno collum poterit circumdare filo,
anxia nec mater discordis maesta puellae
secubitu caros mittet sperare nepotes.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
taliam praefantes quondam felicia Pelei
carmina divino cecinerunt pectore Parcae.
praesentes namque ante domos invisere castas
heroum, et sese mortali ostendere coetu,
caelicolae nondum sprete pietate solebant.
saepe pater divum templo in fulgente revisens,
annua cum festis venissent sacra diebus,
conspexit terra centum procumbere tauros.
saepe vagus Liber Parnasi vertice summo
Thyiadas effusis euantis crinibus egit,
cum Delphi tota certatim ex urbe ruentes

acciperent laeti divum fumantibus aris.
saepe in letifero belli certamine Mavors
aut rapidi Tritonis era aut Amarunsia virgo
armatas hominum est praesens hortata catervas.
sed postquam tellus scelere est imbuta nefando
iustitiamque omnes cupida de mente fugarunt,
perfudere manus fraterno sanguine fratres,
destitit extinctos gnatus lugere parentes,
optavit genitor primaevi funera nati,
liber ut innuptae poteretur flore novercae,
ignaro mater substernens se impia nato
impia non verita est divos scelerare penates.
omnia fanda nefanda malo permixta furore
iustificam nobis mentem avertere deorum.
quare nec talis dignantur visere coetus,
nec se contingi patiuntur lumine claro.

LXV. ad Ortalum

Etsi me assiduo confectum cura dolore
 sevocat a doctis, Ortale, virginibus,
nec potis est dulcis Musarum expromere fetus
 mens animi, tantis fluctuat ipsa malis —
namque mei nuper Lethaeo in gurgite fratris
 pallidulum manans alluit unda pedem,
Troia Rhoeteo quem subter litore tellus
 ereptum nostris obterit ex oculis.

* * * * *

numquam ego te, vita frater amabilior,
aspiciam posthac? at certe semper amabo,
 semper maesta tua carmina morte canam,
qualia sub densis ramorum concinit umbris
 Daulias, absumpti fata gemens Ityli —
sed tamen in tantis maeroribus, Ortale, mitto
 haec expressa tibi carmina Battiadae,
ne tua dicta vagis nequiquam credita ventis
 effluxisse meo forte putes animo,
ut missum sponsi furtivo munere malum
 procurrit casto virginis e gremio,
quod miserae oblitae molli sub veste locatum,
 dum adventu matris prosilit, excutitur,
atque illud prono praeceps agitur decursu,
 huic manat tristi conscius ore rubor.

LXVI.

Omnia qui magni dispexit lumina mundi,
qui stellarum ortus comperit atque obitus,
flammeus ut rapidi solis nitor obscuretur,
ut cedant certis sidera temporibus,
ut Triviam furtim sub Latmia saxa relegans
dulcis amor gyro devocet aereo:
idem me ille Conon caelesti in limine vidit
e Beroniceo vertice caesariem
fulgentem clare, quam multis illa dearum
levia protendens brachia pollicita est,
qua rex tempestate novo auctus hymenaeo
vastatum finis iuerat Assyrios,
dulcia nocturnae portans vestigia rixae,
quam de virgineis gesserat exuviis.
estne novis nuptis odio Venus? anne parentum
frustrantur falsis gaudia lacrimulis,
ubertim thalami quas intra limina fundunt?
non, ita me divi, vera gemunt, iuerint.
id mea me multis docuit regina querellis
invisente novo proelia torva viro.
et tu non orbum luxti deserta cubile,
sed fratris cari flebile discidium?
quam penitus maestitas exedit cura medullas!
ut tibi tunc toto pectore sollicitae
sensibus ereptis mens excidit! at ego certe
cognoram a parva virgine magnanimam.
anne bonum oblita es facinus, quo regium adepta es
coniugium, quod non fortior ausit alis?
sed tum maesta virum mittens quae verba locuta est!
Iuppiter, ut tristi lumina saepe manu!
quis te mutavit tantus deus? an quod amantes
non longe a caro corpore abesse volunt?
atque ibi me cunctis pro dulci coniuge divis
non sine taurino sanguine pollicita es,
si reditum tetulisset. is haut in tempore longo
captam Asiam Aegypti finibus addiderat.
quis ego pro factis caelesti reddita coetu
pristina vota novo munere dissolvo.
invita, o regina, tuo de vertice cessi,
invita: adiuro teque tuumque caput,
digna ferat quod si quis inaniter adiuravit:

sed qui se ferro postulet esse parem?
ille quoque eversus mons est, quem maximum in oris
progenies Thiae clara supervehitur,
cum Medi peperere novum mare, cumque iuventus
per medium classi barbara navit Athon.
quid facient crines, cum ferro talia cedant?
Iuppiter, ut Chalybon omne genus pereat,
et qui principio sub terra quaerere venas
institit ac ferri stringere duritiem!
abiunctae paulo ante comae mea fata sorores
lugebant, cum se Memnonis Aethiopis
unigena impellens nutantibus aera pennis
obtulit Arsinoes Locridis ales equos,
isque per aetherias me tollens avolat umbras
et Veneris casto collocat in gremio.
ipsa suum Zephyritis eo famulum legarat
Graia Canopitis incola litoribus.
hi dii ven ibi vario ne solum in lumine caeli
ex Ariadnaeis aurea temporibus
fixa corona foret, sed nos quoque fulgeremus
deotae flavi verticis exuviae,
vidulam a fluctu cedentem ad templa deum me
sidus in antiquis diva novum posuit.
Virginis et saevi contingens namque Leonis
lumina, Callisto iuncta Lycaoniae,
vertor in occasum, tardum dux ante Booten,
qui vix sero alto mergitur Oceano.
sed quamquam me nocte premunt vestigia divum,
lux autem canae Tethyi restituit
(pace tua fari hic liceat, Ramnusia virgo,
namque ego non ullo vera timore tegam,
nec si me infestis diserpent sidera dictis,
condita quin veri pectoris evoluam),
non his tam laetor rebus, quam me afore semper,
afore me a dominae vertice discrucior,
quicum ego, dum virgo quondam fuit omnibus expers
unguentis, una milia multa bibi.
nunc vos, optato quas iunxit lumine taeda,
non prius unanimis corpora coniugibus
tradite nudantes reiecta veste papillas,
quam iucunda mihi munera libet onyx,
vester onyx, casto colitis quae iura cubili.
sed quae se impuro dedit adulterio,
illius a mala dona levis bibat irrita pulvis:

namque ego ab indignis praemia nulla peto.
sed magis, o nuptae, semper concordia vestras,
semper amor sedes incolat assiduus.
tu vero, regina, tuens cum sidera divam
placabis festis luminibus Venerem,
unguinis expertem non siris esse tuam me,
sed potius largis affice muneribus.
sidera corruerint utinam! coma regia fiam,
proximus Hydrochoi fulgeret Oarion!

LXVII. de ianua moechae cuiusdam

O dulci iucunda virgo, iucunda parenti,
salve, teque bona Iuppiter auctet ope,
ianua, quam Balbo dicunt servisse benigne
olim, cum sedes ipse senex tenuit,
quamque ferunt rursus gnato servisse maligne,
postquam es porrecto facta marita sene.
dic agedum nobis, quare mutata feraris
in dominum veterem deseruisse fidem.
'Non (ita Caecilio placeam, cui tradita nunc sum)
culpa mea est, quamquam dicitur esse mea,
nec peccatum a me quisquam pote dicere quicquam:
verum istius populi ianua qui te facit,
qui quacumque aliquid reperitur non bene factum
ad me omnes clamant: ianua, culpa tua est.'
Non istuc satis est uno te dicere verbo.
sed facere ut quivis sentiat et videat.
'Qui possum? nemo quaerit nec scire laborat?'
Nos volumus: nobis dicere ne dubita.
'Primum igitur, virgo quod fertur tradita nobis,
falsum est. non illam vir prior attigerit,
languidior tenera cui pendens sicala beta.
numquam se mediam sustulit ad tunicam;
sed pater illius gnati violasse cubile
dicitur et miseram conscelerasse domum,
sive quod impia mens caeco flagrabat amore,
seu quod iners sterili semine natus erat,
ut quaerendum unde foret nervosius illud,
quod posset zonam solvere virgineam.'
Egregium narras mira pietate parentem.
qui ipse sui gnati minxerit in gremium.
Atqui non solum hoc dicit se cognitum habere
Brixia Cycneae supposita speculae,
flavus quam molli praecurrit flumine Mella,
Brixia Veronae mater amata meae,
sed de Postumio et Corneli narrat amore,
cum quibus illa malum fecit adulterium.
dixerit hic aliquis: quid? tu istaec, ianua, nosti,
cui numquam domini limine abesse licet,
nec populum auscultare, sed hic suffixa tigillo
tantum operire soles aut aperire domum?
saepe illam audivi furtiva voce loquentem

solam cum ancillis haec sua flagitia,
nomine dicentem quos diximus, utpote quae mi
speraret nec linguam esse nec auriculam.
praeterea addebat quendam, quem dicere nolo
nomine, ne tollat rubra supercilia.
longus homo est, magnas cui lites intulit olim
falsum mendaci ventre puerperium.'

LXVIII. ad Mallium

Quod mihi fortuna casuque oppressus acerbo
conscriptum hoc lacrimis mittis epistolium,
naufragum ut eiectum spumantibus aequoris undis
sublevem et a mortis limine restituam,
quem neque sancta Venus molli requiescere somno
desertum in lecto caelibe perpetitur,
nec veterum dulci scriptorum carmine Musae
oblectant, cum mens anxia pervigilat:
id gratum est mihi, me quoniam tibi dicis amicum,
muneraque et Musarum hinc petis et Veneris.
sed tibi ne mea sint ignota incommoda, Mani,
neu me odisse putes hospitis officium,
accipe, quis merse fortunae fluctibus ipse,
ne amplius a misero dona beata petas.
tempore quo primum vestis mihi tradita pura est,
iucundum cum aetas florida ver ageret,
multa satis lusi: non est dea nescia nostri,
quae dulcem curis miscet amaritiem.
sed totum hoc studium luctu fraterna mihi mors
abstulit. o misero frater adempte mihi,
tu mea tu moriens fregisti commoda, frater,
tecum una tota est nostra sepulta domus,
omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra,
quae tuus in vita dulcis alebat amor.
cuius ego interitu tota de mente fugavi
haec studia atque omnes delicias animi.
quare, quod scribis Veronae turpe Catullo
esse, quod hic quisquis de meliore nota
frigida deserto tepefactet membra cubili,
id, Mani, non est turpe, magis miserum est.
ignoscas igitur si, quae mihi luctus ademit,
haec tibi non tribuo munera, cum nequeo.
nam, quod scriptorum non magna est copia apud me,
hoc fit, quod Romae vivimus: illa domus,
illa mihi sedes, illic mea carpitur aetas;
huc una ex multis capsula me sequitur.
quod cum ita sit, nolim statuas nos mente maligna
id facere aut animo non satis ingenuo,
quod tibi non utriusque petenti copia posta est:
ultra ego deferrem, copia siqua foret.
Non possum reticere, deae, qua me Allius in re

iuerit aut quantis iuerit officiis,
ne fugiens saeculis obliuiscens aetas
illius hoc caeca nocte tegat studium:
sed dicam vobis, vos porro dicite multis
milibus et facite haec carta loquatur anus.

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notescatque magis mortuus atque magis,
nec tenuem texens sublimis aranea telam
in deserto Alli nomine opus faciat.
nam, mihi quam dederit duplex Amathusia curam,
scitis, et in quo me torruerit genere,
cum tantum arderem quantum Trinacria rupes
lympaque in Oetaeis Malia Thermopylis,
maesta neque assiduo tabescere lumina fletu
cessarent. tristisque imbre madere genae.
qualis in aerii perlucens vertice montis
rius muscoso prosilit e lapide,
qui cum de prona praeceps est valle volutus,
per medium densi transit iter populi,
dulce viatori lasso in sudore levamen,
cum gravis exustos aestus hiulcat agros:
hic, velut in nigro iactatis turbine nautis
lenius aspirans aura secunda venit
iam prece Pollucis, iam Castoris implorata,
tale fuit nobis Allius auxilium.
is clausum lato patefecit limite campum,
isque domum nobis isque dedit dominae,
ad quam communes exerceremus amores.
quo mea se molli candida diva pede
intulit et trito fulgentem in limine plantam
innixa arguta constituit solea,
coniugis ut quondam flagrans advenit amore
Protesilaeam Laodamia domum
inceptam frustra, nondum cum sanguine sacro
hostia caelestis pacificasset eros.
nil mihi tam valde placeat, Ramnusia virgo,
quod temere invitis suscipiatur eris.
quam ieiuna pium desiderat ara cruorem,
docta est amisso Laudamia viro,
coniugis ante coacta novi dimittere collum,
quam veniens una atque altera rursus hiems
noctibus in longis avidum saturasset amorem,
posset ut abrupto vivere coniugio,
quod scibant Parcae non longo tempore abesse,

si miles muros isset ad Iliacos.
nam tum Helenae raptu primores Argiuorum
coeperat ad sese Troia ciere viros,
Troia (nefas!) commune sepulcrum Asiae Europaeque,
Troia virum et virtutum omnium acerba cinis,
quaene etiam nostro letum miserabile fratri
attulit. ei misero frater adempte mihi
ei misero fratri iucundum lumen ademptum,
tecum una tota est nostra sepulta domus,
omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra,
quae tuus in vita dulcis alebat amor.
quem nunc tam longe non inter nota sepulcra
nec prope cognatos compositum cineres,
sed Troia obscena, Troia infelice sepultum
detinet extremo terra aliena solo.
ad quam tum properans fertur undique pubes
Graecae penetralis deseruisse focos,
ne Paris abducta gavisus libera moecha
otia pacato degeret in thalamo.
quo tibi tum casu, pulcerrima Laudamia,
ereptum est vita dulcius atque anima
coniugium: tanto te absorbens vertice amoris
aestus in abruptum detulerat barathrum,
quale ferunt Grai Pheneum prope Cylleneum
siccare emulsa pingue palude solum,
quod quondam caesis montis fodisse medullis
audit falsiparens Amphitryoniades,
tempore quo certa Stymphalia monstra sagitta
perculit imperio deterioris eri,
pluribus ut caeli tereretur ianua divis,
Hebe nec longa virginitate foret.
sed tuus altus amor barathro fuit altior illo,
qui tamen indomitam ferre iugum docuit.
nam nec tam carum confecto aetate parenti
una caput seri nata nepotis alit,
qui cum divitiis vix tandem iuventus avitis
nomen testatas intulit in tabulas,
impia derisi gentilis gaudia tollens,
suscitat a cano volturium capiti:
nec tantum niveo gavisus est ulla columbo
compar, quae multo dicitur improbius
oscula mordenti semper decerpere rostro,
quam quae praecipue multivola est mulier.
sed tu horum magnos vicisti sola furores,

ut semel es flavo conciliata viro.
aut nihil aut paulum cui tum concedere digna
lux mea se nostrum contulit in gremium,
quam circumcursans hinc illinc saepe Cupido
fulgebat crocina candidus in tunica.
quae tamen etsi uno non est contenta Catullo,
rara verecundae furta feremus erae
ne nimium simus stultorum more molesti.
saepe etiam Iuno, maxima caelicolum,
coniugis in culpa flagrantem concoquit iram,
noscens omnivoli plurima furta Iovis.
atqui nec divis homines componier aequum est,

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ingratum tremuli tolle parentis onus.
nec tamen illa mihi dextra deducta paterna
fragrantem Assyrio venit odore domum,
sed furtiva dedit mira munuscula nocte,
ipsius ex ipso dempta viri gremio.
quare illud satis est, si nobis is datur unis
quem lapide illa dies candidiore notat.
hoc tibi, quod potui, confectum carmine munus
pro multis, Alli, redditur officiis,
ne vestrum scabra tangat rubigine nomen
haec atque illa dies atque alia atque alia.
huc addent divi quam plurima, quae Themis olim
antiquis solita est munera ferre piis.
sitis felices et tu simul et tua vita,
et domus in qua lusimus et domina,
et qui principio nobis terram dedit aufert,
a quo sunt primo omnia nata bona,
et longe ante omnes mihi quae me carior ipso est,
lux mea, qua viva vivere dulce mihi est.

LXIX. ad Rufum

Noli admirari, quare tibi femina nulla,
Rufe, velit tenerum supposuisse femur,
non si illam rarae labefactes munere vestis
aut perluciduli deliciis lapidis.
laedit te quaedam mala fabula, qua tibi fertur
uallē sub alarum trux habitare caper.
hunc metuunt omnes, neque mirum: nam mala valde est
bestia, nec quicum bella puella cubet.
quare aut crudelem nasorum interfice pestem,
aut admirari desine cur fugiunt.

LXX.

Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle
 quam mihi, non si se Iuppiter ipse petat.
dicit: sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
 in vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua.

LXXI.

Si cui iure bono sacer alarum obstitit hircus,
aut si quem merito tarda podagra secat.
aemulus iste tuus, qui vestrem exercet amorem,
mirifice est a te nactus utrumque malum.
nam quotiens futuit, totiens ulciscitur ambos:
illam affligit odore, ipse perit podagra.

LXXII. ad Lesbiam

Dicebas quondam solum te nosse Catullum,
Lesbia, nec prae me velle tenere Iovem.
dilexi tum te non tantum ut vulgus amicam,
sed pater ut gnatos diligit et generos.
nunc te cognovi: quare etsi impensius uror,
multo mi tamen es vilior et levior.
qui potis est, inquis? quod amantem iniuria talis
cogit amare magis, sed bene velle minus.

LXXIII.

Desine de quoquam quicquam bene velle mereri
aut aliquem fieri posse putare pium.
omnia sunt ingrata, nihil fecisse benigne
immo etiam taedet obestque magis;
ut mihi, quem nemo gravius nec acerbius urget,
quam modo qui me unum atque unicum amicum habuit.

LXXIV. ad Gellium

Gellius audierat patruum obiurgare solere,
 si quis delicias diceret aut faceret.
hoc ne ipsi accideret, patru perdepsuit ipsam
 uxorem, et patruum reddidit Arpocratem.
quod voluit fecit: nam, quamvis irrumet ipsum
 nunc patruum, verbum non faciet patruus.

LXXV. ad Lesbiam

Huc est mens deducta tua mea, Lesbia, culpa
atque ita se officio perdidit ipsa suo,
ut iam nec bene velle queat tibi, si optima fias,
nec desistere amare, omnia si facias.

LXXVI. ad deos

Siqua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas
est homini, cum se cogitat esse pium,
nec sanctam violasse fidem, nec foedere nullo
divum ad fallendos numine abusum homines,
multa parata manent in longa aetate, Catulle,
ex hoc ingrato gaudia amore tibi.
nam quaecumque homines bene cuiquam aut dicere possunt
aut facere, haec a te dictaque factaque sunt.
omnia quae ingratae perierunt credita menti.
quare iam te cur amplius excrucies?
quin tu animo offirmas atque istinc teque reduces,
et dis invitis desinis esse miser?
difficile est longum subito deponere amorem,
difficile est, verum hoc qua lubet efficias:
una salus haec est. hoc est tibi pervincendum,
hoc facias, sive id non pote sive pote.
o di, si vestrum est misereri, aut si quibus umquam
extremam iam ipsa in morte tulistis opem,
me miserum aspicite et, si vitam puriter egi,
eripite hanc pestem perniciemque mihi,
quae mihi subrepens imos ut torpor in artus
expulit ex omni pectore laetitias.
non iam illud quaero, contra me ut diligat illa,
aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit:
ipse valere opto et taetrum hunc deponere morbum.
o di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea.

LXXVII. ad Rufum

Rufe mihi frustra ac nequiquam credite amice
 (frustra? immo magno cum pretio atque malo),
sicine subrepsti mi, atque intestina perurens
 ei misero eripuisti omnia nostra bona?
eripuisti, heu heu nostrae crudele venenum
 vitae, heu heu nostrae pestis amicitiae.

LXXVIII. ad Gallum

Gallus habet fratres, quorum est lepidissima coniunx
alterius, lepidus filius alterius.

Gallus homo est bellus: nam dulces iungit amores,
cum puero ut bello bella puella cubet.

Gallus homo est stultus, nec se videt esse maritum,
qui patruus patruī monstret adulterium.

LXXVIIIb.

* * * * *

sed nunc id doleo, quod purae pura puellae
suavia comminxit spurca saliva tua.
verum id non impune feres: nam te omnia saecula
noscent et, qui sis, fama loquetur anus.

LXXIX. ad Lesbium

Lesbius est pulcer. quid ni? quem Lesbia malit
quam te cum tota gente, Catulle, tua.
sed tamen hic pulcer vendat cum gente Catullum,
si tria natorum suavia reppererit.

LXXX. ad Gellium

Quid dicam, Gelli, quare rosea ista labella
hiberna fiant candidiora nive,
mane domo cum exis et cum te octava quiete
e molli longo suscitatur hora die?
nescio quid certe est: an vere fama susurrat
grandia te medii tenta vorare viri?
sic certe est: clamant Victoris rupta miselli
ilia, et emulso labra notata sero.

LXXXI. ad Iuventium

Nemone in tanto potuit populo esse, Iuventi,
bellus homo, quem tu diligere inciperes.
praeterquam iste tuus moribunda ab sede Pisauri
hospes inaurata palladior statua,
qui tibi nunc cordi est, quem tu praeponere nobis
audes, et nescis quod facinus facias?

LXXXII. ad Qvintium

Quinti, si tibi vis oculos debere Catullum
aut aliud si quid carius est oculis,
eripere ei noli, multo quod carius illi
est oculis seu quid carius est oculis.

LXXXIII. ad Lesbiam

Lesbia mi praesente viro mala plurima dicit:

haec illi fatuo maxima laetitia est.

mule, nihil sentis? si nostri oblita taceret,

sana esset: nunc quod gannit et obloquitur,

non solum meminit, sed, quae multo acrior est res,

irata est. hoc est, uritur et loquitur.

LXXXIV. ad Arrium

Chommoda dicebat, si quando commoda vellet
dicere, et insidias Arrius hinsidias,
et tum mirifice sperabat se esse locutum,
cum quantum poterat dixerat hinsidias.
credo, sic mater, sic liber avunculus eius.
sic maternus auus dixerat atque avia.
hoc misso in Syriam requierant omnibus aures
audibant eadem haec leniter et leviter,
nec sibi postilla metuebant talia verba,
cum subito affertur nuntius horribilis,
Ionios fluctus, postquam illuc Arrius isset,
iam non Ionios esse sed Hionios.

LXXXV.

Odi et amo. quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.
nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

LXXXVI. ad Lesbiam

Quintia formosa est multis. mihi candida, longa,
 recta est: haec ego sic singula confiteor.
totum illud formosa nego: nam nulla venustas,
 nulla in tam magno est corpore mica salis.
Lesbia formosa est, quae cum pulcerrima tota est,
 tum omnibus una omnis surripuit Veneres.

LXXXVII. ad Lesbiam

Nulla potest mulier tantum se dicere amatam
 vere, quantum a me Lesbia amata mea est.
nulla fides ullo fuit umquam foedere tanta,
 quanta in amore tuo ex parte reperta mea est.

LXXXVIII. ad Gellium

Quid facit is, Gelli, qui cum matre atque sorore
prurit, et abiectis pervigilat tunicis?
quid facit is, patruum qui non sinit esse maritum?
ecquid scis quantum suscipiat sceleris?
suscipit, o Gelli, quantum non ultima Tethys
nec genitor Nympharum abluit Oceanus:
nam nihil est quicquam sceleris, quo prodeat ultra,
non si demisso se ipse voret capite.

LXXXIX. ad Gellium

Gellius est tenuis: quid ni? cui tam bona mater
tamque valens vivat tamque venusta soror
tamque bonus patruus tamque omnia plena puellis
cognatis, quare is desinat esse macer?
qui ut nihil attingat, nisi quod fas tangere non est,
quantumvis quare sit macer invenies.

XC. ad Gellium

Nascatur magus ex Gelli matrisque nefando
coniugio et discat Persicum aruspiciū:
nam magus ex matre et gnato gignatur oportet,
si vera est Persarum impia religio,
gratus ut accepto veneretur carmine divos
omentum in flamma pingue liquefaciens.

XCI. ad Gellium

Non ideo, Gelli, sperabam te mihi fidum
in misero hoc nostro, hoc perduto amore fore,
quod te cognossem bene constantemve putarem
aut posse a turpi mentem inhibere probro;
sed neque quod matrem nec germanam esse videbam
hanc tibi, cuius me magnus edebat amor.
et quamvis tecum multo coniungerer usu,
non satis id causae credideram esse tibi.
tu satis id ducti: tantum tibi gaudium in omni
culpa est, in quacumque est aliquid sceleris.

XCII. ad Lesbia

Lesbia mi dicit semper male nec tacet umquam
de me: Lesbia me dispeream nisi amat.
quo signo? quia sunt totidem mea: deprecor illam
assidue, verum dispeream nisi amo.

XCIII. ad Gaium Iulium Caesarem

Nil nimium studeo, Caesar, tibi velle placere,
nec scire utrum sis albus an ater homo.

XCIV. ad Mentulam

Mentula moechatur. Moechatur mentula? Certe.

Hoc est quod dicunt: ipsa olera olla legit.

XCV. ad Gaium Helvium Cinnam

Zmyrna mei Cinnae nonam post denique messem
 quam coepta est nonamque edita post hiemem,
milia cum interea quingenta Hortensius uno

* * * * *

Zmyrna cavas Satrachi penitus mittetur ad undas,
 Zmyrnam cana diu saecula pervoluent.
at Volusi annales Paduam morientur ad ipsam
 et laxas scombris saepe dabunt tunicas.

XCVb.

Parva mei mihi sint cordi monimenta ...,
at populus tumido gaudeat Antimacho.

XCVI. ad Gaium Licinium Calvum

Si quicquam mutis gratum acceptumque sepulcris
 accidere a nostro, Calve, dolore potest,
quo desiderio veteres renovamus amores
 atque olim missas flemus amicitias,
certe non tanto mors immatura dolori est
 Qvintiliae, quantum gaudet amore tuo.

XCVII. ad Aemilium

Non (ita me di ament) quicquam referre putavi,
utrumne os an culum olfacerem Aemilio.
nilo mundius hoc, nihiloque immundius illud,
verum etiam culus mundior et melior:
nam sine dentibus est. hic dentis sesquipedalis,
gingivas vero ploxeni habet veteris,
praeterea rictum qualem diffissus in aestu
meientis mulae cunnus habere solet.
hic futuit multas et se facit esse venustum,
et non pistrino traditur atque asino?
quem siqua attingit, non illam posse putemus
aegroti culum lingere carnificis?

XCVIII. ad Victium

In te, si in quemquam, dici pote, putide Victi,
id quod verbosis dicitur et fatuis.
ista cum lingua, si usus veniat tibi, possis
culos et crepidas lingere carpatinas.
si nos omnino vis omnes perdere, Victi,
hiscas: omnino quod cupis efficies.

XCIX. ad Iuventium

Surripui tibi, dum ludis, mellite Iuventi,
 suaviolum dulci dulcius ambrosia.
verum id non impune tuli: namque amplius horam
 suffixum in summa me memini esse cruce,
dum tibi me purgo nec possum fletibus ullis
 tantillum vestrae demere saevitiae.
nam simul id factum est, multis diluta labella
 guttis abstersisti omnibus articulis,
ne quicquam nostro contractum ex ore maneret,
 tamquam commictae spurca saliva lupae.
praeterea infesto miserum me tradere amori
 non cessasti omnique excruciare modo,
ut mi ex ambrosia mutatum iam foret illud
 suaviolum tristi tristius elleboro.
quam quoniam poenam misero proponis amori,
 numquam iam posthac basia surripiam.

C. ad Marcum Caelium furum

Caelius Aufillenum et Qvintius Aufillenam
flos Veronensum depereunt iuvenum,
hic fratrem, ille sororem. hoc est, quod dicitur, illud
fratrum vere dulce sodalicium.
cui faveam potius? Caeli, tibi: nam tua nobis
perspecta ex igni est unica amicitia,
cum vesana meas torreret flamma medullas.
sis felix, Caeli, sis in amore potens.

CI. ad inferias

Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem.
quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum.
heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi,
nunc tamen interea haec, prisco quae more parentum
tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.

CII. ad Cornelium Nepotem

Si quicquam tacito commissum est fido ab amico,
cuius sit penitus nota fides animi,
meque esse invenies illorum iure sacratum,
Corneli, et factum me esse puta Arpocratem.

CIII. ad Silonem

Aut sodes mihi redde decem sestertia, Silo,
deinde esto quamvis saevus et indomitus:
aut, si te nummi delectant, desine quaeso
leno esse atque idem saevus et indomitus.

CIV.

Credis me potuisse meae maledicere vitae,
ambobus mihi quae carior est oculis?
non potui, nec, si possem, tam perditæ amarem:
sed tu cum Tappone omnia monstra facis.

CV. ad Mentulam

Mentula conatur Pipeium scandere montem:
Musae furcillis praecipitem eiciunt.

CVI.

Cum puero bello praeconem qui videt esse,
quid credat, nisi se vendere discupere?

CVII. ad Lesbiam

Si quicquam cupido optantique optigit umquam
insperanti, hoc est gratum animo proprie.
quare hoc est gratum nobis quoque carius auro
quod te restituis, Lesbia, mi cupido.
restituis cupido atque insperanti, ipsa refers te
nobis. o lucem candidiore nota!
quis me uno vivit felicior aut magis hac est
optandus vita dicere quis poterit?

CVIII. ad Cominium

Si, Comini, populi arbitrio tua cana senectus
 spurcata impuris moribus intereat,
non equidem dubito quin primum inimica bonorum
 lingua exsecta avido sit data vulturio,
effossos oculos voret atro gutture coruus,
 intestina canes, cetera membra lupi.

CIX. ad Lesbiam

Iucundum, mea vita, mihi proponis amorem
hunc nostrum inter nos perpetuumque fore.
di magni, facite ut vere promittere possit,
atque id sincere dicat et ex animo,
ut liceat nobis tota perducere vita
aeternum hoc sanctae foedus amicitiae.

CX. ad Aufilenam

Aufilena, bonae semper laudantur amicae:

accipiunt pretium, quae facere instituunt.

tu, quod promisti, mihi quod mentita inimica es,

quod nec das et fers saepe, facis facinus.

aut facere ingenuae est, aut non promisse pudicae,

Aufillena, fuit: sed data corripere

fraudando officiis, plus quam meretricis avarae

quae sese toto corpore prostituit.

CXI. ad Aufilenam

Aufilena, viro contentam vivere solo,
nuptarum laus ex laudibus eximiis:
sed cuivis quamvis potius succumbere par est,
quam matrem fratres efficere ex patruo...

CXII. ad Nasonem

Multus homo es, Naso, neque tecum multus homo
te scindat: Naso, multus es et pathicus.

CXIII. ad Gaium Helvium Cinnam

Consule Pompeio primum duo, Cinna, solebant
Maeciliam: facto consule nunc iterum
manserunt duo, sed creverunt milia in unum
singula. fecundum semen adulterio.

CXIV. ad Mentulam

Firmanus saltu non falso Mentula diues
fertur, qui tot res in se habet egregias,
aucupium omne genus, piscis, prata, arva ferasque.
nequiquam: fructus sumptibus exsuperat.
quare concedo sit diues, dum omnia desint.
saltum laudemus, dum modo ipse egeat.

CXV. ad Mentulam

Mentula habet instar triginta iugera prati,
quadraginta arui: cetera sunt maria.
cur non divitiis Croesum superare potis sit,
uno qui in saltu tot bona possideat,
prata arva ingentes silvas saltusque paludesque
usque ad Hyperboreos et mare ad Oceanum?
omnia magna haec sunt, tamen ipsest maximus ultro,
non homo, sed vero mentula magna minax.

CXVI. ad Gellium

Saepe tibi studioso animo venante requirens
carmina uti possem mittere Battiadae,
qui te lenirem nobis, neu conarere
tela infesta mittere in usque caput,
hunc video mihi nunc frustra sumptum esse laborem,
Gelli, nec nostras hic valuisse preces.
contra nos tela ista tua evitabimus amitha
at fixus nostris tu dabis supplicium.

Fragmenta I.

Hunc lucum tibi dedico consecroque, Priape,
qua domus tua Lampsaci est quaque ... Priape.
nam te praecipue in suis urbibus colit ora
Hellespontia, ceteris ostriosior oris.

Fragmenta II.

de meo ligurrare libido est

Fragmenta III.

at non effugies meos iampos

The Dual Text



Tivoli, Villa d'Este — Catullus owned a villa near the resort of Tibur (Tivoli)

DUAL LATIN AND ENGLISH TEXT



Translated by Francis Warre Cornish

In this section, readers can view a section by section text of Catullus' poems, alternating between the original Latin and Cornish's English translation.

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FRAGMENTS

I.

II.

III.

IV.

V.

I. ad Cornelium

Cui dono lepidum novum libellum
arida modo pumice expositum?
Corneli, tibi: namque tu solebas
meas esse aliquid putare nugas.
Iam tum, cum ausus es unus Italorum
omne aevum tribus explicare cartis . . .
Doctis, Iuppiter, et laboriosis!
Quare habe tibi quidquid hoc libelli —
qualecumque, quod, o patrona virgo,
plus uno maneat perenne saeclo!

I

To whom am I to present my pretty new book, freshly smoothed off with dry pumice-stone? To you, Cornelius: for you used to think that my trifles were worth something, long ago, when you took courage, you alone of Italians, to set forth the whole history of the world in three volumes, learned volumes, by Jupiter, and laboriously wrought. So take and keep for your own this little book, such as it is, and whatever it is worth; and may it, O Virgin my patroness, live and last for more than one century.

II. fletus passeris Lesbiae

Passer, deliciae meae puellae,
quicum ludere, quem in sinu tenere,
cui primum digitum dare appetenti
et acris solet incitare morsus,
cum desiderio meo nitenti
carum nescio quid lubet iocari
et solaciolum sui doloris,
credo ut tum gravis acquiescat ardor:
tecum ludere sicut ipsa possem
et tristis animi levare curas!

II

SPARROW, my lady's pet, with whom she often plays whilst she holds you in her lap, or gives you her finger-tip to peck and provokes you to bite sharply, whenever she, the bright-shining lady of my love, has a mind for some sweet pretty play, in hope, as I think, that when the sharper smart of love abates, she may find some small relief from her pain — ah, might I but play with you as she does, and lighten the gloomy cares of my heart!

IIb.

Tam gratum est mihi quam ferunt puellae
pernici aureolum fuisse malum,
quod zonam soluit diu ligatam.

IIA (a fragment)

THIS is as welcome to me as to the swift maiden was (they say) the golden
apple, which loosed her girdle too long tied.

III. fletus passeris Lesbiae

Lugete, o Veneres Cupidinesque,
et quantum est hominum venustiorum:
passer mortuus est meae puellae,
passer, deliciae meae puellae,
quem plus illa oculis suis amabat.
nam mellitus erat suamque norat
ipsam tam bene quam puella matrem,
nec sese a gremio illius movebat,
sed circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc
ad solam dominam usque pipiabat.

III

MOURN, ye Graces and Loves, and all you whom the Graces love. My lady's sparrow is dead, the sparrow my lady's pet, whom she loved more than her very eyes; for honey-sweet he was, and knew his mistress as well as a girl knows her own mother. Nor would he stir from her lap, but hopping now here, now there, would still chirp to his mistress alone.

qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
illuc, unde negant redire quemquam.
at vobis male sit, malae tenebrae
Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis:
tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis
o factum male! o miselle passer!
tua nunc opera meae puellae
flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

Now he goes along the dark road, thither whence they say no one returns. But curse upon you, cursed shades of Orcus, which devour all pretty things! My pretty sparrow, you have taken him away. Ah, cruel! Ah, poor little bird! All because of you my lady's darling eyes are heavy and red with weeping.

IV. de phasello

Phaselus ille, quem videtis, hospites,
ait fuisse navium celerrimus,
neque ullius natantis impetum trabis
nequisse praeterire, sive palmulis
opus foret volare sive linteo.
et hoc negat minacis Hadriatici
negare litus insulasve Cycladas
Rhodumque nobilem horridamque Thraciam
Propontida trucemve Ponticum sinum,
ubi iste post phaselus antea fuit
comata silva; nam Cytorio in iugo
loquente saepe sibilum edidit coma.

IV

THE pinnacle you see, my friends, says that she was once the fleetest of ships, and that there was never any timber afloat whose speed she was not able to pass, whether she would fly with oar-blades or with canvas. And this (says she) the shore of the blustering Adriatic does not deny, nor the Cyclad isles and famous Rhodes and the wild Thracian Propontis, nor the gloomy gulf of Pontus, where she who was afterwards a pinnacle was formerly a leafy forest: for on the height of Cytorus she often rustled with talking leaves.

Amastri Pontica et Cytore buxifer,
tibi haec fuisse et esse cognitissima
ait phaselus: ultima ex origine
tuo stetisse dicit in cacumine,
tuo imbuisse palmulas in aequore,
et inde tot per impotentia freta
erum tulisse, laeva sive dextera
vocaret aura, sive utrumque Iuppiter
simul secundus incidisset in pedem;
neque ulla vota litoralibus deis
sibi esse facta, cum veniret a mari
novissimo hunc ad usque limpidum lacum.
sed haec prius fuere: nunc recondita
senet quiete seque dedicat tibi,
gemelle Castor et gemelle Castoris.

Pontic Amastris and Cytorus green with box, my galley says that all this was and is well known to thee; she says that from her earliest birth time she stood on thy summit, in thy waters first dipped her blades, and thence over so many

riotous seas brought her owner, whether the breeze from left or right invited, or Jove came down astern on both sheets at once; and that no vows to the gods of the shore were made by her all the time she was sailing from the furthest sea even to this limpid lake.

But these things are past and gone; now she rests in old age and retired leisure, and dedicates herself to thee, twin Castor, and to thee, Castor's twin.

V. ad Lesbiam

Vivamus mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
rumoresque senum severiorum
omnes unius aestimemus assis!
soles occidere et redire possunt:
nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
nox est perpetua una dormienda.
da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.
dein, cum milia multa fecerimus,
conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
aut ne quis malus invidere possit,
cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.

V

LET us live, my Lesbia, and love, and value at one farthing all the talk of crabbed old men. Suns may set and rise again. For us, when the short light has once set, remains to be slept the sleep of one unbroken night. Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred, then another thousand, then a second hundred, then yet another thousand, then a hundred. Then, when we have made up many thousands, we will confuse our counting, that we may not know the reckoning, nor any malicious person blight them with evil eye, when he knows that our kisses are so many.

VI. ad Flavium

Flavi, delicias tuas Catullo,
ni sint illepidae atque inelegantes,
velles dicere nec tacere posses.
verum nescio quid febriculosi
scorti diligis: hoc pudet fateri.
nam te non viduas iacere noctes
nequiquam tacitum cubile clamat
sertis ac Syrio fragrans olivo,
pulvinusque peraeque et hic et ille
attritus, tremulique quassa lecti
argutatio inambulatioque.

VI

FLAVIUS, if it were not that your mistress is rustic and unrefined, you would want to speak of her to your Catullus; you would not be able to help it. But (I am sure) you are in love with some unhealthy-looking wench; and you are ashamed to confess it.

nam inista prevalet nihil tacere.
cur? non tam latera ecfututa pandas,
ni tu quid facias ineptiarum.
quare, quidquid habes boni malique,
dic nobis. volo te ac tuos amores
ad caelum lepido vocare versu.

But though you are silent, the garlands and perfumes about the bed, and the bed itself, show that you do not sleep alone. Well then, whatever you have to tell, good or bad, let me know it. I wish to call you and your love to the skies by the power of my merry verse.

VII. ad Lesbiam

Quaeris, quot mihi basiationes
tuae, Lesbia, sint satis superque.
quam magnus numerus Libyssae harenae
lasarpiciferis iacet Cyrenis
oraclum Iovis inter aestuosi
et Batti veteris sacrum sepulcrum;
aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
furtivos hominum vident amores:
tam te basia multa basiare
vesano satis et super Catullo est,
quae nec pernumerare curiosi
possint nec mala fascinare lingua.

VII

You ask how many kissings of you, Lesbia, are enough for me and more than enough. As great as is the number of the Libyan sand that lies on silphium-bearing Cyrene, between the oracle of sultry Jove and the sacred tomb of old Battus; or as many as are the stars, when night is silent, that see the stolen loves of men, — to kiss you with so many kisses, Lesbia, is enough and more than enough for your mad Catullus; kisses, which neither curious eyes shall count up nor an evil tongue bewitch.

VIII. ad se ipsum

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire,
et quod vides perisse perditum ducas.
fulsere quondam candidi tibi soles,
cum ventitabas quo puella ducebat
amata nobis quantum amabitur nulla.
ibi illa multa cum iocosa fiebant,
quae tu volebas nec puella nolebat,
fulsere vere candidi tibi soles.
nunc iam illa non vult: tu quoque impotens noli,
nec quae fugit sectare, nec miser vive,
sed obstinata mente perfer, obdura.

VIII

POOR Catullus, 'tis time you should cease your folly, and account as lost what you see is lost. Once the days shone bright on you, when you used to go so often where my mistress led, she who was loved by me as none will ever be loved. There and then were given us those joys, so many, so merry, which you desired nor did my lady not desire. Bright to you, truly, shone the days. Now she desires no more — no more should you desire, poor madman, nor follow her who flies, nor live in misery, but with resolved mind endure, be firm.

vale puella, iam Catullus obdurat,
nec te requiret nec rogabit invitam.
at tu dolebis, cum rogaberis nulla.
scelestas, vae te, quae tibi manet vita?
quis nunc te adibit? cui videberis bella?
quem nunc amabis? cuius esse diceris?
quem basiabis? cui labella mordebis?
at tu, Catulle, destinatus obdura.

Farewell, my mistress; now Catullus is firm; he will not seek you nor ask you against your will. But you will be sorry, when your nightly favours are no more desired. Ah, poor wretch! what life is left for you? Who now will visit you? to whom will you seem fair? whom now will you love? by whose name will you be called? whom will you kiss? whose lips will you bite? But you, Catullus, be resolved and firm.

IX. ad Veranium

Verani, omnibus e meis amicis
antistans mihi milibus trecentis,
venistine domum ad tuos penates
fratresque unanimos anumque matrem?
venisti. o mihi nuntii beati!
visam te incolumem audiamque Hiberum
narrantem loca, facta nationes,
ut mos est tuus, applicansque collum
iucundum os oculosque suaviabor.
o quantum est hominum beatiorum,
quid me laetius est beatiusve?

IX

VERANIUS, preferred by me to three hundred thousand out of all the number of my friends, have you then come home to your own hearth and your affectionate brothers and your aged mother? You have indeed; O joyful news to me! I shall look upon you safe returned, and hear you telling of the country, the history, the various tribes of the Hiberians, as is your way, and drawing your neck nearer to me I shall kiss your beloved mouth and eyes. Oh, of aid men more blest than others, who is more glad, more blest than I?

X. ad Varum

Varus me meus ad suos amores
visum duxerat e foro otiosum,
scortillum, ut mihi tum repente visum est,
non sane illepidum neque invenustum,
huc ut venimus, incidere nobis
sermone varii, in quibus, quid esset
iam Bithynia, quo modo se haberet,
et quonam mihi profuisset aere.
 respondi id quod erat, nihil neque ipsis
nec praetoribus esse nec cohorti,
cur quisquam caput unctius referret,
praesertim quibus esset irrumator
praetor, nec faceret pili cohortem.

X

MY dear Varus had taken me from the Forum, where I was idling, to pay a visit to his mistress, a little thing, as I thought at a first glance, not at all amiss in manner or looks. When we got there, we fell talking of this and that, and amongst other things, what sort of place Bithynia was now, how its affairs were going on, whether had made any money there. I answered (what was true) that as things now are, neither praetors themselves nor their staff can find any means of coming back fatter than they went, especially as they had such a beast for a praetor, a fellow who did not care a straw for his subalterns.

‘at certe tamen,’ inquiunt ‘quod illic
natum dicitur esse, comparasti
ad lecticam homines.’ ego, ut puellae
unum me facerem beatiorem,
‘non’ inquam ‘mihi tam fuit maligne
ut, provincia quod mala incidisset,
non possem octo homines parare rectos.’
at mi nullus erat nec hic neque illic
fractum qui veteris pedem grabati
in collo sibi collocare posset.
hic illa, ut decuit cinaediorum,
‘quaeso’ inquit ‘mihi, mi Catulle, paulum
istos commoda: nam volo ad Serapim
deferri.’

“Well, but at any rate,” say they, “you must have got some bearers for your chair. I am told that is the country where they are bred.” I, to make myself out

to the girl as specially fortunate above the rest, say, “Things did not go so unkindly with me — bad as the province was which fell to my chance — as to prevent my getting eight straight-backed fellows.” Now I had not a single one, here or there, strong enough to hoist on his shoulder the broken leg of an old sofa. Says she (just like her shamelessness), “I beg you, my dear Catullus, do lend me those slaves you speak of for a moment; I want just now to be taken to the temple of Serapis.”

‘mane’ inquit puellae,
‘istud quod modo dixeram me habere,
fugit me ratio: meus sodalis —
Cinna est Gaius — is sibi paravit.
verum, utrum illius an mei, quid ad me?
utor tam bene quam mihi pararim.
sed tu insulsa male et molesta vivis,
per quam non licet esse neglegentem.’

“Stop,” say I to the girl, “what I said just now about those slaves, that they were mine, it was a slip; there is a friend of mine — Gaius Cinna it is — ; it was he who bought them for his own use; but it is all one to me whether they are his or mine, I use them just as if I had bought them for myself: but you are a stupid, tiresome thing, who will never let one be off one’s guard.”

XI. ad Furium et Aurelium

Furi et Aureli comites Catulli,
sive in extremos penetrabit Indos,
litus ut longe resonante Eoa
 tunditur unda,
sive in Hyrcanos Arabesve molles,
seu Sagas sagittiferosve Parthos,
sive quae septemgeminus colorat
 aequora Nilus,
sive trans altas gradietur Alpes,
Caesaris visens monimenta magni,
Gallicum Rhenum horribile aequor ulti-
 mosque Britannos,
omnia haec, quaecumque feret voluntas
caelitum, temptare simul parati,
pauca nuntiate meae puellae
 non bona dicta.

XI

FURIUS and Aurelius, who will be Catullus's fellow-travellers, whether he makes his way even to distant India, where the shore is beaten by the far-resounding eastern wave, or to Hyrcania and soft Arabia, or to the Sacae and archer Parthians, or those plains which sevenfold Nile dyes with his flood, or whether he will tramp across the high Alps, to visit the memorials of great Caesar, the Gaulish Rhine, the formidable Britons, remotest of men — O my friends, ready as you are to encounter all these risks with me, whatever the will of the gods above shall bring, take a little message, not a kind message, to my mistress.

cum suis vivat valeatque moechis,
quos simul complexa tenet trecentos,
nullum amans vere, sed identidem omnium
 ilia rumpens;
nec meum respectet, ut ante, amorem,
qui illius culpa cecidit velut prati
ultimi flos, praetereunte postquam
 tactus aratro est.

Bid her live and be happy with her paramours, three hundred of whom she holds at once in her embrace, not loving one of them really, but again and again draining the strength of all. And let her not look to find my love, as before; my love, which by her fault has dropped, like a flower on the

meadow's edge, when it has been touched by the plough passing by.

XII. ad Matrucinum Asinium

Marrucine Asini, manu sinistra
non belle uteris: in ioco atque vino
tollis linthea neglegentiorum.
hoc salsum esse putas? fugit te, inepte:
quamvis sordida res et invenusta est.
non credis mihi? crede Pollioni
fratri, qui tua furta vel talento
mutari velit: est enim leporum
differtus puer ac facetiarum.

XII

ASINIUS MARRUCINUS, you do not make a pretty use of your left hand when we are laughing and drinking; you take away the napkins of people who are off their guard. Do you think this a good joke? You are mistaken, you silly fellow; it is ever so ill-bred, and in the worst taste. You don't believe me? believe your brother Pollio, who would be glad to have your thefts redeemed at the cost of a whole talent; for he is a boy who is a master of all that is witty and amusing.

quare aut hendecasyllabos trecentos
exspecta, aut mihi lintheum remitte,
quod me non movet aestimatione,
verum est mnemosynum mei sodalis.
nam sudaria Saetaba ex Hiberis
miserunt mihi muneri Fabullus
et Veranius: haec amem necesse est
ut Veraniolum meum et Fabullum.

So now either look out for three hundred hendecasyllables, or send me back my napkin — which does not concern me for what it is worth, but because it is a keepsake from my old friend; for Fabullus and Veranius sent me some Saetaban napkins as a present from Hiberia. How can I help being fond of these, as I am of my dear Veranius and Fabullus?

XIII. ad Fabullum

Cenabis bene, mi Fabulle, apud me
paucis, si tibi di favent, diebus,
si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam
cenam, non sine candida puella
et vino et sale et omnibus cachinnis.
haec si, inquam, attuleris, venuste noster,
cenabis bene; nam tui Catulli
plenus sacculus est aranearum.

XIII

You shall have a good dinner at my house, Fabullus, in a few days, please the gods, if you bring with you a good dinner and plenty of it, not forgetting a pretty girl and wine and wit and all kinds of laughter. If, I say, you bring all this, my charming friend, you shall have a good dinner; for the purse of your Catullus is full of cobwebs.

sed contra accipies meros amores
seu quid suavius elegantiusve est:
nam unguentum dabo, quod meae puellae
donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque,
quod tu cum olfacies, deos rogabis,
totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum.

But on the other hand you shall have from me love's very essence, or what is sweeter or more delicious than love, if sweeter there be; for I will give you some perfume which the Venuses and Loves gave to my lady; and when you snuff its fragrance, you will pray the gods to make you, Fabullus, nothing but nose.

XIV. ad Calvum poetam

Ni te plus oculis meis amarem,
iucundissime Calve, munere isto
odissem te odio Vatiniano:
nam quid feci ego quidve sum locutus,
cur me tot male perderes poetis?
isti di mala multa dent clienti,
qui tantum tibi misit impiorum.

XIV

IF I did not love you more than my own eyes, my dearest Calvus, I should hate you, as we all hate Vatinus, because of this gift of yours; for what have I done, or what have I said, that you should bring destruction upon me with all these poets? May the gods send down all their plagues upon that client of yours who sent you such a set of sinners.

quod si, ut suspicor, hoc novum ac repertum
munus dat tibi Sulla litterator,
non est mi male, sed bene ac beate,
quod non dispereunt tui labores.
di magni, horribilem et sacrum libellum!

But if, as I suspect, this new and choice present is given you by Sulla the schoolmaster, then I am not vexed, but well and happy, because your labours are not lost. Great gods! what a portentous and accursed book!

quem tu scilicet ad tuum Catullum
misti, continuo ut die periret,
Saturnalibus, optimo dierum!
non non hoc tibi, false, sic abibit.

And this was the book which you sent your Catullus, to kill him off at once on the very day of the Saturnalia, best of days. No, no, you rogue, this shall not end so for you.

nam si luxerit ad librariorum
curram scrinia, Caesios, Aquinos,
Suffenum, omnia colligam venena.
ac te his suppliciis remunerabor.
vos hinc interea valet abite
illuc, unde malum pedem attulistis,
saecli incommoda, pessimi poetae.

For let the morning only come — I will be off to the shelves of the booksellers, sweep together Caesii, Aquini, Suffenus, and all such poisonous stuff, and with these penalties will I pay you back for your gift. You poets, meantime, farewell, away with you, back to that ill place whence you brought your cursed feet, you burdens of our age, you worst of poets.

XIVb.

Si qui forte mearum ineptiarum
lectores eritis manusque vestras
non horrebitis admovere nobis,

XIVB (a fragment)

O MY readers — if there be any who will read my nonsense, and not shrink
from touching me with your hands...

XV. ad Aurelium

Commendo tibi me ac meos amores,
Aureli. veniam peto pudentem,
ut, si quicquam animo tuo cupisti,
quod castum expeteres et integellum,
conserves puerum mihi pudice,
non dico a populo — nihil veremur
istos, qui in platea modo huc modo illuc
in re praetereunt sua occupati —
verum a te metuo tuoque pene
infesto pueris bonis malisque.

XV

To you, Aurelius, I entrust my all, even my loved one, and I ask a favour of you, a modest favour. If you have ever with all your soul desired to keep anything pure and free from stain, then guard my darling now in safety — I don't mean from the vulgar throng; I have no fear of such as pass to and fro our streets absorbed in their own business. 'Tis you I fear, you and your passions, so fatal to the young, both good and bad alike.

quem tu qua lubet, ut lubet moveto
quantum vis, ubi erit foris paratum:
hunc unum excipio, ut puto, pudenter.
quod si te mala mens furorque vecors
in tantam impulerit, sceleste, culpam,
ut nostrum insidiis caput lacesas.
a tum te miserum malique fati!
quem attractis pedibus patente porta
percurrent raphanique mugilesque.

Give those passions play where and how you please, ever ready for indulgence when you walk abroad. This one boy I would have you spare: methinks 'tis a modest request. And if infatuate frenzy drive you to the heinous crime of treason against *me*, ah! then I pity you for your sad fate. For before the city's gaze with fettered, feet you shall be tortured as cruelly as an adulterer.

XVI. ad Aurelium et Furium

Pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo,
Aureli pathice et cinaede Furi,
qui me ex versiculis meis putastis,
quod sunt molliculi, parum pudicum.
nam castum esse decet pium poetam
ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est;
qui tum denique habent salem ac leporem,
si sunt molliculi ac parum pudici,
et quod pruriat incitare possunt,
non dico pueris, sed his pilosis
qui duros nequeunt movere lumbos.
vos, quod milia multa basiorum
legistis, male me marem putatis?
pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo.

XVI

I will make you my boys and bone you, sexually submissive Aurelius and Furius the sodomite, who think, because my verses are voluptuous, that I am not chaste enough. For it is right that a poet be chaste himself; it is not at all necessary for his verses to be. My verses, in a word, may have a spice and charm, if they are voluptuous and not chaste enough, and because they are sexy and can arouse — I do not say boys — but this hairy pair who can't shake their stiffies. Because you have read of many thousand kisses, do you think me less a man? I will make you my boys and bone you!

XVII.

O Colonia, quae cupis ponte ludere longo,
et salire paratum habes, sed vereris inepta
crura ponticuli axulis stantis in redivivis,
ne supinus eat cavaque in palude recumbat:
sic tibi bonus ex tua pons libidine fiat,
in quo vel Salisubsali sacra suscipiantur,
munus hoc mihi maximi da, Colonia, risus.
quendam municipem meum de tuo volo ponte
ire praecipitem in lutum per caputque pedesque,
verum totius ut lacus putidaeque paludis
lividissima maximeque est profunda vorago.
insulsissimus est homo, nec sapit pueri instar
bimuli tremula patris dormientis in ulna.

XVII

O COLONIA, you who wish to have a long bridge on which to celebrate your games, and are quite ready to dance, but fear the ill-jointed legs of your little bridge, standing as it does on old posts done up again, lest it should fall sprawling and sink down in the depths of the mire; — may you have a good bridge made for you according to your desire, one in which the rites of Salisubsilus himself may be undertaken, on condition that you grant me this gift, Colonia, to make me laugh my loudest. There, is a townsman of mine whom I wish to go headlong from your bridge over head and heels into the mud; — only let it be where is the blackest and deepest pit of the whole bog with its stinking morass. The fellow is a perfect blockhead, and has not as much sense as a little baby two years old sleeping in the rocking arms of his father.

cui cum sit viridissimo nupta flore puella
et puella tenellulo delicatior haedo,
adservanda nigerrimis diligentius uvis,
ludere hanc sinit ut lubet, nec pili facit uni,
nec se subleuat ex sua parte, sed velut alnus
in fossa Liguri iacet supernata securi,
tantundem omnia sentiens quam si nulla sit usquam;
talis iste meus stupor nil videt, nihil audit,
ipse qui sit, utrum sit an non sit, id quoque nescit.
nunc eum volo de tuo ponte mittere pronum,
si pote stolidum repente excitare veternum,
et supinum animum in gravi derelinquere caeno,
ferream ut soleam tenaci in voragine mula.

He has for wife a girl in the freshest flower of youth; — a girl too; more exquisite than a tender kidling; one who ought to be guarded more diligently than ripest grapes — and he lets her play as she will; and does not care one straw, and for his part does not stir himself, but lies like an alder in a ditch hamstrung by a Ligurian axe, with just as much perception of everything as if it did not exist anywhere at all. Like this, my booby sees nothing, hears nothing; what he himself is, whether he is or is not, he does not know so much as this. He it is whom I want now to send head foremost from your bridge to try whether he can all in a moment wake up his stupid lethargy, and leave his sluggish mind there in the nasty sludge, as a mule leaves her iron shoe in the sticky mire.

XXI. ad Aurelium

Aureli, pater esuritionum,
non harum modo, sed quot aut fuerunt
aut sunt aut aliis erunt in annis,
pedicare cupis meos amores.
nec clam: nam simul es, iocaris una,
haerens ad latus omnia experiris.
frustra: nam insidias mihi instruentem
tangam te prior irrumatione.

XXI

AURELIUS, father of all starvations, not these only but all that have been or are or shall be in future years, you wish to sport with my favourite. And not on the quiet: you keep with him, jest in his company, you stick close to his side and leave nothing untried. All in vain: as you plot against me, I'll have at you first.

atque id si faceres satur, tacerem:
nunc ipsum id doleo, quod esurire
me me puer et sitire discet.
quare desine, dum licet pudico,
ne finem facias, sed irrumatus.

If you had your belly full I should say nothing; as it is, what annoys me is that my lad will learn how to be hungry and thirsty. Stop, then, while you can do so unharmed, or you will have to make an end in very different plight.

XXII. ad Varum

Suffenus iste, Vare, quem probe nosti,
homo est venustus et dicax et urbanus,
idemque longe plurimos facit versus.
puto esse ego illi milia aut decem aut plura
perscripta, nec sic ut fit in palimpsesto
relata: cartae regiae, novi libri,
novi umbilici, lora rubra membranae,
directa plumbo et pumice omnia aequata.
haec cum legas tu, bellus ille et urbanus
Suffenus unus caprimulgus aut fossor
rursus videtur: tantum abhorret ac mutat.

XXII

THAT Suffenus, Varus, whom you know very well, is a charming fellow, and has wit and good manners. He also makes many more verses than any one else. I suppose he has got some ten thousand or even more written out in full, and not, as is often done, put down on old scraps; imperial paper, new rolls, new bosses, red ties, parchment wrappers; all ruled with lead and smoothed with pumice. When you come to read these, the fashionable well-bred Suffenus I spoke of seems to be nothing but any goatherd or ditcher, to look at him again; so absurd and changed he is.

hoc quid putemus esse? qui modo scurra
aut si quid hac re scitius videbatur,
idem infaceto est infacetior rure,
simul poemata attigit, neque idem umquam
aeque est beatus ac poema cum scribit:
tam gaudet in se tamque se ipse miratur.
nimirum idem omnes fallimur, neque est quisquam
quem non in aliqua re videre Suffenum
possis. suus cuique attributus est error;
sed non videmus manticae quod in tergo est.

How are we to account for this? The same man who was just now a dinner-table wit or something (if such there be) even more practised, is more clumsy than the clumsy country, whenever he touches poetry; and at the same time he is never so happy as when he is writing a poem, he delights in himself and admires himself so much. True enough, we all are under the same delusion, and there is no one whom you may not see to be a Suffenus in one thing or another. Everybody has his own delusion assigned to him: but we do not see that part of the bag; which hangs on our back.

XXIII. ad Furium

Furi cui neque servus est neque arca
nec cimex neque araneus neque ignis,
verum est et pater et noverca, quorum
dentes vel silicem comesse possunt,
est pulcre tibi cum tuo parente
et cum coniuge lignea parentis.
nec mirum: bene nam valetis omnes,
pulcre concoquitis, nihil timetis,
non incendia, non graves rvinas,
non facta impia, non dolos veneni,
non casus alios periculorum.

XXIII

FURIUS, you who have neither a slave, nor a moneybox, nor a bug, nor a spider, nor a fire, but who have a father and a stepmother too, whose teeth can chew even a flintstone, you lead a merry life with your father and that dry stick, your father's wife. No wonder: you all enjoy the best health, your digestions are excellent, you have nothing to be afraid of; fires, dilapidations, cruel pilferings, plots to poison you, other chances of danger.

atque corpora sicciora cornu
aut siquid magis aridum est habetis
sole et frigore et esuritione.
quare non tibi sit bene ac beate?
a te sudor abest, abest saliva,
mucusque et mala pituita nasi.

And besides this, your bodies are as dry as horn, or drier still if drier thing there be, what with sun and cold and fasting. How can you, Furius, be otherwise than well and prosperous? You are free from sweat, free from spittle and rheum and troublesome running of the nose.

hanc ad munditiem adde mundiozem,
quod culus tibi purior salillo est,
nec toto decies cacas in anno;
atque id durius est faba et lapillis.
quod tu si manibus teras fricesque,
non umquam digitum inquinare posses
haec tu commoda tam beata, Furi,
noli spernere nec putare parvi,
et sestertia quae soles precari

centum desine: nam sat es beatus.

Since you have such blessings as these, Furius, do not despise them nor think lightly of them; and cease to pray, as you do, for the hundred sesteria; for you are quite well off enough as it is.

XXIV. ad Iuventium

O qui flosculus es Iuventiorum,
non horum modo, sed quot aut fuerunt
aut posthac aliis erunt in annis,
mallem divitias Midae dedisses
isti, cui neque servus est neque arca,
quam sic te sineres ab illo amari.
'qui? non est homo bellus?' inquires. est:
sed bello huic neque servus est neque arca.
hoc tu quam lubet abice elevaque:
nec servum tamen ille habet neque arcam.

XXIV

You who are the flower of the Juventii, not only of those we know, but of all who either have been or shall be hereafter in other years, — I had rather you had given the riches of Midas to that fellow who has neither servant nor money-box, than so allow yourself to be courted by him. "What? is he not a fine gentleman?" you will say. Oh, yes; but this fine gentleman has neither a servant nor a money-box. You may put this aside and make as little of it as you like: for all that, he has neither a servant nor a money-box.

XXV. ad Thallum

Cinaede Thalle, mollior cuniculi capillo
vel anseris medullula vel imula oricilla
vel pene languido senis situque araneoso,
idemque, Thalle, turbida rapacior procella,
cum diva mulier aries ostendit oscitantes,
remitte pallium mihi meum, quod involasti,
sudariumque Saetabum catagraphosque Thynos,
inepte, quae palam soles habere tamquam avita.
quae nunc tuis ab unguibus reglutina et remitte,
ne laneum latusculum manusque mollicellas
inusta turpiter tibi flagella conscribillent,
et insolenter aestues, velut minuta magno
depressa navis in mari, vesaniente vento.

XXV

EFFEMINATE Thallus, softer than rabbit's fur or down of goose or lap of ear, or dusty cobweb; and also, Thallus, more ravenous than a sweeping storm when ??? send me back my cloak which you have pounced upon, and my Saetaban napkin and Bithynian tablets, you silly fellow, which you keep by you and make a show of them, as if they were heirlooms. Unglue and let drop these at once from your claws, lest your soft downy flanks and pretty tender hands should have ugly figures branded and scrawled on them by the whip, and lest you should toss about as you are little used to do, like a tiny boat caught in the vast sea, when the wind is madly raging.

XXVI. ad Furium

Furi villula vestra non ad Austri
flatus opposita est neque ad Favoni
nec saevi Boreae aut Apheliotae,
verum ad milia quindecim et ducentos.
o ventum horribilem atque pestilentem!

XXVI

FURIUS, my little farm stands exposed not to the blasts of Auster nor Favonius nor fierce Boreas or Apheliotas, but to a call of fifteen thousand two hundred sesterces. A wind that brings horror and pestilence!

XXVII. ad pincernam suum

Minister vetuli puer Falerni
inger mi calices amariores,
ut lex Postumiae iubet magistræ
ebrioso acino ebriosioris.
at vos quo lubet hinc abite, lymphæ
vini pernicies, et ad severos
migrate. hic merus est Thyonianus.

XXVII

COME, boy, you who serve out the old Falernian, fill up stronger cups for me, as the law of Postumia, mistress of the revels, ordains, Postumia more tipsy than the tipsy grape. But water, begone, away with you, water, destruction of wine, and take up your abode with scrupulous folk. This is the pure Thyonian god.

XXVIII. ad Verannium et Fabullum

Pisonis comites, cohors inanis,
aptis sarcinulis et expeditis,
Verani optime tuque mi Fabulle,
quid rerum geritis? satisne cum isto
vappa frigoraque et famem tulistis?
ecquidnam in tabulis patet lucelli
expensum, ut mihi, qui meum secutus
praetorem refero datum lucello?

XXVIII

You subalterns of Piso, a needy train, with baggage handy and easily carried,
my excellent Veranius and you, my Fabullus, how are you? have you borne
cold and hunger with that wind-bag long enough? do your account books
show any gain, however small, entered on the wrong side, as mine do?

o Memmi, bene me ac diu supinum
tota ista trabe lentus irrumasti.
sed, quantum video, pari fuistis
casu: nam nihilo minore verpa
farti estis. pete nobiles amicos!
at vobis mala multa di deaeque
dent, opprobria Romuli Remique.

Why, after following in my praetor's train I put down on the credit side... So
much for running after powerful friends! But may the gods and goddesses
bring many curses upon you, you blots on the names of Romulus and Remus.

XXIX. in Romulum cathamitum

Quis hoc potest videre, quis potest pati,
nisi impudicus et vorax et aleo,
Mamurram habere quod Comata Gallia
habebat uncti et ultima Britannia?
cinaede Romule haec videbis et feres?
et ille nunc superbus et superfluens
perambulabit omnium cubilia,
ut albulus columbus aut Adoneus?
cinaede Romule, haec videbis et feres?
es impudicus et vorax et aleo.
eone nomine, imperator unice,
fuisti in ultima occidentis insula,
ut ista vestra diffututa mentula
ducenties comesset aut trecenties?

XXIX

WHO can look upon this, who can suffer this, except he be lost to all shame and voracious and a gambler, that Mamurra should have what Gallia Comata and furthest Britain had once? Debauched Romulus, will you see and endure this? [You are shameless and voracious and a gambler.] And shall he now, proud and full to overflowing, make a progress through the beds of all, like a white cock-pigeon or an Adonis? Debauched Romulus, will you see and endure this? You are shameless and voracious and a gambler. Was it this then, you one and only general, that took you to the furthest island of the West? was it that that worn-out profligate of yours, Mentula, should devour twenty or thirty millions?

quid est alid sinistra liberalitas?
parum expatravit an parum elluatus est?
paterna prima lancinata sunt bona,
secunda praeda Pontica, inde tertia
Hibera, quam scit amnis aurifer Tagus:
nunc Galliae timetur et Britanniae.
quid hunc malum foveatis? aut quid hic potest
nisi uncta devorare patrimonium?
eone nomine urbis opulentissime
socer generque, perdidistis omnia?

What else, then, is perverted liberality, if this be not? Has he not spent enough on lust and gluttony? His ancestral property was first torn to shreds; then came his prize-money from Pontus, then in the third place that from the Hiberus, of

which the gold-bearing river Tagus can tell. And him do the Gauls and Britains fear? Why do you both support this scoundrel? or what can he do but devour rich patrimonies? Was it for this that you, father-in-law and son-in-law, have ruined everything?

XXX. ad Alphenum

Alfene immemor atque unanimis false sodalibus,
iam te nil miseret, dure, tui dulcis amiculi?
iam me prodere, iam non dubitas fallere, perfide?
nec facta impia fallacum hominum caelicolis placent.
quae tu neglegis ac me miserum deseris in malis.
eheu quid faciant, dic, homines cuive habeant fidem?
certe tute iubebas animam tradere, inique, me
inducens in amorem, quasi tuta omnia mi forent.
idem nunc retrahis te ac tua dicta omnia factaque
ventos irrita ferre ac nebulas aereas sinis.
si tu oblitus es, at di meminerunt, meminit Fides,
quae te ut paeniteat postmodo facti faciet tui.

XXX

ALFENUS, ungrateful and false to your faithful comrades, do you now cease (ah, cruel!) to pity your beloved friend? What? do you not shrink from betraying me, deceiving me, faithless one? Do the deeds of deceivers please the gods above? — All this you disregard, and desert me in my sorrow and trouble; ah, tell me, what are men to do, whom are they to trust? For truly you used to bid me trust my soul to you (ah, unjust!), leading me into love as if all were safe for me; you, who now draw back from me, and let the winds and vapours of the air bear away all your words and deeds unratified. If you have forgotten this, yet the gods remember it, remembers Faith, who will soon make you repent of your deed.

XXXI. ad Sirmium insulam

Paene insularum, Sirmio, insularumque
ocelle, quascumque in liquentibus stagnis
marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus,
quam te libenter quamque laetus in viso,
vix mi ipse credens Thuniam atque Bithunos
liquisse campos et videre te in tuto.
o quid solutis est beatius curis,
cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
desideratoque acquiescimus lecto?

XXXI

SIRMIO, bright eye or peninsulas and islands, all that in liquid lakes or vast ocean either Neptune bears: how willingly and with what joy I revisit you, scarcely trusting myself that I have left Thynia and the Bithynian plains, and that I see you in safety. Ah, what is more blessed than to put cares away, when the mind lays by its burden, and tired with labour of far travel we have come to our own home and rest on the couch we longed for?

hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.
salve, o venusta Sirmio, atque ero gaude
gaudente, vosque, o Lydiae lacus undae,
ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum.

This it is which alone is worth all these toils. Welcome, lovely Sirmio, and rejoice in your master, and rejoice ye too, waters, of the Lydian lake, and laugh out aloud all the laughter you have in your home.

XXXII. ad Ipsicillam

Amabo, mea dulcis Ipsitilla,
meae deliciae, mei lepores,
iube ad te veniam meridiatum.
et si iusseris, illud adiuvato,
ne quis liminis obseret tabellam,
neu tibi lubeat foras abire,
sed domi maneat paresque nobis
novem continuas fututiones.
verum si quid ages, statim iubeto:
nam pransus iaceo et satur supinus
pertundo tunicamque palliumque.

XXXII

I ENTREAT you, my sweet Ipsithilla, my darling, my charmer, bid me to come and rest at noonday with you. And if you do bid me, grant me this kindness too, that no one may bar the panel of your threshold, nor you yourself have a fancy to go away, but stay at home.... But if you will at all, then bid me come at once....

XXXIII. ad Vibennios

O Furum optime balneariorum
Vibenni pater et cinaede fili
(nam dextra pater inquinatio,
culo filius est voracior),
cur non exilium malasque in oras
itis? quandoquidem patris rapinae
notae sunt populo, et natis pilosas,
fili, non potes asse venditare.

XXXIII

CLEVEREST of all clothes-stealers at the baths, father Vibennius and you his profligate son,... off with you into banishment and the dismal regions, since the father's plunderings are known to all the world....

XXXIV. carmen Dianae

Dianae sumus in fide
puellae et pueri integri:
Dianam pueri integri
puellaeque canamus.

o Latonia, maximi
magna progenies Iovis,
quam mater prope Deliam
deposiuit olivam,

montium domina ut fores
silvarumque virentium
saltuumque reconditorum
amniumque sonantum:

XXXIV

WE girls and chaste boys are lieges of Diana. Diana let us sing, chaste boys and girls. O child of Latona, great offspring of greatest Jove, whom thy mother bore by the Delian olive-tree, that thou mightest be the lady of mountains and green woods, and sequestered glens and sounding rivers;

tu Lucina dolentibus
Iuno dicta puerperis,
tu potens Trivia et notho es
dicta lumine Luna.

tu cursu, dea, menstruo
metiens iter annuum,
rustica agricolae bonis
tectis frugibus explens.

sis quocumque tibi placet
sancta nomine, Romulique,
antique ut solita es, bona
sospites ope gentem.

thou art called Juno Lucina by mothers in pains of travail, thou art called mighty Trivia and Moon with counterfeit light. Thou, goddess, measurest out by monthly course the circuit of the year, thou fillest full with goodly fruits the rustic home of the husbandman. Be thou hallowed by whatever name thou wilt; and as of old thou wert wont, with good help keep safe the race of Romulus.

XXXV. ad Caecilium iubet libello loqui

Poetae tenero, meo sodali,
velim Caecilio, papyre, dicas
Veronam veniat, Noui relinquens
Comi moenia Lariumque litus.
nam quasdam volo cogitationes
amici accipiat sui meique.
quare, si sapiet, viam vorabit,
quamvis candida milies puella
euntem revocet, manusque collo
ambas iniciens roget morari.

XXXV

I ASK you, papyrus page, to tell the gentle poet, my friend Caecilius, to come to Verona, leaving the walls of Novum Comum and the shore of Larius: for I wish him to receive certain thoughts of a friend of his and mine. Wherefore if he is wise he will devour the way with haste, though his fair lady should call him back a thousand times, and throwing both her arms round his neck beg him to delay.

quae nunc, si mihi vera nuntiantur,
illum deperit impotente amore.
nam quo tempore legit incohatam
Dindymi dominam, ex eo misellae
ignes interiorem edunt medullam.
ignosco tibi, Sapphica puella
musa doctior; est enim venuste
Magna Caecilio incohata Mater.

She now, if a true tale is brought to me, dotes on him with passionate love. For since she read the beginning of his “Lady of Dindymus,” ever since then, poor girl, the fires have been wasting her inmost marrow. I can feel for you, maiden more scholarly than the Sapphic Muse; for Caecilius has indeed made a lovely beginning to his “Magna Mater.”

XXXVI. ad Lusi cacatam

Annales Volusi, cacata carta,
votum soluite pro mea puella.
nam sanctae Veneri Cupidinique
vovit, si sibi restitutus essem
desissemque truces vibrare iambos,
electissima pessimi poetae
scripta tardipedi deo daturam
infelicibus ustulanda lignis.
et hoc pessima se puella vidit
iocose lepide vovere divis.

XXXVI

CHRONICLE of Volusius, filthy waste-paper, discharge a vow on behalf of my love; for she vowed to holy Venus and to Cupid that if I were restored to her love and ceased to dart fierce iambics; she would give to the lame-footed god the choicest writings of the worst of poets, to be burnt with wood from some accursed *tree*.: and my lady perceived that these were the “worst poems” that she was vowing to the merry gods in pleasant sport.

nunc o caeruleo creata ponto,
quae sanctum Idalium Vriosque apertos
quaeque Ancona Cnidumque harundinosam
colis quaeque Amathunta quaeque Golgos
quaeque Durrachium Hadriae tabernam,
acceptum face redditumque votum,
si non illepidum neque invenustum est.
at vos interea venite in ignem,
pleni ruris et inficetiarum.
annales Volusi, cacata carta.

Now therefore, O thou whom the blue sea bare, who inhabitest holy Idalium and open Urii, who dwellest in Ancona and reedy Cnidus and in Amathus and in Golgi, and in Dyrhachium the meeting-place of all Hadria, record the vow as received and duly paid, so surely as it is not out of taste nor inelegant. Meantime come you here into the fire, you bundle of rusticity and clumsiness, chronicle of Volusius, filthy waste-paper.

XXXVII. ad contubernales et Egnatium

Salax taberna vosque contubernales,
a pilleatis nona fratribus pila,
solis putatis esse mentulas vobis,
solis licere, quidquid est puellarum,
confutuere et putare ceteros hircos?
an, continenter quod sedetis insulsi
centum an ducenti, non putatis ausurum
me una ducentos irrumare sessores?
atqui putate: namque totius vobis
frontem tabernae sopionibus scribam.

XXXVII

GALLANT pot-house, and you brothers in the service, at the ninth pillar from the temple of the Brothers in the hats (Castor and Pollux), are you the only men, think you? the only ones who have leave to buss all the girls, while you think every one else a goat? Or if you sit in a line, five score or ten maybe, witless all, think you that I cannot settle ten score while they sit? Yet you may think so: for I'll scribble scorpions all over the pot-house front.

puella nam mi, quae meo sinu fugit,
amata tantum quantum amabitur nulla,
pro qua mihi sunt magna bella pugnata,
consedit istic. hanc boni beatique
omnes amatis, et quidem, quod indignum est,
omnes pusilli et semitarii moechi;
tu praeter omnes une de capillatis,
cuniculosae Celtiberiae fili,
Egnati. opaca quem bonum facit barba
et dens Hibera defricatus urina.

My girl, who has left my arms, though loved as none ever shall be loved, has taken up her abode there. She is dear to all you men of rank and fortune — indeed, to her shame, all the petty lechers that haunt the byways; to you above all, paragon of longhaired dandies, Egnatius, son of rabbity Celtiberia, made a gentleman by a bushy beard and teeth brushed with your unsavoury Spanish wash.

XXXVIII. ad Cornificium

Malest, Cornifici, tuo Catullo
malest, me hercule, et laboriose,
et magis magis in dies et horas.
quem tu, quod minimum facillimumque est,
qua solatus es allocutione?
irascor tibi. sic meos amores?
paulum quid lubet allocutionis,
maestius lacrimis Simonideis.

XXXVIII

YOUR Catullus is ill at ease, Cornificius, ill and in distress, and that more and more daily and hourly. And you, though that is the lightest and easiest task, have you said one word to console him? I am getting angry with you — what, treat my love so? Give me only some little word of comfort, pathetic as the tears of Simonides!

XXXIX. ad Egnatium

Egnatius, quod candidos habet dentes,
renidet usque quaque. si ad rei ventum est
subsellium, cum orator excitat fletum,
renidet ille; si ad pii rogum fili
lugetur, orba cum flet unicum mater,
renidet ille. quidquid est, ubicumque est,
quodcumque agit, renidet: hunc habet morbum,
neque elegantem, ut arbitror, neque urbanum.
quare monendum est te mihi, bone Egnati.

XXXIX

EGNATIUS, because he has white teeth, is everlastingly smiling. If people come to the prisoner's bench, when the counsel for the defence is making every one cry, he smiles: if they are mourning at the funeral of a dear son, when the bereaved mother is weeping for her only boy, he smiles: whatever it is, wherever he is, whatever he is doing, he smiles: it is a malady he has, neither an elegant one as I think, nor in good taste. So I must give you a bit of advice, my good Egnatius.

si urbanus esses aut Sabinus aut Tiburs
aut pinguis Vmber aut obesus Etruscus
aut Lanuvinus ater atque dentatus
aut Transpadanus, ut meos quoque attingam,
aut quilubet, qui puriter lavit dentes,
tamen renidere usque quaque te nollem:
nam risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.
nunc Celtiber es: Celtiberia in terra,
quod quisque minxit, hoc sibi solet mane
dentem atque russam defricare gingivam,
ut quo iste vester expolitior dens est,
hoc te amplius bibisse praedicet loti.

If you were a Roman or a Sabine or a Tiburtine or a pig of an Umbrian or a plump Etruscan, or a black and tusky Lanuvian, or a Transpadane (to touch on my own people too), or anybody else who washes his teeth with clean water, still I should not like you to be smiling everlastingly; for there is nothing more silly than a silly laugh. As it is, you are a Celtiberian; now in the Celtiberian country the natives rub their teeth and red gums, we know how; so that the cleaner your teeth are, the dirtier

XL. ad Ravidum

Quaenam te mala mens, miselle Ravide,
agit praecipitem in meos iambos?
quis deus tibi non bene advocatus
vecordem parat excitare rixam?
an ut pervenias in ora vulgi?
quid vis? qualubet esse notus optas?
eris, quandoquidem meos amores
cum longa voluisti amare poena.

XL

WHAT infatuation, my poor Ravidus, drives you headlong in the way of my iambs? What god invoked by you amiss is going to stir up a senseless quarrel? Is it that you wish to be talked about? What do you want? would you be known, no matter how? So you shall, since you have chosen to love my lady, — and long shall you rue it.

XLI. ad Ameanam

Ameana puella defututa
tota milia me decem poposcit,
ista turpiculo puella naso,
decoctoris amica Formiani.
propinqui, quibus est puella curae,
amicos medicosque convocate:
non est sana puella, nec rogare
qualis sit solet aes imagosum.

XLI

AMEANA, that worn-out jade, asked me for a round ten thousand; that girl with the ugly snub nose, the mistress of the bankrupt of Formiae. You her relations, who have the charge of the girl, call together friends and doctors: she is not right in her mind, and never asks the looking-glass what she is like.

XLII. ad hendecasyllabos

Adeste, hendecasyllabi, quot estis
omnes undique, quotquot estis omnes.
iocum me putat esse moecha turpis,
et negat mihi nostra reddituram
pugillaria, si pati potestis.
persequamur eam et reflagitemus.
quae sit, quaeritis? illa, quam videtis
turpe incedere, mimice ac moleste
ridentem catuli ore Gallicani.
circumsistite eam, et reflagitate,
'moecha putida, redde codicillos,
redde putida moecha, codicillos!'

XLII

HITHER from all sides, hendecasyllables, as many as there are of you, all of you as many as there are. An ugly drab thinks she may make fun of me, and says she will not give me back your tablets, if you can submit to that. Let us follow her, and demand them back again. You ask who she is? That one whom you see strutting with an ugly gait, grinning like a vulgar mountebank with the gape of a Cisalpine hound. Stand round her and call for them back again. "Dirty drab, give back the tablets, give back the tablets, dirty drab!"

non assis facis? o lutum, lupanar,
aut si perditius potes quid esse.
sed non est tamen hoc satis putandum.
quod si non aliud potest ruborem
ferreo canis exprimamus ore.
conclamate iterum altiore voce.
'moecha putide, redde codicillos,
redde, putida moecha, codicillos!'
sed nil proficimus, nihil movetur.
mutanda est ratio modusque vobis,
siquid proficere amplius potestis:
'pudica et proba, redde codicillos.'

Don't you care a penny for that? O filth, O beastliness! or anything else that I can call you worse still! But we must not think this enough. Well, if nothing else can do it, let us force a blush from the brazen face of the beast: call out again with louder voice, "Dirty drab, give back the tablets, give back the tablets, dirty drab!" We get nothing by that: she does not mind. You must change your plan and method, if you can do better so—" Maiden modest and

chaste, give back the tablets.”

XLIII. ad Ameanam

Salve, nec minimo puella naso
nec bello pede nec nigris ocellis
nec longis digitis nec ore sicco
nec sane nimis elegante lingua,
decoctoris amica Formiani.
ten provincia narrat esse bellam?
tecum Lesbia nostra comparatur?
o saeculum insapiens et infacetum!

XLIII

I GREET you, lady, you who neither have a tiny nose, nor a pretty foot, nor black eyes, nor long fingers, nor dry mouth, nor indeed a very refined tongue, you mistress of the bankrupt of Formiae. Is it you who are pretty, as the Province tells us? is it with you that our Lesbia is compared? Oh, this age! how tasteless and ill-bred it is!

XLIV. ad Fundum

O Funde noster seu Sabine seu Tiburs
(nam te esse Tiburtem autumant, quibus non est
cordi Catullum laedere; at quibus cordi est,
quovis Sabinum pignore esse contendunt),
sed seu Sabine sive verius Tiburs,
fui libenter in tua suburbana
villa, malamque pectore expuli tussim,
non inmerenti quam mihi meus venter,
dum sumptuosas appeto, dedit, cenas.
nam, Sestianus dum volo esse conviva,
orationem in Antium petitozem
plenam veneni et pestilentiae legi.

XLIV

MY farm, whether Sabine or Tiburtine (for those, affirm that you are Tiburtine, who do not love to annoy Catullus, but those who do will wager anything that you are Sabine) — but at all events, whether you are Sabine or more rightly Tiburtine, I was glad to be in your retreat, ‘twixt country and town, and to clear my chest of the troublesome cough, which my greediness gave me (not undeservedly) whilst I was funning after costly feasts. I wanted to go to dinner with Sestius, and so I read a speech of his against the candidate Antius, full of poison and plague.

hic me gravedo frigida et frequens tussis
quassavit usque, dum in tuum sinum fugi,
et me recuravi otioque et urtica.
quare refectus maximas tibi grates
ago, meum quod non es ultra peccatum.
nec deprecor iam, si nefaria scripta
Sesti recepso, quin gravedinem et tussim
non mihi, sed ipsi Sestio ferat frigus,
qui tunc vocat me, cum malum librum legi.

Thereupon a shivering chill and a constant cough shook me to pieces, till at last I fled to your bosom, and set myself right again by a diet of laziness and nettle broth. So now, having recovered, I return you my best thanks because you did not punish my error. And henceforth, if I ever again take in hand the abominable writings of Sestius, I freely consent that the chill shall bring catarrh and cough, not upon me, but upon Sestius himself, for inviting me just when I have read a stupid book.

XLV. ad Septimium

Acmen Septimius suos amores
tenens in gremio 'mea' inquit 'Acme,
ni te perdit amo atque amare porro
omnes sum assidue paratus annos,
quantum qui pote plurimum perire,
solus in Libya Indiaque tosta
caesio veniam obuius leoni.'
hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistra ut ante
dextra sternuit approbationem.

XLV

SEPTIMIUS, holding in his arms his darling Acme, says, "My Acme, if I do not love thee to desperation, and if I am not ready to go on loving thee continually through all my years as much and as distractedly as the most distracted of lovers, may I in Libya or sunburnt India meet a green-eyed lion alone." As he said this, Love on the left, as before on the right, sneezed goodwill.

at Acme leviter caput reflectens
et dulcis pueri ebrios ocellos
illo purpureo ore suaviata,
'sic' inquit 'mea vita Septimille,
huic uni domino usque serviamus,
ut multo mihi maior acriorque
ignis mollibus ardet in medullis.'
hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistra ut ante
dextra sternuit approbationem.

Then Acme, slightly bending back her head, kissed with that rosy mouth her sweet love's swimming eyes, and said, "So, my life, my darling Septimius, so may we ever serve this one master as (I swear) more strongly and fiercely burns in me the flame deep in my melting marrow." As she said this. Love, as before on the left, now on the right sneezed goodwill.

nunc ab auspicio bono profecti
mutuis animis amant amantur.
unam Septimius misellus Acmen
mauult quam Syrias Britanniasque:
uno in Septimio fidelis Acme
facit delicias libidinisque.
quis ullos homines beatiores

vidit, quis Venerem auspicatiorem?

And now, setting out from this good omen, heart in heart they live, loving and loved. Poor Septimius prefers Acme alone to whole Syrias and Britains. In Septimius, him alone, his faithful Acme takes her fill of loves and pleasures. Who ever saw human beings more blest? Who ever saw a more fortunate love?

XLVI.

Iam ver egelidos refert tepores,
iam caeli furor aequinoctialis
iucundis Zephyri silescit aureis.
linquantur Phrygii, Catulle, campi
Nicaeaeque ager uber aestuosae:
ad claras Asiae volemus urbes.

XLVI

Now spring brings back balmy warmth, now the sweet gales of Zephyr are hushing the rage of the equinoctial sky. Deserted be the Phrygian plains, Catullus, and the rich land of burning Nicaea: away let us fly to the renowned cities of Asia.

iam mens praetrepidans avet vagari,
iam laeti studio pedes vigescunt.
o dulces comitum valete coetus,
longe quos simul a domo profectos
diuersae varie viae reportant.

Now my soul flutters in anticipation and yearns to stray; now my eager feet rejoice and grow strong. Farewell, dear bands of fellow travellers, who started together from your far-away home, and whom divided ways through changing scenes are bringing back again.

XLVII. ad Porcium et Socratonem

Porci et Socraton, duae sinistrae
Pisonis, scabies famesque mundi,
vos Veraniolo meo et Fabullo
verpus praeposuit Priapus ille?

XLVII

PORCIUS and Socraton, Piso's two left hands, you plague and mere famine,
has that obscene Priapus preferred you to my dear Veranius and Fabullus?

vos convivia lauta sumptuose
de die facitis, mei sodales
quaerunt in triuio vocationes?

Are you spending money and holding splendid rich banquets at vast expense
in broad daylight, whilst my old friends must walk about the streets to hunt
for an invitation?

XLVIII. ad Iuventium

Mellitos oculos tuos, Iuventi,
si quis me sinat usque basiare,
usque ad milia basiem trecenta
nec numquam videar satur futurus,
non si densior aridis aristis
sit nostrae seges osculationis.

XLVIII

YOUR honeyed eyes, Juventius, if one should let me go on kissing still, I would kiss them three hundred thousand times, nor would I think I should ever have enough, no, not if the harvest of our kissing were thicker than the ripe ears of corn.

XLIX. ad Marcum Tullium Ciceronem

Disertissime Romuli nepotum,
quot sunt quotque fuere, Marce Tulli,
quotque post aliis erunt in annis,
gratias tibi maximas Catullus
agit pessimus omnium poeta,
tanto pessimus omnium poeta,
quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

XLIX

MOST skilled in speech of the descendants of Romulus, all who are, and all who have been, and all who shall be hereafter in other years, Marcus Tullius, — to thee his warmest thanks Catullus gives, the worst of all poets; as much the worst poet of all as you are the best advocate of all.

L. ad Lucinium

Hesterno, Licini, die otiosi
multum lusimus in meis tabellis,
ut convenerat esse delicatos:
scribens versiculos uterque nostrum
ludebat numero modo hoc modo illoc,
reddens mutua per iocum atque vinum.

L

YESTERDAY, Licinius, we made holiday and played many a game with my tablets, as we had agreed to take our pleasure. Each of us pleased his fancy in writing verses, now in one metre, now in another, answering each other, while we laughed and drank our wine.

atque illinc abii tuo lepore
incensus, Licini, facetiisque,
ut nec me miserum cibus iuvaret
nec somnus tegeret quiete ocellos,
sed toto indomitus furore lecto
versarer, cupiens videre lucem,
ut tecum loquerer, simulque ut essem.

I came away from this so fired by your wit and fun, Licinius, that food did not ease my pain, nor sleep spread rest over my eyes, but restless and fevered I tossed about all over my bed, longing to see the dawn, that I might talk to you and be with you.

at defessa labore membra postquam
semimortua lectulo iacebant,
hoc, iucunde, tibi poema feci,
ex quo perspiceres meum dolorem.
nunc audax cave sis, precesque nostras,
oramus, cave despuas, ocelle,
ne poenas Nemesis reposit a te.
est vehemens dea: laedere hanc caveto.

But when my limbs were worn out with fatigue and lay half dead on my couch, I made this poem for you, my sweet friend, that from it you might learn my suffering. Now be not too proud, and do not, I pray you, apple of my eye, do not reject my prayers, lest Nemesis demand penalties from you in turn. She is an imperious goddess — beware of offending her.

LI. ad Lesbiam

Ille mi par esse deo videtur,
ille, si fas est, superare divos,
qui sedens adversus identidem te
spectat et audit
dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,
Lesbia, aspexi, nihil est super mi

LI.

HE seems to me to be equal to a god, he, if it may be, seems to surpass the very gods, who sitting opposite you again and again gazes at you and hears you sweetly laughing. Such a thing takes away all my senses, alas! for whenever I see you, Lesbia,

lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
flamma demanat, sonitu suo
tintinant aures gemina, teguntur
lumina nocte.
otium, Catulle, tibi molestum est:
otio exsultas nimiumque gestis:
otium et reges prius et beatas
perdidit urbes.

at once no sound of voice remains within my mouth, but my tongue falters, a subtle flame steals down through my limbs, my ears tingle with inward humming, my eyes are shrouded in twofold night.

Otium, Catulle, tibi molestumst:
otio exultas nimiumque gestis.
otium et reges prius et beatas
perdidit urbes

Idleness, Catullus, does you harm, you riot in your idleness and wanton too much. Idleness ere now has ruined both kings and wealthy cities.

LII. in Novium

Quid est, Catulle? quid moraris emori?
sella in curuli struma Nonius sedet,
per consulatum peierat Vatinius:
quid est, Catulle? quid moraris emori?

LII

WHAT is it, Catullus? why do you not make haste to die? Nonius Struma sits in a curule chair; Vatinius forswears himself by his consulship. What is it, Catullus? why do you not make haste to die?

LIII. ad Gaium Licinium Calvum

Risi nescio quem modo e corona,
qui, cum mirifice Vatiniana
meus crimina Caluos explicasset
admirans ait haec manusque tollens,
'di magni, salaputium disertum!'

LIII

A FELLOW in the crowd made me laugh just now: when my dear Calvus had drawn out in splendid style his accusations against Vatinius, he lifted up his hands in wonder, and "Great gods," says he, "what an eloquent manikin!"

LIV. de Octonis capite

Othonis caput oppido est pusillum,
et eri rustice semilauta crura,
subtile et leve peditum Libonis,
si non omnia, displicere vellem
tibi et Sufficio seni recocto...
irascere iterum meis iambis
inmerentibus, unice imperator.

LIV

OTHO'S head (very small it is) and your half-washed legs, rustic Erins...
these points at least, if not all about them, I should wish to be disliked by you
and Fuficius, that old fellow renewed to youth again.

LIVb.

* * * *

Irascere iterum meis iambis
immerentibus, unice imperator

LIVB (a fragment)

You will again be angered by my iambs, my innocent iambs, you one and only general.

LV. ad Camerium

Oramus, si forte non molestum est,
demonstres ubi sint tuae tenebrae.
te Campo quaesivimus minore,
te in Circo, te in omnibus libellis,
te in templo summi Iovis sacrato.
in Magni simul ambulatione
femellas omnes, amice, prendi,
quas vultu vidi tamen sereno.
avelte, sic ipse flagitabam,
Camerium mihi pessimae puellae.

LV

I BEG you, if I may without offence, show me where is your dark corner. I have looked for you in the lesser Campus, in the Circus, in all the booksellers' shops, in the hallowed temple of great Jove. And when I was in Pompey's portico, I stopped all the women there, my friend, who, however, faced me with untroubled look. You it was that I kept asking them for: "Give me my Camerius, you wicked girls!"

quaedam inquit, nudum reduc...
'en hic in roseis latet papillis.'
sed te iam ferre Herculi labos est;
tanto te in fastu negas, amice.
dic nobis ubi sis futurus, ede
audacter, committe, crede luci.
nunc te lacteolae tenent puellae?
si linguam clauso tenes in ore,
fructus proicies amoris omnes.
verbosa gaudet Venus loquella.
vel, si vis, licet obseres palatum,
dum vestri sim particeps amoris.

One of them, baring her naked bosom, says, "Look here, he is hiding between my rosy breasts." Well, to bear with you is now a labour of Hercules. Not though I should be moulded in brass like the fabled warder of Crete, not though I were to soar aloft like flying Pegasus, not if I were Ladas or wing-footed Perseus, not if I were the swift snow-white pair of Rhesus could I overtake you: add to these the feather-footed gods and the winged, and with them call for the swiftness of the winds: — though you should harness all these, Camerius, and press them into my service, yet I should be tired out to my very marrow, and worn away with frequent faintness, my friend, while

searching for you. Do you deny yourself so haughtily, my friend? Tell us where you are likely to be, out with it boldly, trust me with it, give it to the light. Do the milk-white maids detain you? If you keep your tongue shut up within your mouth, you will waste all the gains of love; Venus loves an utterance full of words. However, if you will, you may lock up your lips, so long as you let me be a sharer in your love.

LVI. ad Catonem

O rem ridiculam, Cato, et iocosam,
dignamque auribus et tuo cachinno!
ride quidquid amas, Cato, Catullum:
res est ridicula et nimis iocosa.
deprendi modo pupulum puellae
trusantem; hunc ego, si placet Dionae,
protelo rigida mea cecidi.

LVI

O, CATO, what an absurdly funny thing, worthy for you to hear and laugh at!
Laugh, as much as you love Catullus, Cato. The thing is too absurd and
funny....

LVII. ad Gaium Iulium Caesarem

Pulcre convenit improbis cinaedis,
Mamurrae pathicoque Caesarique.
nec mirum: maculae pares utrisque,
urbana altera et illa Formiana,
impressae resident nec eluentur:
morbosi pariter, gemelli utrique,
uno in lecticulo erudituli ambo,
non hic quam ille magis vorax adulter,
rivales socii puellularum.
pulcre convenit improbis cinaedis.

LVII

WELL agreed are the abominable profligates, Mamurra the effeminate, and Caesar; no wonder either. Like stains, one from the city and one from Formiae, are deeply impressed on each, and will never be washed out. Diseased alike, very twins, both on one sofa, dilettante writers both, one as greedy in adultery as the other, rivals and partners in love. Well agreed are the abominable profligates.

LVIII. ad Marcum Caelium Rufum

Caeli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa.
illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam
plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
nunc in quadriviis et angiportis
glubit magnanimi Remi nepotes.

LVIII

O, CAELIUS, my Lesbia, that Lesbia, Lesbia whom alone Catullus loved more than himself and all his own, now in the cross-roads and alleys serves the filthy lusts of the descendants of lordly-minded Remus.

LVIIIb. ad Camerium

Non custos si fingar ille Cretum,
non Ladas ego pinnipesve Perseus,
non si Pegaseo ferar volatu,
non Rhesi niveae citaeque bigae;
adde huc plumipedas volatilesque,
ventorumque simul require cursum,
quos iunctos, Cameri, mihi dicares:
defessus tamen omnibus medullis
et multis languoribus peresus
essem te mihi, amice, quaeritando.

LVIIIb.

Not if I were molded into the Cretan guard, not if I were born with Pegasean wing, or I Ladas, or Perseus with winged foot, or Rhesus' swift and snowy team: add to these the feathery-footed and winged ones, ask at the same time the course of the winds: which bound up, Camerius, you name as mine; yet exhausted in my every marrow and with many a faintness consumed, I would be in my quest for you, my friend.

LIX. in Rufum

Bononiensis Rufa Rifulum fellat,
uxor Meneni, saepe quam in sepulcretis
vidistis ipso rapere de rogo cenam,
cum devolutum ex igne prosequens panem
ab semiraso tunderetur ustore.

LIX

RUFA of Bononia... the wife of Menenius, she whom you have often seen in the graveyards grabbing the baked meats from the very pyre, when as she ran after the loaf rolling down out of the fire she was thumped by the half-shaved slave of the undertaker.

LX.

Num te leaena montibus Libystinis
aut Scylla latrans infima inguinum parte
tam mente dura procreavit ac taetra,
ut supplicis vocem in novissimo casu
contemptam haberes, a nimis fero corde?

LX

WAS it a lioness from Libyan mountains or a Scylla barking from her womb
below that bare you, you that are so hard-hearted and monstrous as to hold in
contempt your suppliant's voice in his last need, ah, too cruel-hearted one?

LXI. epythalamius Iunie et Mallii

Collis o Heliconii
cultor, Uraniae genus,
qui rapis teneram ad virum
virginem, o Hymenae Hymen,
 o Hymen Hymenae;

cinge tempora floribus
suave olentis amaraci,
flammeum cape laetus, huc
huc veni, niveo gerens
 luteum pede soccum;

excitusque hilari die,
nuptialia concinens
voce carmina tinnula,
pelle humum pedibus, manu
 pineam quate taedam.

LXI

O HAUNTER of the Heliconian mount, Urania's son, thou who bearest away
the tender maid to her bridegroom, O Hymenaeus Hymen, O Hymen
Hymenaeus!

Bind thy brows with the flowers of fragrant marjoram, put on the marriage
veil, hither, hither merrily come, wearing on thy snow-white foot the yellow
shoe, — .

and wakening on this joyful day, singing with resonant voice the nuptial
songs, beat the ground with thy feet, shake with thy hand the pine torch.

namque Iunia Manlio,
qualis Idalium colens
venit ad Phrygium Venus
iudicem, bona cum bona
 nubet alite virgo,

floridis velut enitens
myrtus Asia ramulis
quos Hamadryades deae
ludicrum sibi roscido
 nutriunt umore.

quare age, huc aditum ferens,
perge linquere Thespieae
rupis Aonios specus,
nympha quos super irrigat
frigerans Aganippe.

For now shall Vinia wed with Manlius, Vinia as fair as Venus who dwells in Idalium, when she came to the Phrygian judge; a good maiden with a good omen,

like the Asian myrtle shining with flowering sprays, which the Hamadryad goddesses with dewy moisture nourish as a plaything for themselves.

Hither then, come hither, haste to leave the Aonian caves of the Thespian rock, which the nymph Aganippe besprinkles with cooling shower from above;

ac domum dominam voca
coniugis cupidam novi,
mentem amore revinciens,
ut tenax hедера huc et huc
arborem implicat errans.

vosque item simul, integrae
virgines, quibus advenit
par dies, agite in modum
dicite, o Hymenaeae Hymen,
o Hymen Hymenaeae.

ut libentius, audiens
se citarier ad suum
munus, huc aditum ferat
dux bonae Veneris, boni
coniugator amoris.

call to her home the lady of the house, full of desire for her bridegroom; bind her heart with love, as here and there the clinging ivy straying clasps the tree-

Ye too with me, unwedded virgins, for whom a like day is coming, come, in measure say, "O Hymenaeus Hymen, O Hymen Hymenaeus!"

that hearing himself summoned to his own office, the god may come more readily hither, the herald of genial Venus, the coupler of honest love.

quis deus magis est ama-
tis petendus amantibus?

quem colent homines magis
caelitum, o Hymenae Hymen,
o Hymen Hymenae?

te suis tremulus parens
invocat, tibi virgines
zonula solvunt sinus,
te timens cupida novos
captat aure maritus.

tu fero iuveni in manus
floridam ipse puellulam
dedis a gremio suae
matris, o Hymenae Hymen,
o Hymen Hymenae.

What god is more worthy to be invoked by lovers who are loved? whom of
the heavenly ones shall men worship more than thee? O Hymenaeus Hymen,
O Hymen Hymenaeus!

Thee for his children the aged father invokes, for thee the maidens loose their
garments from the girdle: for thee the bridegroom listens fearfully with eager
car,

Thou thyself givest into the hands of the fiery youth the blooming maiden
from her mother's bosom, O Hymenaeus Hymen, O Hymen Hymenaeus!

nil potest sine te Venus,
fama quod bona comprobet,
commodi capere, at potest
te volente. quis huic deo
compararier ausit?

nulla quit sine te domus
liberos dare, nec parens
stirpe nitier; ac potest
te volente. quis huic deo
compararier ausit?

quae tuis careat sacris,
non queat dare praesides
terra finibus: at queat
te volente. quis huic deo
compararier ausit?

claustra pandite ianuae.

virgo adest. viden ut faces
splendidas quatiunt comas?

No pleasure can Venus take without thee, such as honest fame may approve;
but can, if thou art willing. What god dare match himself with this god?

No house without thee can give children, no parent rest on his offspring; but
all is well if thou art willing. What god dare match himself with this god?

A land that should want thy sanctities would not be able to produce guardians
for its borders — but could, if thou wert willing. What god dare match himself
with this god?

Throw open the fastenings of the door; the bride is coming. See you how the
torches shake their shining tresses?... noble shame delays.... Yet listening
rather to this, she weeps that she must go.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

tardet ingenuus pudor.
quem tamen magis audiens,
flet quod ire necesse est.
flere desine. non tibi Au-
runculeia periculum est,
ne qua femina pulcrior
clarum ab Oceano diem
uiderit venientem.

talis in vario solet
divitis domini hortulo
stare flos hyacinthinus.
sed moraris, abit dies.
prodeas nova nupta.

prodeas nova nupta, si
iam videtur, et audias
nostra verba. viden? faces
aureas quatiunt comas:
prodeas nova nupta.

non tuus levis in mala
deditus vir adultera,
probra turpia persequens,

a tuis teneris violet
secubare papillis,

lenta sed velut adsitas
vitis implicat arbores,
implicabitur in tuum
complexum. sed abit dies:
prodeas nova nupta.

o cubile, quod omnibus

Weep no more. Not to you, Aurunculeia, is there danger that any fairer woman shall see the bright day coming from ocean.

So in the gay garden of a rich owner stands a hyacinth flower — but you delay, the day is passing; come forth, O bride.—’

Come forth, O bride, if now you will, and hear our words. See how the torches shake their golden tresses! — come forth, O bride.

Your husband will not, lightly given to some wicked paramour, and following shameful ways of dishonour, wish to lie away from your soft bosom; but as the pliant vine entwines the trees planted near it, so will he be entwined in your embrace. But the day is passing; come forth, O bride.

O bridal bed, to all.....

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

candido pede lecti,

quae tuo veniunt ero,
quanta gaudia, quae vaga
nocte, quae medio die
gaudeat! sed abit dies:
prodeas nova nupta.

tollite, o pueri, faces:
flammeum video venire.
ite concinite in modum
‘io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.’

ne diu taceat procax

Fescennina iocatio,
nec nuces pueris neget
desertum domini audiens
 concubinus amorem.

da nuces pueris, iners
concubine! satis diu
lusisti nucibus: lubet
iam servire Talasio.
 concubine, nuces da.

..... white foot... bed.

What joys are coming for your lord, O what joys for him to know in the
fleeting night, joys in the full day! — but the day is passing; come forth, O
bride.

Raise aloft the torches, boys: I see the wedding veil coming. Go on, sing in
measure, io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

Let not the merry Fescennine jesting be silent long, let the favourite boy give
away nuts to the slaves, when he hears how his lord has left his love.

Give nuts to the slaves, favourite: your time is past: you have played with nuts
long enough: you must now be the servant of Talassius. Give nuts, beloved
slave.

sordebant tibi villicae,
concubine, hodie atque heri:
nunc tuum cinerarius
tondet os. miser a miser
 concubine, nuces da.

diceris male te a tuis
unguentate glabris marite
abstinere, sed abstine.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
 io Hymen Hymenaeae.

scimus haec tibi quae licent
sola cognita, sed marito
ista non eadem licent.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
 io Hymen Hymenaeae.

nupta, tu quoque quae tuus

vir petet cave ne neges,
ni petitum aliunde eat.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

To-day and yesterday you disdained the country wives: now the barber shaves
your cheeks. Wretched, all! wretched lover, throw the nuts.

They will say that you, perfumed bridegroom, are unwilling to give up your
old pleasures; but abstain, Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

We know that you are acquainted with no unlawful joys; but a husband has
not the same liberty. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

You too, O bride, be sure you refuse not what your husband claims, lest he go
elsewhere to find it. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

en tibi domus ut potens
et beata viri tui,
quae tibi sine serviat
(io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae)

usque dum tremulum movens
cana tempus anilitas
omnia omnibus annuit.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

transfer omine cum bono
limen aureolos pedes,
rasilemque subi forem.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

aspice intus ut accubans
vir tuus Tyrrio in toro
totos immineat tibi.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

See how mighty and rich for you is the house of your husband; be content to
be mistress here, (Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!)

even till hoary old age, shaking a trembling head, nods assent to all for all. Io
Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

Lift across the threshold with a good omen your golden feet, and enter within the polished door, Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

See how your husband within, reclining on a purple couch, is all eagerness for you. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

illi non minus ac tibi
pectore uritur intimo
flamma, sed penite magis.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

mitte brachiolum teres,
praetextate, puellulae:
iam cubile adeat viri.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

vos bonae senibus viris
cognitae bene feminae,
collocate puellulam.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

iam licet venias, marite:
uxor in thalamo tibi est,
ore floridulo nitens,
alba parthenice velut
luteumve papaver.

In his inmost heart no less than in yours glows the flame, but deeper within. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

Let go, young boy, the smooth arm of the damsel, let her now come to her husband's bed. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus!

Ye, honest matrons, well wedded to ancient husbands, set the damsel in her place. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, io Hymen Hymenaeus.

Now you may come, bridegroom; your wife is in the bride-chamber, shining with flowery face, like a white daisy or yellow poppy.

at, marite, ita me iuvent
caelites, nihilo minus
pulcer es, neque te Venus
neglegit. sed abit dies:

perge, ne remorare.

non diu remoratus es:
iam venis. bona te Venus
iuuerit, quoniam palam
quod cupis cupis, et bonum
non abscondis amorem.

ille pulueris Africi
siderumque micantium
subducatur numerum prius,
qui vestri numerare vult
multa milia ludi.

ludite ut lubet, et brevi
liberos date. non decet
tam vetus sine liberis
nomen esse, sed indidem
semper ingenerari.

But, husband, so the gods help me, you are no less fair, nor does Venus neglect you. But the day is passing. Go on then, delay not.

Not long have you delayed. Already you come. May kindly Venus help you, since openly you take your desire and do not hide your honest love.

Let him first count up the number of the dust of Africa and of the glittering stars, who would number the many thousands of your joys.

Sport as ye will, and soon bring children forth. It is not fit that so old a name should be without children, but that they should be ever born from the same stock.

Torquatus volo parvulus
matris e gremio suae
porrigens teneras manus
dulce rideat ad patrem
semihiantem labello.

sit suo similis patri
Manlio et facile insciis
noscitur ab omnibus,
et pudicitiam suae
matris indicet ore.

talis illius a bona

matre laus genus approbet,
qualis unica ab optima
matre Telemacho manet
fama Penelopeo.

claudite ostia, virgines:
lusimus satis. at boni
coniuges, bene vivite et
munere assiduo valentem
exercete iuventam.

I would see a little Torquatus, stretching his baby hands from his mother's lap, smile a sweet smile at his father with lips half parted.

May he be like his father Manlius, and easily be recognised by all, even those who do not know, and declare by his face the fair fame of his mother.

May such praise, due to his chaste mother, approve his descent, as for Telemachus son of Penelope remains unparagoned the honour derived from his noble mother.

Maidens, shut the doors. We have sported enough. But ye, happy pair, live happily, and in your wedded joys employ your vigorous youth.

LXII. exametrum carmen nuptiale

Vesper adest, iuvenes, consurgite: Vesper Olympo
expectata diu vix tandem lumina tollit.
surgere iam tempus, iam pinguis linquere mensas,
iam veniet virgo, iam dicetur hymenaeus.
Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae!

LXII

Youths. The evening is come, rise up, ye youths. Vesper from Olympus now at last is just raising his long-looked-for light. Now is it time to rise, now to leave the rich tables; now will come the bride, now will the Hymen-song be sung. Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!

Cernitis, innuptae, iuvenes? consurgite contra;
nimirum Oetaeos ostendit Noctifer ignes.
sic certest; viden ut perneciter exsiluere?
non temere exsiluere, canent quod vincere par est.
Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae!

Maidens. See ye, maidens, the youths? Rise up to meet them. For sure the night-star shows his Oetaean fires. So it is indeed; see you how nimbly they have sprung up? it is not for nothing that they have sprung up: they will sing something which it is worth while to look at. Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!

non facilis nobis, aequales, palma parata est:
aspicite, innuptae secum ut meditata requirunt.
non frustra meditantur: habent memorabile quod sit;
nec mirum, penitus quae tota mente laborant.
nos alio mentes, alio divisimus aures;
iure igitur vincemur: amat victoria curam.
quare nunc animos saltem convertite vestros;
dicere iam incipient, iam respondere decebit.
Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae!

Youths. No easy palm is set out for us, comrades; look how the maidens are conning what they have learnt. Not in vain do they learn, they have there something worthy of memory; no wonder, since they labour deeply with their whole mind. We have diverted elsewhere our thoughts, elsewhere our ears; fairly then shall we be beaten; victory loveth care Wherefore now at least match your minds with theirs. Anon they will begin to speak, anon it will be fitting for us to answer. Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O

Hymenaeus!

Hesperes, quis caelo fertur crudelior ignis?
qui natam possis complexu avellere matris,
complexu matris retinentem avellere natam,
et iuveni ardenti castam donare puellam.
quid faciunt hostes capta crudelius urbe?
Hymen o Hymenae, Hymen ades o Hymenae!

Maidens. Hesperus, what more cruel fire than thine moves in the sky? for thou canst endure to tear the daughter from her mother's embrace, from her mother's embrace to tear the close-clinging daughter, and give the chaste maiden to the burning youth. What more cruel than this do enemies when a city falls? Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!

Hesperes, quis caelo lucet iucundior ignis?
qui desponsa tua firmes conubia flamma,
quae pepigere viri, pepigerunt ante parentes,
nec iunxere prius quam se tuus extulit ardor.
quid datur a divis felici optatius hora?
Hymen o Hymenae, Hymen ades o Hymenae!

Youths. Hesperus, what more welcome fire than thine shines in the sky? for thou with thy flame confirmest the contracted espousals, which husbands and parents have promised beforehand, but unite not till thy flame has arisen. What is given by the gods more desirable than the fortunate hour? Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!

.....

Hesperus e nobis, aequales, abstulit unam.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Maidens. Hesperus, friends, has taken away one of us.

.....

namque tuo adventu vigilat custodia semper,
nocte latent fures, quos idem saepe reuertens,
Hesperes, mutato comprehendis nomine Eous
at lubet innuptis ficto te carpere questu.
quid tum, si carpunt, tacita quem mente requirunt?
Hymen o Hymenae, Hymen ades o Hymenae!

Youths. For at thy coming the guard is always awake. By night thieves hide themselves, whom thou, Hesperus, often overtakest as thou returnest, Hesperus the same but with changed name Eous. [Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!]

.....

But girls love to chide thee with feigned complaint. What then, if they chide him whom they desire in their secret heart? Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!

Ut flos in saeptis secretus nascitur hortis,
ignotus pecori, nullo convolsus aratro,
quem mulcent aerae, firmat sol, educat imber;
multi illum pueri, multae optavere puellae:
idem cum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
nulli illum pueri, nullae optavere puellae:
sic virgo, dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est;
cum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,
nec pueris iucunda manet, nec cara puellis.
Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae!

Maidens. As a flower springs up secretly in a fenced garden, unknown to the cattle, torn up by no plough, which the winds caress, the sun strengthens, the shower draws forth, many boys, many girls, desire it; when the same flower fades, nipped by a sharp nail, no boys, no girls desire it: so a maiden, whilst she remains untouched, so long is she dear to her own; when she has lost her chaste flower with sullied body, she remains neither lovely to boys nor dear to girls. Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!

Ut vidua in nudo vitis quae nascitur aruo,
numquam se extollit, numquam mitem educat uvam,
sed tenerum prono deflectens pondere corpus
iam iam contingit summum radice flagellum;
hanc nulli agricolae, nulli coluere iuveni:
at si forte eadem est ulmo coniuncta marito,
multi illam agricolae, multi coluere iuveni:
sic virgo dum intacta manet, dum inculta senescit;
cum par conubium maturo tempore adepta est,
cara viro magis et minus est invisa parenti.
Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae!

Youths. As an unwedded vine which grows up in a bare field never raises itself aloft, never brings forth a mellow grape, but bending its tender form with downward weight, even now touches the root with topmost shoot; no

farmers, no oxen tend it: but if it chance to be joined in marriage to the elm, many farmers, many oxen tend it: so a maiden, whilst she remains untouched, so long is she aging untended; but when in ripe season she is matched in equal wedlock, she is more dear to her husband and less distasteful to her father. [Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!]

Et tu ne pugna cum tali coniuge virgo.
non aequom est pugnare, pater cui tradidit ipse,
ipse pater cum matre, quibus parere necesse est.
virginitas non tota tua est, ex parte parentum est,
tertia pars patrest, pars est data tertia matri,
tertia sola tua est: noli pugnare duobus,
qui genero suo iura simul cum dote dederunt.
Hymen o Hymenae, Hymen ades o Hymenae!

And you, maiden, strive not with such a husband; it is not right to strive with him to whom your father himself gave you, your father himself with your mother, whom you must obey. Your maidenhead is not all your own; partly it belongs to your parents, a third part is given to your father, a third part to your mother, only a third is yours; do not contend with two, who have given their rights to their son-in-law together with the dowry. Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen, hither, O Hymenaeus!

LXIII. de Berecinthia et Athi

Super alta vectus Attis celeri rate maria,
Phrygium ut nemus citato cupide pede tetigit,
adiitque opaca silvis redimita loca deae,
stimulatus ibi furenti rabie, vagus animis,
de volsit ili acuto sibi pondera silice,
itaque ut relictis sensit sibi membra sine viro,
etiam recente terrae sola sanguine maculans,
niveis citata cepit manibus leve typanum,
typanum tuum, Cybebe, tua, mater initia,
quatiensque terga tauri teneris cava digitis
canere haec suis adorta est tremebunda comitibus.
'agite ite ad alta, Gallae, Cybeles nemora simul,
simul ite, Dindymenae dominae vaga pecora,
aliena quae petentes velut exules loca
sectam meam exsecutae duce me mihi comites
rapidum salum tulistis truculentaque pelagi
et corpus evirastis Veneris nimio odio;
hilarate erae citatis erroribus animum.

LXIII

BORNE in his swift bark over deep seas, Attis, when eagerly with speedy foot he reached the Phrygian woodland, and entered the goddess's abodes, shadowy, forest-crowned; there, goaded by raging madness, bewildered in mind, he cast down from him with sharp flint-stone the burden of his members. So when she felt her limbs to have lost their manhood, still with fresh blood dabbling the face of the ground, swiftly with snowy hands she seized the light timbrel, timbrel, trumpet of Cybele, thy mysteries, Mother, and shaking with soft fingers the hollow oxhide thus began she to sing to her companions tremulously: "Come away, ye Gallae, go to the mountain forests of Cybele together, together go, wandering herd of the lady of Dindymus, who swiftly seeking alien homes as exiles, followed my rule as I led you in my train, endured the fast-flowing brine and the savage seas, and unmanned your bodies from utter abhorrence of love, cheer ye your Lady's heart with swift wanderings.

mora tarda mente cedat: simul ite, sequimini
Phrygiam ad domum Cybebes, Phrygia ad nemora deae,
ubi cymbalum sonat vox, ubi tympana reboant,
tibicen ubi canit Phryx curvo grave calamo,
ubi capita Maenades ui iaciunt hederigerae,
ubi sacra sancta acutis ululatibus agitant,

ubi suevit illa divae volitare vaga cohors,
quo nos decet citatis celerare tripudiis.'

Let dull delay depart from your mind; go together, follow to the Phrygian house of Cybele, to the Phrygian forests of the goddess, where the noise of cymbals sounds, where timbrels re-echo, where the Phrygian flute-player blows a deep note on his curved reed, where the Maenads ivy-crowned toss their heads violently, where with shrill yells they shake the holy emblems, where that wandering company of the goddess is wont to rove, whither for us 'tis meet to hasten with rapid dances."

simul haec comitibus Attis cecinit notha mulier,
thiasus repente linguis trepidantibus ululat,
leve tympanum remugit, cava cymbala recrepant.
viridem citus adit Idam properante pede chorus.
furibunda simul anhelans vaga vadit animam agens
comitata tympano Attis per opaca nemora dux,
veluti iuvenca vitans onus indomita iugi;
rapidae ducem sequuntur Gallae properipedem.
itaque, ut domum Cybebes tetigere lassulae,
nimio e labore somnum capiunt sine Cerere.
piger his labante languore oculos sopor operit;
abit in quiete molli rabidus furor animi.
sed ubi oris aurei Sol radiantibus oculis
lustravit aethera album, sola dura, mare ferum,
populitque noctis umbras vegetis sonipedibus,
ibi Somnus excitam Attin fugiens citus abiit;
trepidante eum recepit dea Pasithea sinu.
ita de quiete molli rapida sine rabie
simul ipsa pectore Attis sua facta recoluit,
liquidaque mente vidit sine quis ubique foret,
animo aestuante rusum reditum ad vada tetulit.
ibi maria vasta visens lacrimantibus oculis,
patriam allocuta maestast ita voce miseriter.

So soon as Attis, woman yet no true one, chanted thus to her companions, the revellers suddenly with quivering tongues yell aloud, the light timbrel rings again, clash again the hollow cymbals, swiftly to green Ida goes the rout with hurrying foot. Then too frenzied, panting, uncertain, wanders, gasping for breath, attended by the timbrel, Attis, through the dark forests their leader, as a heifer unbroken starting aside from the burden of the yoke. Fast follow the Gallae their swift-footed leader. So when they gained the house of Cybele, faint and weary, after much toil they take their rest without bread; heavy sleep covers their eyes with drooping weariness, the delirious madness of their mind departs in soft slumber. But when the sun with the flashing eyes of his golden

face lightened the clear heaven, the firm lands, the wild sea, and chased away the shades of night with eager tramping steeds refreshed, then Sleep fled from wakened Attis and quickly was gone; him the goddess Pasithea received in her fluttering bosom. So after soft slumber, freed from violent madness, as soon as Attis himself in his heart reviewed his own deed, and saw with clear mind what he had lost and where he was, with surging mind again he sped back to the waves. There, looking out upon the waste seas with streaming eyes, thus did she piteously address her country with tearful voice:

‘patria o mei creatrix, patria o mea genetrix,
ego quam miser relinquens, dominos ut erifugae
famuli solent, ad Idae tetuli nemora pedem,
ut apud nivem et ferarum gelida stabula forem,
et earum omnia adirem furibunda latibula,
ubinam aut quibus locis te positam, patria, reor?
cupit ipsa pupula ad te sibi derigere aciem,
rabie fera carens dum breve tempus animus est.
egone a mea remota haec ferar in nemora domo?
patria, bonis, amicis, genitoribus abero?
abero foro, palaestra, stadio et gymnasiis?
miser a miser, querendum est etiam atque etiam, anime.
quod enim genus figurast, ego non quod obierim?
ego mulier, ego adulescens, ego ephebus, ego puer,
ego gymnasi fui flos, ego eram decus olei:
mihi ianuae frequentes, mihi limina tepida,
mihi floridis corollis redimita domus erat,
linquendum ubi esset orto mihi Sole cubiculum.
ego nunc deum ministra et Cybeles famula ferar?
ego Maenas, ego mei pars, ego vir sterilis ero?
ego viridis algida Idae nive amicta loca colam?
ego vitam agam sub altis Phrygiae columinibus,
ubi cerva silvicultrix, ubi aper nemorivagus?
iam iam dolet quod egi, iam iamque paenitet.’

“O my country that gavest me life! O my country that barest me! leaving whom, ah wretch! as runaway servants leave their masters, I have borne my foot to the forests of Ida, to live among snows and frozen lairs of wild beasts, and visit in my frenzy all their lurking-dens, — where then or in what region do I think thy place to be, O my country? Mine eyeballs unbidden long to turn their gaze to thee, while for a short space my mind is free from wild frenzy. I, shall I from my own home be borne far away into these forests? from my country, my possessions, my friends, my parents, shall I be absent? absent from the market, the wrestling-place, the racecourse, the playground? unhappy, ah unhappy heart, again, again must thou complain. For what form of human figure is there which I had not? I, to be a woman — I who was a

stripling, I a youth, I a boy, I was the flower of the playground, I was once the glory of the palaestra: mine were the crowded doorways, mine the warm thresholds, mine the flowery garlands to deck my house when I was to leave my chamber at sunrise. I, shall I now be called — what? a handmaid of the gods, a ministress of Cybele? I a Maenad, I part of myself a barren man shall I be? I, shall I dwell in icy snow-clad regions of verdant Ida, I pass my life under the high summits of Phrygia, with the hind that haunts the woodland, with the boar that ranges the forest? now, now I rue my deed, now, now I would it were undone.”

roseis ut huic labellis sonitus citus abiit
geminas deorum ad aures nova nuntia referens,
ibi iuncta iuga resolvens Cybele leonibus
laevumque pecoris hostem stimulans ita loquitur.
‘agedum,’ inquit ‘age ferox i, fac ut hunc furor
fac uti furoris ictu reditum in nemora ferat,
mea libere nimis qui fugere imperia cupit.
age caede terga cauda, tua verbera patere,
fac cuncta mugienti fremitu loca retonent,
rutilam ferox torosa cervice quate iubam.’
ait haec minax Cybebe religatque iuga manu.
ferus ipse sese adhortans rapidum incitat animo,
vadit, fremit, refringit virgulta pede vago.
at ubi umida albicantis loca litoris adiit,
teneramque vidit Attin prope marmora pelagi,
facit impetum. illa demens fugit in nemora fera;
ibi semper omne vitae spatium famula fuit.

From his rosy lips as these words issued forth, bringing a new message to both ears of the gods, then Cybele, loosening the fastened yoke from her lions, and goading that foe of the herd who drew on the left, thus speaks: “Come now,” she says, “come, go fiercely let madness hunt him hence, bid him hence by stroke of madness hie him to the forests again, him who would be too free, and run away from my sovereignty. Come, lash back with tail, endure thy own scourging, make all around resound with bellowing roar, shake fiercely on brawny neck thy ruddy mane.” Thus says wrathful Cybele, and with her hand unbinds the yoke. The monster stirs his courage and rouses him to fury of heart; he speeds away, he roars, with ranging foot he breaks the brushwood. But when he came to the watery stretches of the white-gleaming shore, and saw tender Attis by the smooth spaces of the sea, he rushes at him — madly flies Attis to the wild woodland. There always for all his lifetime was he a handmaid.

dea, magna dea, Cybebe, dea domina Dindymi,
procul a mea tuos sit furor omnis, era, domo:

alios age incitatos, alios age rabidos.

Goddess, great goddess, Cybele, goddess, lady of Dindymus, far from my house be all thy fury, O my queen; others drive thou in frenzy, others drive thou to madness.

LXIV. Argonautia et epythalamium Thetidis et Pelei

Peliaco quondam prognatae vertice pinus
dicuntur liquidas Neptuni nasse per undas
Phasidos ad fluctus et fines Aeetaeos,
cum lecti iuvenes, Argiuae robora pubis,
auratam optantes Colchis avertere pellem
ausi sunt vada salsa cita decurrere puppi,
caerula verrentes abiegnis aequora palmis.
diva quibus retinens in summis urbibus arces
ipsa levi fecit volitantem flamine currum,
pineae coniungens inflexae texta carinae.
illa rudem cursu prima imbuit Amphitriten;

LXIV

PINE-TREES of old, born on the top of Pelion, are said to have swum through the clear waters of Neptune to the waves of Phasis and the realms of Aeetes, when the chosen youths, the flower of Argive strength, desiring to bear away from the Colchians the golden fleece, dared to course over the salt seas with swift ship, sweeping the blue expanse with fir-wood blades, for whom the goddess who holds the fortresses of city-tops made with her own hands the car flitting with light breeze, and bound the piny structure of the bowed, keel. That ship first hanselled with, voyage Amphitrite untried before.

quae simul ac rostro ventosum proscidit aequor
tortaque remigio spumis incanuit unda,
emersere freti candenti e gurgite vultus
aequoreae monstrum Nereides admirantes.
illa, atque alia, viderunt luce marinas
mortales oculis nudato corpore Nymphas
nutricum tenus exstantes e gurgite cano.

So when she ploughed with her beak the windy expanse, and the wave churned by the oars grew white with foam-flakes, forth looked from the foaming surge of the sea the Nereids of the deep wondering at the strange thing. On that day, if on any other, mortals saw with their eyes the sea-Nymphs standing forth from the hoary tide, with bodies naked as far as the paps.

tum Thetidis Peleus incensus fertur amore,
tum Thetis humanos non despexit hymenaeos,
tum Thetidi pater ipse iugandum Pelea sensit.
o nimis optato saeculorum tempore nati

heroes, salve, deum genus! o bona matrum
progenies, salve iter...
vos ego saepe, meo vos carmine compellabo.
teque adeo eximie taedis felicibus aucte,
Thessaliae columen Peleu, cui Iuppiter ipse,
ipse suos divum genitor concessit amores;
tene Thetis tenuit pulcherrima Nereine?
tene suam Tethys concessit ducere neptem,
Oceanusque, mari totum qui amplectitur orbem?

Then is Peleus, said to have caught fire with love of Thetis, then did Thetis not disdain mortal espousals, then did the Father himself know in his heart that Peleus must be joined to Thetis. O ye, in happiest time of ages born, hail, heroes, sprang from gods! hail, kindly offspring of good mothers, hail again! you often in my song, you will I address. And specially thee, greatly blessed by fortunate marriage torches, mainstay of Thessaly, Peleus, to whom Jupiter himself, the king of the gods himself granted his own Love. Thee did fairest Thetis clasp, daughter of Nereus? to thee did Tethys grant to wed her granddaughter, and Oceanus, who circles all the world with sea?

quae simul optatae finito tempore luces
advenere, domum conventu tota frequentat
Thessalia, oppletur laetanti regia coetu:
dona ferunt prae se, declarant gaudia vultu.
deseritur Cieros, linquunt Phthiotica Tempe
Crannonisque domos ac moenia Larisaea,
Pharsalum coeunt, Pharsalia tecta frequentant.
rura colit nemo, mollescunt colla iuvcis,
non humilis curvis purgatur vinea rastris,
non glebam pronò convellit vomere taurus,
non falx attenuat frondatorum arboris umbram,
squalida desertis rubigo infertur aratris.

Now when that longed-for day in time fulfilled had come for them, all Thessaly in full assembly crowds the house, the palace is thronged with a joyful company. They bring gifts in their hands, they display joy in their looks. Cieros is deserted; they leave Phthiotic Tempe and the houses of Crannon and the walls of Larissa; at Pharsalus they meet, and flock to the houses of Pharsalus. None now tills the lands; the necks of the steers grow soft; no more is the ground of the vineyard cleared with curved rakes; no more does the primers' hook thin the shade of the tree; no more does the ox tear up the soil with downward share; rough rust creeps over the deserted ploughs.

ipsius at sedes, quacumque opulenta recessit
regia, fulgenti splendent auro atque argento.

candet ebur soliis, collucent pocula mensae,
tota domus gaudet regali splendida gaza.
pulvinar vero divae geniale locatur
sedibus in mediis, Indo quod dente politum
tincta tegit roseo conchyli purpura fuco.
haec vestis priscis hominum variata figuris
heroum mira virtutes indicat arte.

But Peleus' own abodes, so far as inward stretched the wealthy palace, with glittering gold and silver shine. White gleams the ivory of the thrones, bright are the cups on the table; the whole house is gay and gorgeous with royal treasure. But see, the royal marriage bed is being set for the goddess in the midst of the palace, smoothly fashioned of Indian tusk, covered with purple tinged with the rosy stain of the shell.

namque fluentisono prospectans litore Diae,
Thesea cedentem celeri cum classe tuetur
indomitos in corde gerens Ariadna furores,
necdum etiam sese quae visit visere credit,
utpote fallaci quae tum primum excita somno
desertam in sola miseram se cernat harena.
immemor at iuvenis fugiens pellit vada remis,
irrita ventosae linquens promissa procellae.
quem procul ex alga maestis Minois ocellis,
saxea ut effigies bacchantis, prospicit, eheu,
prospicit et magnis curarum fluctuat undis,
non flavo retinens subtilem vertice mitram,
non contacta levi velatum pectus amictu,
non tereti strophio lactentis vincta papillas,
omnia quae toto delapsa e corpore passim
ipsius ante pedes fluctus salis alludebant.
sed neque tum mitrae neque tum fluitantis amictus
illa vicem curans toto ex te pectore, Theseu,
toto animo, tota pendebat perdita mente.
misera, assiduis quam luctibus externavit
spinosas Erycina serens in pectore curas,
illa tempestata, ferox quo ex tempore Theseus
egressus curvis e litoribus Piraei
attigit iniusti regis Gortynia templa.

This coverlet, brodered with shapes of ancient men, with wondrous art sets forth the worthy deeds of heroes. For there, looking forth from the wave-sounding shore of Dia, Ariadna sees Theseus, as he sails away with swift fleet, Ariadna bearing wild madness in her heart. Not yet can she believe she beholds what yet she does behold; since now, now first wakened from

treacherous sleep she sees herself, poor wretch, deserted on the lonely sand. Meanwhile the youth flies and strikes the waters with his oars, leaving unfulfilled his empty pledges to the gusty storm; at whom afar from the weedy beach with streaming eyes the daughter of Minos, like a marble figure of a bacchanal, looks forth, alas! looks forth tempest-tost with great tides of passion. Nor does she still keep the delicate headband on her golden head, nor has her breast veiled by the covering of her light raiment, nor her milk-white bosom bound with the smooth girdle; all these, as they slipped off around her whole body, before her very feet the salt waves lapped. She for her headgear then, she for her floating raiment then, cared not, but on thee, Theseus, with all her thoughts, with all her soul, with all her mind (lost, ah lost!) was hanging, unhappy maid! whom with unceasing floods of grief Erycina maddened, sowing thorny cares in her breast, even from that hour, what time bold Theseus setting forth from the winding shores of Piraeus reached the Gortynian palace of the lawless king.

nam perhibent olim crudeli peste coactam
Androgeoneae poenas exsolvere caedis
electos iuvenes simul et decus innuptarum
Cecropiam solitam esse dapem dare Minotauro.
quis angusta malis cum moenia vexarentur,
ipse suum Theseus pro caris corpus Athenis
proicere optavit potius quam talia Cretam
funera Cecropiae nec funera portarentur.
atque ita nave levi nitens ac lenibus auris
magnanimum ad Minoa venit sedesque superbas.
hunc simul ac cupido conspexit lumine virgo
regia, quam suavis exspirans castus odores
lectulus in molli complexu matris alebat,
quales Eurotae praecingunt flumina myrtus
aurave distinctos educit verna colores,
non prius ex illo flagrantia declinavit
lumina, quam cuncto concepit corpore flammam
funditus atque imis exarsit tota medullis.

For they tell how of old, driven by a cruel pestilence to pay a penalty for the slaughter of Androgeos, Cecropia was wont to give as a feast to the Minotaur chosen youths, and with them the flower of unwedded maids. Now when his narrow walls were troubled by these evils, Theseus himself for his dear Athens chose to offer his own body, rather than that such deaths, living deaths, of Cecropia should be borne to Crete. Thus then, speeding his course with light bark and gentle gales, he comes to lordly Minos and his haughty halls. Him when the damsel beheld with eager eye, the princess, whom her chaste couch breathing sweet odours still nursed in her mother's soft embrace, like myrtles which spring by the streams of Eurotas, or the flowers of varied

hue which the breath of spring draws forth, she turned not her burning eyes away from him, till she had caught fire in all her heart deep within, and glowed all flame in her inmost marrow.

heu misere exagitans immiti corde furores
sancte puer, curis hominum qui gaudia misces,
quaeque regis Golgos quaeque Idalium frondosum,
qualibus incensam iactastis mente puellam
fluctibus, in flavo saepe hospite suspirantem!
quantos illa tulit languenti corde timores!
quanto saepe magis fulgore expalluit auri,
cum saevum cupiens contra contendere monstrum
aut mortem appeteret Theseus aut praemia laudis!
non ingrata tamen frustra munuscula divis
promittens tacito succipit vota labello.
nam velut in summo quatientem brachia Tauro
quercum aut conigeram sudanti cortice pinum
indomitus turbo contorquens flamine robur,
eruit (illa procul radicitus exturbata
prona cadit, late quaevis cumque obuia frangens,)
sic domito saevum prostravit corpore Theseus
nequiquam vanis iactantem cornua ventis.
inde pedem sospes multa cum laude reflexit
errabunda regens tenui vestigia filo,
ne labyrinthis e flexibus egredientem
tecti frustraretur inobservabilis error.

Ah! thou that stirrest cruel madness with ruthless heart, divine boy, who minglest joys of men with cares, and thou, who reignest over Golgi and leafy Idalium, on what billows did ye toss the burning heart of the maiden, often sighing for the golden-headed stranger! what fears did she endure with fainting heart! how often did she then grow paler than the gleam of gold, when Theseus, eager to contend with the savage monster, was setting forth to win either death or the meed of valour! Yet not unsweet were the gifts, though vainly promised to the gods, which she offered with silent lip. For as a tree which waves its boughs on Taurus' top, an oak or a cone-bearing pine with sweating bark, when a vehement storm twists the grain with its blast, and tears it up; — afar, wrenched up by the roots it lies prone, breaking away all that meets its fall — so did Theseus overcome and lay low the bulk of the monster, vainly tossing his horns to the empty winds. Thence he retraced his way, unharmed and with much glory, guiding his devious footsteps by the fine clew, lest as he came forth from the mazy windings of the labyrinth the inextricable entanglement of the building should bewilder him.

sed quid ego a primo digressus carmine plura

commemorem, ut linquens genitoris filia vultum,
ut consanguineae complexum, ut denique matris,
quae misera in gnata deperdita laeta
omnibus his Thesei dulcem praeoptarit amorem:
aut ut vecta rati spumosa ad litora Diae
aut ut eam devinctam lumina somno
liquerit immemori discedens pectore coniunx?
saepe illam perhibent ardenti corde furem
clarisonas imo fudisse e pectore voces,
ac tum praeruptos tristem conscendere montes,
unde aciem pelagi vastos protenderet aestus,
tum tremuli salis adversas procurrare in undas
mollia nudatae tollentem tegmina surae,
atque haec extremis maestam dixisse querellis,
frigidulos udo singultus ore cientem:

But why should I leave the first subject of my song and tell of more; how the daughter, flying from her father's face, the embrace of her sister, then of her mother last, who lamented, lost in grief for her daughter — how she chose before all these the sweet love of Theseus; or how the ship was borne to the foaming shores of Dia; or how when her eyes were bound with soft sleep her spouse left her, departing with forgetful mind? Often in the madness of her burning heart they say that she uttered piercing cries from her inmost breast; and now would she sadly climb the rugged mountains, thence to strain her eyes over the waste of ocean-tide; now run out to meet the waters of the rippling brine, lifting the soft vesture of her bared knee. And thus said she mournfully in her last laments, uttering chilly sobs with tearful face:

‘sicine me patriis avectam, perfide, ab aris
perfide, deserto liquisti in litore, Theseu?
sicine discedens neglecto numine divum,
immemor a! devota domum periuria portas?
nullane res potuit crudelis flectere mentis
consilium? tibi nulla fuit clementia praesto,
immitte ut nostri vellet miserescere pectus?
at non haec quondam blanda promissa dedisti
voce mihi, non haec miserae sperare iubebas,
sed conubia laeta, sed optatos hymenaeos,
quae cuncta aereii discernunt irrita venti.
nunc iam nulla viro iuranti femina credat,
nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles;
quis dum aliquid cupiens animus praegestit apisci,
nil metuunt iurare, nihil promittere parcunt:
sed simul ac cupidae mentis satiata libido est,
dicta nihil metuere, nihil periuria curant.

certe ego te in medio versantem turbine leti
eripui, et potius germanum amittere crevi,
quam tibi fallaci supremo in tempore dessem.
pro quo dilaceranda feris dabor alitibusque
praeda, neque iniacta tumulabor mortua terra.
quaenam te genuit sola sub rupe leaena,
quod mare conceptum spumantibus exspuit undis,
quae Syrtis, quae Scylla rapax, quae vasta Carybdis,
talìa qui reddis pro dulci praemia vita?
si tibi non cordi fuerant conubia nostra,
saeva quod horrebas prisci praecepta parentis,
attamen in vestras potuisti ducere sedes,
quae tibi iucundo famularer serva labore,
candida permulcens liquidis vestigia lymphis,
purpureave tuum consternens veste cubile.

“Thus then, having borne me afar from my father’s home, thus hast thou left me, faithless, faithless Theseus, on the lonely shore? thus departing, unmindful of the will of the gods, forgetful, ah! dost thou carry to thy home the curse of perjury? could nothing bend the purpose of thy cruel mind? was no mercy present in thy soul, to bid thy ruthless heart incline to pity for me? Not such were the promises thou gavest me once with winning voice, not this didst thou bid me hope, ah me! no, but a joyful wedlock, but a desired espousal; all which the winds of heaven now blow abroad in vain. Henceforth let no woman believe a man’s oath, let none believe that a man’s speeches can be trustworthy. They, while their mind desires something and longs eagerly to gain it, nothing fear to swear, nothing spare to promise; but as soon as the lust of their greedy mind is satisfied, they fear not then their words, they heed not their perjuries. I — thou knowest it — when thou wert tossing in the very whirl of death, saved thee, and set my heart rather to let my brother go than to fail thee, now faithless found, in thy utmost need. And for this I shall be given to beasts and birds to tear as a prey; my corpse shall have no sepulture, shall be sprinkled with no earth. What lioness bore thee under a desert rock? what sea conceived thee and vomited thee forth from its foaming waves? what Syrtis, what ravening Scylla, what waste Charybdis bore thee, who for sweet life returnest such meed as this? If thou hadst no mind to wed with me for dread of the harsh bidding of thy stern father, yet thou couldst have led me into thy dwellings to serve thee as a slave with labour of love, laving thy white feet with liquid water, or with purple coverlet spreading thy bed.

sed quid ego ignaris nequiquam conquerar auris,
externata malo, quae nullis sensibus auctae
nec missas audire queunt nec reddere voces?
ille autem prope iam mediis versatur in undis,
nec quisquam apparet vacua mortalis in alga.

sic nimis insultans extremo tempore saeva
fors etiam nostris invidit questibus auris.
Iuppiter omnipotens, utinam ne tempore primo
Gnosia Cecropiae tetigissent litora puppes,
indomito nec dira ferens stipendia tauro
perfidus in Cretam religasset navita funem,
nec malus hic celans dulci crudelia forma
consilia in nostris requiesset sedibus hospes!
nam quo me referam? quali spe perdita nitor?
Idaeosne petam montes? at gurgite lato
discernens ponti truculentum dividit aequor.
an patris auxilium sperem? quemne ipsa reliqui
respersum iuvenem fraterna caede secuta?
coniugis an fido consoler memet amore?
quine fugit lentos incuruans gurgite remos?
praeterea nullo colitur sola insula tecto,
nec patet egressus pelagi cingentibus undis.
nulla fugae ratio, nulla spes: omnia muta,
omnia sunt deserta, ostentant omnia letum.
non tamen ante mihi languescent lumina morte,
nec prius a fesso secedent corpore sensus,
quam iustam a divis exposcam prodita multam
caelestumque fidem postrema comprecser hora.

“But why should I, distracted with woe, cry in vain to the senseless airs — the airs that are endowed with no feeling, and can neither hear nor return the messages of my voice? He meanwhile is now tossing almost in mid-sea, and no human being is seen on the waste and weedy shore. Thus fortune too, full of spite, in this my supreme hour has cruelly grudged all ears to my complaints. Almighty Jupiter, I would the Attic ships had never touched Gnosian shores, nor ever the faithless voyager, bearing the dreadful tribute to the savage bull, had fastened his cable in Crete, nor that this evil man, hiding cruel designs under a fair outside, had reposed in our dwellings as a guest! For whither shall I return, lost, ah, lost? on what hope do I lean? shall I seek the mountains of Sidon? how broad the flood, how savage the tract of sea which divides them from me! Shall I hope for the aid of my father? — whom I deserted of my own will, to follow a lover dabbled with my brother’s blood! Or shall I console myself with the faithful love of my spouse, who is flying from me, bending his tough oars in the wave? and here too is naught but the shore, with never a house, a desert island; no way to depart opens for me; about me are the waters of the sea; no means of flight, no hope; all is dumb, all is desolate; all shows me the face of death. Yet my eyes shall not grow faint in death, nor shall the sense fail from my wearied body, before I demand from the gods just vengeance for my betrayal, and call upon the faith of the

heavenly ones in my last hour.

quare facta virum multantes vindice poena
Eumenides, quibus anguino redimita capillo
frons exspirantis praeportat pectoris iras,
huc huc adventate, meas audite querellas,
quas ego, vae misera, extremis proferre medullis
cogor inops, ardens, amenti caeca furore.
quae quoniam verae nascuntur pectore ab imo,
vos nolite pati nostrum vanescere luctum,
sed quali solam Theseus me mente reliquit,
tali mente, deae, funestet seque suosque.’

“Therefore, O ye that visit the deeds of men with vengeful pains, ye Eumenides, whose foreheads bound with snaky hair announce the wrath which breathes from your breast, hither, hither haste, hear my complaints which I (ah, unhappy!) bring forth from my inmost heart perforce, helpless, burning, blinded with raging frenzy. For since my woes come truthfully from the depths of my heart, suffer not ye my grief to come to nothing: but even as Theseus had the heart to leave me desolate, with such a heart, ye goddesses, may he bring ruin upon himself and his own!”

has postquam maesto profudit pectore voces,
supplicium saevis ecens anxia factis,
annuit invicto caelestum numine rector;
quo motu tellus atque horrida contremuerunt
aequora concussitque micantia sidera mundus.
ipse autem caeca mentem caligine Theseus
consitus oblito dimisit pectore cuncta,
quae mandata prius constanti mente tenebat,
dulcia nec maesto sustollens signa parenti
sospitem Erechtheum se ostendit visere portum.
namque ferunt olim, classi cum moenia divae
linquentem gnatum ventis concrederet Aegeus,
talìa complexum iuveni mandata dedisse:

When she had poured out these words from her sad breast, earnestly demanding vengeance for cruel deeds; the Lord of the heavenly ones bowed assent with sovereign nod, and at that movement the earth and stormy seas trembled, and the heavens shook the quivering stars. But Theseus himself, darkling in his thoughts with blind dimness, let slip from his forgetful mind all the biddings which formerly he had held firm with constant heart, and raised not the welcome sign to his mourning father, nor showed that he was safely sighting the Erechthean harbour. For they say that ere while, when Aegeus was trusting his son to the winds, as with his fleet he left the walls of the

goddess, he embraced the youth and gave him this charge:

‘gnate mihi longa iucundior unice vita,
gnate, ego quem in dubios cogor dimittere casus,
reddite in extrema nuper mihi fine senectae,
quandoquidem fortuna mea ac tua feruida virtus
eripit invito mihi te, cui languida nondum
lumina sunt gnati cara saturata figura,
non ego te gaudens laetanti pectore mittam,
nec te ferre sinam fortunae signa secundae,
sed primum multas expromam mente querellas,
canitiem terra atque infuso puluere foedans,
inde infecta vago suspendam lintea malo,
nostros ut luctus nostraeque incendia mentis
carbasus obscurata dicet ferrugine Hibera.
quod tibi si sancti concesserit incola Itoni,
quae nostrum genus ac sedes defendere Erechthei
annuit, ut tauri respergas sanguine dextram,
tum vero facito ut memori tibi condita corde
haec vigeant mandata, nec ulla oblitteret aetas;
ut simul ac nostros invisent lumina collis,
funestam antennae deponant undique vestem,
candidaque intorti sustollant vela rudentes,
quam primum cernens ut laeta gaudia mente
agnoscam, cum te reducem aetas prospera sistet.’

“My son, my only son, dearer to me than all my length of days restored to me but now in the last end of old age, my son, whom I perforce let go forth to doubtful hazards, — since my fortune and thy burning valour tear thee from me, unwilling me, whose failing eyes are not yet satisfied with the dear image of my son, I will not let thee go gladly with cheerful heart, nor suffer thee to bear the tokens of prosperous fortune: but first will bring forth many laments from my heart, soiling my gray hairs with earth and showered dust: thereafter will I hang dyed sails on thy roving mast, that so the tale of my grief and the fire that burns in my heart may be marked by the canvas stained with Iberian azure. But if she who dwells in holy Itonus, who vouchsafes to defend our race and the abodes of Erechtheus, shall grant thee to sprinkle thy right hand with the bull’s blood, then be sure that these my commands live, laid up in thy mindful heart, and that no length of time blur them: that as soon as thy eyes shall come within sight of our hills, thy yardarms may lay down from them their mourning raiment, and the twisted cordage raise a white sail: that so I may see at once and gladly welcome the signs of joy, when a happy hour shall set thee here in thy home again.”

haec mandata prius constanti mente tenentem

Thesea ceu pulsae ventorum flamine nubes
aereum nivei montis liquere cacumen.
at pater, ut summa prospectum ex arce petebat,
anxia in assiduos absumens lumina fletus,
cum primum infecti conspexit lintea veli,
praecipitem sese scopulorum e vertice iecit,
amissum credens immiti Thesea fato.
sic funesta domus ingressus tecta paterna
morte ferox Theseus, qualem Minoidi luctum
obtulerat mente immemori, talem ipse recepit.
quae tum prospectans cedentem maesta carinam
multiplices animo voluebat saucia curas.

These charges at first did Theseus preserve with constant mind; but then they left him, as clouds driven by the breath of the winds leave the lofty head of the snowy mountain. But the father, as he gazed out from his tower-top, wasting his longing eyes in constant tear-floods, when first he saw the canvas of the belying sail, threw himself headlong from the summit of the rocks, believing Theseus destroyed by ruthless fate. Thus bold Theseus, as he entered the chambers of his home, darkened with mourning for his father's death, himself received such grief as by forgetfulness of heart he had caused to the daughter of Minos. And she the while, gazing out tearfully at the receding ship, was revolving manifold cares in her wounded heart.

at parte ex alia florens volitabat Iacchus
cum thiaso Satyrorum et Nysigenis Silenis,
te quaerens, Ariadna, tuoque incensus amore.
quae tum alacres passim lymphata mente furebant
euhoe bacchantes, euhoe capita inflectentes.
harum pars tecta quatiebant cuspidе thyrso,
pars e divolso iactabant membra iuvenco,
pars sese tortis serpentibus incingebant,
pars obscura cavis celebrabant orgia cistis,
orgia quae frustra cupiunt audire profani;
plangebant aliae proceris tympana palmis,
aut tereti tenuis tinnitus aere ciebant;
multis raucisonos efflabant cornua bombos
barbaraque horribili stridebat tibia cantu.
talibus amplifice vestis decorata figuris
pulvinar complexa suo velabat amictu.

In another part of the tapestry youthful Bacchus was wandering with the rout of Satyrs and the Nysa-born Sileni, seeking thee, Ariadne, and fired with thy love;... who then, busy here and there, were raging with frenzied mind, while "Evoe!" they cried tumultuously, "Evoe!" shaking their heads. Some of them

were waving thyrsi with shrouded points, some tossing about the limbs of a mangled steer, some girding themselves with writhing serpents: some bearing in solemn procession dark mysteries enclosed in caskets, mysteries which the profane desire in vain to hear. Others beat timbrels with uplifted hands, or raised clear clashings with cymbals of rounded bronze: many blew horns with harsh-sounding drone, and the barbarian pipe shrilled with dreadful din. Such were the figures that richly adorned the tapestry which embraced and shrouded with its folds the royal couch.

quae postquam cupide spectando Thessala pubes
expleta est, sanctis coepit decedere divis.
hic, qualis flatu placidum mare matutino
horrificans Zephyrus procliuas incitat undas,
Aurora exoriente vagi sub limina Solis,
quae tarde primum clementi flamine pulsae
procedunt leviterque sonant plangore cachinni,
post vento crescente magis magis increbescunt,
purpureaque procul nantes ab luce refulgent:
sic tum vestibuli linquentes regia tecta
ad se quisque vago passim pede discedebant.

Now when the Thessalian youth had gazed their fill, fixing their eager eyes on these wonders, they began to give place to the holy gods. Hereupon, as the west wind ruffling the quiet sea with its breath at morn urges on the sloping waves when the Dawn is rising up to the gates of the travelling Sun, the waters slowly at first, driven by gentle breeze, step on and lightly sound with splash of laughter; then as the breeze grows fresh they crowd on close and closer, and floating afar reflect a brightness from the crimson light; so now, leaving the royal buildings of the portal, hither and thither variously with devious feet the guests passed away.

quorum post abitum princeps e vertice Pelei
advenit Chiron portans siluestria dona:
nam quoscumque ferunt campi, quos Thessala magnis
montibus ora creat, quos propter fluminis undas
aura parit flores tepidi fecunda Favoni,
hos indistinctis plexos tulit ipse corollis,
quo permulsa domus iucundo risit odore.
confestim Penios adest, viridantia Tempe,
Tempe, quae silvae cingunt super impendentes,
Minosim linquens doris celebranda choreis,
non vacuos: namque ille tulit radicitus altas
fagos ac recto proceras stipite laurus,
non sine nutanti platano lentaque sorore
flammati Phaethontis et aerea cupressu.

haec circum sedes late contexta locavit,
vestibulum ut molli velatum fronde vireret.
post hunc consequitur sollerti corde Prometheus,
extenuata gerens veteris vestigia poenae,
quam quondam silici restrictus membra catena
persolvit pendens e verticibus praeruptis.
inde pater divum sancta cum coniuge natisque
advenit caelo, te solum, Phoebe, relinquens
unigenamque simul cultricem montibus Idri:
Pelea nam tecum pariter soror aspernata est,
nec Thetidis taedas voluit celebrare iugales.

After their departure, from the top of Pelion came Chiron leading the way, and bearing woodland gifts. For all the flowers that the plains bear, all that the Thessalian region brings to birth on its mighty mountains, all the flowers that near the river's streams the fruitful gale of warm Favonrus discloses, these he brought himself, woven in mingled garlands, cheered with whose grateful odour the house smiled its gladness. Forthwith Penëus is there, leaving verdant Tempe, Tempe girt with impendent forests [] to be haunted by Dorian dances; not empty-handed, for he bore, torn up by the roots, lofty beeches and tall bay-trees with upright stem, and with them the nodding plane and the swaying sister of flame-devoured Phaethon, and the tall cypress. All these he wove far and wide around their home, that the portal might be greenly embowered with soft foliage. Him follows Prometheus wise of heart, bearing the faded scars of the ancient penalty which whilom, his limbs bound fast the rock with chains, he paid, hanging from the craggy summits. Then came the Father of the gods with his divine wife and his sons, leaving thee, Phoebus, alone in heaven, and with thee thine own sister who dwells in the heights of Idrus; for as thou didst, so did thy sister scorn Peleus, nor deigned to be present at the nuptial torches of Thetis.

qui postquam niveis flexerunt sedibus artus
large multiplici constructae sunt dape mensae,
cum interea infirmo quatientes corpora motu
veridicos Parcae coeperunt edere cantus.
his corpus tremulum complectens undique vestis
candida purpurea talos incinxerat ora,
at roseae niveo residebant vertice vittae,
aeternumque manus carpebant rite laborem.
laeva colum molli lana retinebat amictum,
dextera tum leviter deducens fila supinis
formabat digitis, tum prono in pollice torquens
libratum tereti versabat turbine fusum,
atque ita decerpens aequabat semper opus dens,
laneaque aridulis haerebant morsa labellis,

quae prius in levi fuerant exstantia filo:
ante pedes autem candentis mollia lanae
vellera virgati custodibant calathisci.
haec tum clarisona pellentes vellera voce
talìa divino fuderunt carmine fata,
carmine, perfidiae quod post nulla arguet aetas.

So when they had reclined their limbs on the white couches, bountifully were the tables piled with varied dainties: whilst in the meantime, swaying their bodies with palsied motion, the Parcae began to utter soothceiling chants. White raiment enfolding their aged limbs robed their ankles with a crimson border; on their snowy heads rested rosy bands, while their hands duly plied the eternal task. The left hand held the distaff clothed with soft wool; then the right hand lightly drawing out the threads with upturned fingers shaped them, then with downward thumb twirled the spindle poised with rounded whorl; and so with their teeth they still plucked the threads and made the work even. Bitten ends of wool clung to their dry lips, which had before stood out from the smooth yarn: and at their feet soft fleeces of white-shining wool were kept safe in baskets of osier. They then, as they struck the wool, sang with clear voice, and thus poured forth the Fates in divine chant. That chant no length of time shall prove untruthful.

o decus eximium magnis virtutibus augens,
Emathiae tutamen, Opis carissime nato,
accipe, quod laeta tibi pandunt luce sorores,
veridicum oraculum: sed vos, quae fata sequuntur,
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
adveniet tibi iam portans optata maritis
Hesperus, adveniet fausto cum sidere coniunx,
quae tibi flexanimo mentem perfundat amore,
languidulosque paret tecum coniungere somnos,
levia substernens robusto bracchia collo.

“O thou who crownest high renown with great deeds of virtue, bulwark of Emathian power, famed for thy son to be, receive the truthful oracle which on this happy day the Sisters reveal to thee; but run ye on, drawing the woof-threads which the fates follow, ye spindles, run. “Soon will Hesperus come to thee, Hesperus, who brings longed-for gifts to the wedded, soon will come thy wife with happy star, to shed over thy spirit soul-quelling love, and join with thee languorous slumbers, laying her smooth arms under thy strong neck. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run.

currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
nulla domus tales umquam contexit amores,
nullus amor tali coniunxit foedere amantes,

qualis adest Thetidi, qualis concordia Peleo.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
nascetur vobis expers terroris Achilles,
hostibus haud tergo, sed forti pectore notus,
qui persaepe vago victor certamine cursus
flammea praevertet celeris vestigia cervae.

“No house ever harboured such loves as these; no love ever joined lovers in such a bond as links Thetis with Peleus, Peleus with Thetis. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run. “There shall be born to you a son that knows not fear, Achilles, known to his enemies not by his back but by his stout breast; who right often winner in the contest of the wide-ranging race shall outstrip the flame-fleet footsteps of the flying hind. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run.

currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
non illi quisquam bello se conferet heros,
cum Phrygii Teucro manabunt sanguine
Troicaque obsidens longinquo moenia bello,
periuri Pelopis vastabit tertius heres.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
illius egregias virtutes claraque facta
saepe fatebuntur gnatorum in funere matres,
cum incultum cano solvent a vertice crinem,
putridaque infirmis variabunt pectora palmis.

“Against him not a hero shall match himself in war, when the Phrygian streams shall flow with Teucrian blood, and the third heir of Pelops shall lay waste the Trojan walls, with tedious war beleaguering. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run. “The hero’s surpassing achievements and renowned deeds often shall mothers awn at the burial of their sons, loosing dishevelled hair from hoary head, and marring their withered breasts with weak hands. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run.

currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
namque velut densas praecerpens messor aristas
sole sub ardenti flaventia demetit arua,
Troiuenum infesto prosternet corpora ferro.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
testis erit magnis virtutibus unda Scamandri,
quae passim rapido diffunditur Hellesponto,
cuius iter caesis angustans corporum acervis
alta tepefaciet permixta flumina caede.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

“For as the husbandman cropping the thick ears of corn under the burning sun mows down the yellow fields, so shall he lay low with foeman’s steel the bodies of the sons of Troy. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run. “Witness of his great deeds of valour shall be the wave of Scamander which pours itself forth abroad in the current of Hellespont, whose channel he shall choke with heaps of slain corpses, and make the deep streams warm with mingled blood. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run.

* * * * *

denique testis erit morti quoque reddita praeda,
cum teres excelso coaceruatum aggere bustum
excipiet niveos percussae virginis artus.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
nam simul ac fessis dederit fors copiam Achivis
urbis Dardaniae Neptunia solvere vincla,
alta Polyxenia madefient caede sepulcra;
quae, velut ancipiti succumbens victima ferro,
proiciet truncum summisso poplite corpus.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

“Lastly, witness too shall be the prize assigned to him in death, when the rounded barrow heaped up with lofty mound shall receive the snowy limbs of the slaughtered maiden. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run. “For so soon as Fortune shall give to the weary Achaeans power to loose the Neptune-forged circlet of the Dardanian town, the high tomb shall be wetted with Polyxena’s blood, who like a victim falling under the two-edged steel, shall bend her knee and bow her headless trunk. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run.

quare agite optatos animi coniungite amores.
accipiat coniunx felici foedere divam,
dedatur cupido iam dudum nupta marito.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.
non illam nutrix orienti luce revisens
hesterno collum poterit circumdare filo,
anxia nec mater discordis maesta puellae
secubitu caros mittet sperare nepotes.
currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

“Come then, unite the loves which your souls desire: let the husband receive in happy bonds the goddess, let the bride be given up — nay now! — to her eager spouse. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run. “When her nurse visits her again with the morning light, she will not be able to circle her neck with yesterday’s riband; nor shall her anxious mother, saddened by lone-

lying of an unkindly bride, give up the hope of dear descendants. Run, drawing the woof-threads, ye spindles, run.”

talìa praefantes quondam felicia Pelei
carmina divino cecinerunt pectore Parcae.
praesentes namque ante domos invisere castas
heroum, et sese mortali ostendere coetu,
caelicolae nondum spreta pietate solebant.
saepe pater divum templo in fulgente revisens,
annua cum festis venissent sacra diebus,
conspexit terra centum procumbere tauros.
saepe vagus Liber Parnasi vertice summo
Thyiadas effusis euantis crinibus egit,
cum Delphi tota certatim ex urbe ruentes
acciperent laeti divum fumantibus aris.
saepe in letifero belli certamine Mavors
aut rapidi Tritonis era aut Amarunsia virgo
armatas hominum est praesens hortata catervas.

Such strains of divination, foreboding happiness to Peleus, sang the Fates from prophetic breast in days of yore. For in bodily presence of old, before religion was despised, the heavenly ones were wont to visit pious homes of heroes, and show themselves to mortal company. Often the Father of the gods coming down again, in his bright temple, when yearly feasts had come on his holy days, saw a hundred bulls fall to the ground. Often Liber roving on the topmost height of Parnassus drove the Thyades crying “Evoe!” with flying hair, when the Delphians, racing eagerly from all the town, joyfully received the god with smoking altars. Often in the death-bearing strife of war Mavors or the Lady of swift Triton or the Rhamnusian Virgin by their presence stirred up the courage of armed bands of men.

sed postquam tellus scelere est imbuta nefando
iustitiamque omnes cupida de mente fugarunt,
perfundere manus fraterno sanguine fratres,
destitit extinctos gnatus lugere parentes,
optavit genitor primaevi funera nati,
liber ut innuptae poteretur flore novercae,
ignaro mater substernens se impia nato
impia non verita est divos scelerare penates.
omnia fanda nefanda malo permixta furore
iustificam nobis mentem avertere deorum.
quare nec talis dignantur visere coetus,
nec se contingi patiuntur lumine claro.

But when the earth was dyed with hideous crime, and all men banished justice

from their greedy souls, and brothers sprinkled their hands with brothers' blood, the son left off to mourn his parents' death, the father wished for the death of his young son, that he might without hindrance enjoy the flower of a young bride, the unnatural mother impiously coupling with her unconscious son did not fear to sin against parental gods: — then all right and wrong, confounded in impious madness, turned from us the righteous will of the gods. Wherefore they deign not to visit such companies, nor endure the touch of clear daylight.

LXV. ad Ortalum

Etsi me assiduo confectum cura dolore
sevocat a doctis, Ortale, virginibus,
nec potis est dulcis Musarum expromere fetus
mens animi, tantis fluctuat ipsa malis —
namque mei nuper Lethaeo in gurgite fratris
pallidulum manans alluit unda pedem,
Troia Rhoeteo quem subter litore tellus
ereptum nostris obterit ex oculis.

* * * * *

LXV. *To Hortalus*

THOUGH I am worn out with constant grief, Hortalus, and sorrow calls me away, apart from the learned Maids, nor can the thoughts of my heart utter the sweet births of the Muses, tossed as it is with such waves of trouble; — so lately the creeping wave of the Lethaeon flood has lapped my own brother's death-pale foot, on whom, torn away from our sight, under the shore of Rhoeteum the soil of Troy lies heavy.

* * * *

numquam ego te, vita frater amabilior,
aspiciam posthac? at certe semper amabo,
semper maesta tua carmina morte canam,
qualia sub densis ramorum concinit umbris
Daulias, absumpti fata gemens Ityli —
sed tamen in tantis maeroribus, Ortale, mitto
haec expressa tibi carmina Battiadae,
ne tua dicta vagis nequiquam credita ventis
effluxisse meo forte putes animo,
ut missum sponsi furtivo munere malum
procurrit casto virginis e gremio,
quod miserae oblitae molli sub veste locatum,
dum adventu matris prosilit, excutitur,
atque illud prono praeceps agitur decursu,
huic manat tristi conscius ore rubor.

Never shall I speak to thee, never hear thee tell of thy life; never shall I see thee again, brother more beloved than life: but surely I shall always love thee, always sing strains of mourning for thy death, as under the thick shadows of the boughs sings the Daulian bird bewailing the fate of Itylus lost. Yet, in such sorrows, Hortalus, I send to you these verses of Battiades translated, lest haply

you should think that your words have slipped from my mind, vainly committed to wandering winds: as art apple sent as a secret gift from her betrothed lover falls out from the chaste bosom of the girl, which — poor child, she forgot it! — put away in her soft gown, is shaken out as she starts forward when her mother comes; then, see, onward, downward swiftly it rolls and runs; a conscious blush creeps over her downcast face.

LXVI.

Omnia qui magni dispexit lumina mundi,
qui stellarum ortus comperit atque obitus,
flammeus ut rapidi solis nitor obscuretur,
ut cedant certis sidera temporibus,
ut Triviam furtim sub Latmia saxa relegans
dulcis amor gyro devocet aereo:
idem me ille Conon caelesti in limine vidit
e Beroniceo vertice caesariem
fulgentem clare, quam multis illa dearum
levia protendens brachia pollicita est,
qua rex tempestate novo auctus hymenaeo
vastatum finis iuerat Assyrios,
dulcia nocturnae portans vestigia rixae,
quam de virgineis gesserat exuviis.
estne novis nuptis odio Venus? anne parentum
frustrantur falsis gaudia lacrimulis,
ubertim thalami quas intra limina fundunt?
non, ita me divi, vera gemunt, iuerint.
id mea me multis docuit regina querellis
invisente novo proelia torva viro.
et tu non orbum luxti deserta cubile,
sed fratris cari flebile discidium?
quam penitus maestitas exedit cura medullas!
ut tibi tunc toto pectore sollicitae
sensibus ereptis mens excidit! at ego certe
cognoram a parva virgine magnanimam.
anne bonum oblita es facinus, quo regium adepta es
coniugium, quod non fortior ausit alis?
sed tum maesta virum mittens quae verba locuta est!

LXVI

The Lock of Berenice

CONON, he who scanned all the lights of the vast sky, who learnt the risings of the stars and their settings, how the flaming blaze of the swift sun suffers eclipse, how the stars recede at set seasons, how sweet love calls Trivia from her airy circuit, banishing her secretly to the rocky cave of Latmus — that same Conon saw me shining brightly among the lights of heaven, me, the lock from the head of Berenice, me whom she vowed to many of the goddesses, stretching forth her smooth arms, at that season when the king, blest in his new marriage, had gone to waste the Assyrian borders.... Is Venus hated by

brides? and do they mock the joys of parents with false tears, which they shed plentifully within their virgin bowers? No, so may the gods help me, they lament not truly. This my queen taught me by all her lamentations, when her newly wedded husband went forth to grim war. But your tears, forsooth, were not shed for the desertion of your widowed bed, but for the mournful parting from your dear brother, when sorrow gnawed the inmost marrow of your sad heart. At that time how from your whole breast did your anxious spirit fail, bereft of sense! and yet truly I knew you to be stout-hearted from young girlhood. Have you forgotten the brave deed by which you gained a royal marriage, braver deed than which none other could ever dare? But at that time in your grief, when parting from your husband, what words did you utter!

Iuppiter, ut tristi lumina saepe manu!
quis te mutavit tantus deus? an quod amantes
non longe a caro corpore abesse volunt?
atque ibi me cunctis pro dulci coniuge divis
non sine taurino sanguine pollicita es,
si redivitum tetulisset. is haut in tempore longo
captam Asiam Aegypti finibus addiderat.
quis ego pro factis caelesti reddita coetu
pristina vota novo munere dissolvo.
invita, o regina, tuo de vertice cessi,
invita: adiuro teque tuumque caput,
digna ferat quod si quis inaniter adiurarit:
sed qui se ferro postulet esse parem?
ille quoque eversus mons est, quem maximum in oris
progenies Thiae clara supervehitur,
cum Medi peperere novum mare, cumque iuventus
per medium classi barbara navit Athon.
quid facient crines, cum ferro talia cedant?
Iuppiter, ut Chalybon omne genus pereat,
et qui principio sub terra quaerere venas
institit ac ferri stringere duritiem!

How often, O Jupiter, did you brush away the tears with your hand! What mighty god has changed you thus? is it that lovers cannot bear to be far away from the side of him they love? And there to all the gods for your dear husband's welfare you vowed me not without blood of bulls, so he should complete his return. He in no long time had added conquered Asia to the territories of Egypt. This is done; and now I am given as due to the host of heaven, and pay your former vows with a new offering. Unwillingly, O queen, I was parted from your head, unwillingly, I swear both by you and by your head; by which if any swear vainly, let him reap a worthy recompense. — But what man can claim to be as strong as steel? Even that mountain was overthrown, the greatest of all in those shores which the bright son of Thia

traverses, when the Medes created a new sea, and when the youth of Persia swam in their fleet through mid Athos. What shall locks of hair do, when such things as this yield to steel? O, Jupiter, may all the race of the Chalybes perish, and he, who first began to seek for veins underground, and to forge hard bars of iron!

abiunctae paulo ante comae mea fata sorores
lugebant, cum se Memnonis Aethiopis
unigena impellens nutantibus aera pennis
obtulit Arsinoes Locridis ales equos,
isque per aetherias me tollens avolat umbras
et Veneris casto collocat in gremio.
ipsa suum Zephyritis eo famulum legarat
Graia Canopitis incola litoribus.
hi dii veni ibi vario ne solum in lumine caeli
ex Ariadnaeis aurea temporibus
fixa corona foret, sed nos quoque fulgeremus
deuotae flavi verticis exuviae,
vuidulam a fluctu cedentem ad templa deum me
sidus in antiquis diva novum posuit.
Virginis et saevi contingens namque Leonis
lumina, Callisto iuncta Lycaoniae,
vector in occasum, tardum dux ante Booten,
qui vix sero alto mergitur Oceano.
sed quamquam me nocte premunt vestigia divum,
lux autem canae Tethyi restituit
(pace tua fari hic liceat, Ramnusia virgo,
namque ego non ullo vera timore tegam,
nec si me infestis diserpent sidera dictis,
condita quin veri pectoris evoluam),
non his tam laetor rebus, quam me afore semper,
afore me a dominae vertice discrucior,
quicum ego, dum virgo quondam fuit omnibus expers
unguentis, una milia multa bibi.

My sister locks, sundered from me just before, were mourning for my fate, when the own brother of Ethiopian Memnon appeared, striking the air with waving wings, the winged courser of Loerian Arsinoe. And he sweeping me away flies through the airs of heaven and places me in the holy bosom of Venus. On that service had the Lady of Zephyrium, the Grecian queen, who sojourns on the shores of Canopus, herself sent her own minister. Then Venus — that among the various lights of heaven, not only should the golden crown taken from the brows of Ariadne be fixed, but that I also might shine, the dedicated spoil of Berenice's sunny head — me too, wet with tears, and transported to the abodes of the gods, me a new constellation among the

ancient stars did the goddess set; for I, touching the fires of the Virgin and the raging Lion, and close by Callisto daughter of Lycaon, move to my setting, while I point the way before slow Bootes, who scarce late at night dips in deep ocean. But though at night the footsteps of the gods press close upon me, whilst by day I am restored to gray Tethys (under thy sufferance let me speak this, O Virgin of Rhamnus; no fear shall make me hide the truth, no, not even though the stars shall rend me with angry words will I refrain from uttering the secrets of a true heart), I do not so much rejoice in this good fortune, as grieve that parted, ever parted must I be from the head of my lady; with whom of old, while she was still a virgin, delighting herself with all kinds of perfumes, I drank many thousands.

nunc vos, optato quas iunxit lumine taeda,
non prius unanimis corpora coniugibus
tradite nudantes reiecta veste papillas,
quam iucunda mihi munera libet onyx,
vester onyx, casto colitis quae iura cubili.
sed quae se impuro dedit adulterio,
illius a mala dona levis bibat irrita pulvis:
namque ego ab indignis praemia nulla peto.
sed magis, o nuptae, semper concordia vestras,
semper amor sedes incolat assiduus.
tu vero, regina, tuens cum sidera divam
placabis festis luminibus Venerem,
unguinis expertem non siris esse tuam me,
sed potius largis affice muneribus.
sidera corruerint utinam! coma regia fiam,
proximus Hydrochoi fulgeret Oarion!

Now, ye maidens, when the torch has united you with welcome light, yield not your bodies to your loving spouses, baring your breasts with vesture opened, before the onyx jar offers pleasant gifts to me, the jar which is yours, who reverence marriage in chaste wedlock. But as for her who gives herself up to foul adultery, ah! let the light dust drink up her worthless gifts unratified: for I ask no offerings from the unworthy. But rather, O ye brides, may concord evermore dwell in your homes, ever abiding Love. And you, my queen, when gazing up to the stars you propitiate Venus with festal lamps, let not me your handmaid want perfumes, but rather enrich me with bounteous gifts. Why do the stars keep me here? I would fain be the queen's lock once more; and let Orion blaze next to Aquarius.

LXVII. de ianua moechae cuiusdam

O dulci iucunda virgo, iucunda parenti,
salve, teque bona Iuppiter auctet ope,
ianua, quam Balbo dicunt servisse benigne
olim, cum sedes ipse senex tenuit,
quamque ferunt rursus gnato servisse maligne,
postquam es porrecto facta marita sene.
dic agedum nobis, quare mutata feraris
in dominum veterem deseruisse fidem.

LXVII

Catullus

HAIL, house-door, once dear to a well-beloved husband and dear to his father; hail, and may Jupiter bless you with kindly help; you door, who once, they say, did kindly service to Balbus, when the old man himself held the house, and who since then, as they tell us, are doing grudging service to his son, now that the old man is dead and laid out, and you are become the door of a wedded house. Come tell us why you are said to be changed, and to have deserted your old faithfulness to your master.

‘Non (ita Caecilio placeam, cui tradita nunc sum)
culpa mea est, quamquam dicitur esse mea,
nec peccatum a me quisquam pote dicere quicquam:
verum istius populi ianua qui te facit,
qui quacumque aliquid reperitur non bene factum
ad me omnes clamant: ianua, culpa tua est.’

House-door

It is not — so may I please Caecilius, whose property I am now become — it is not my fault, though it is said to be mine, nor can any one speak of any wrong done by me. But of course people will have it that the door does it all; all of them, whenever any ill deed is discovered, cry out to me, “House-door, the fault is yours.”

Non istuc satis est uno te dicere verbo.
sed facere ut quivis sentiat et videat.

Catullus

It is not enough for you to say that with a single word, but so to do that any one may feel it and see it.

‘Qui possum? nemo quaerit nec scire laborat?’

House-door

How can I? No one asks or cares to know.

Nos volumus: nobis dicere ne dubita.

Catullus

I wish to know — do not scruple to tell me.

‘Primum igitur, virgo quod fertur tradita nobis,
falsum est. non illam vir prior attigerit,
languidior tenera cui pendens sicala beta.
numquam se mediam sustulit ad tunicam;
sed pater illius gnati violasse cubile
dicitur et miseram conscelerasse domum,
sive quod impia mens caeco flagrabat amore,
seu quod iners sterili semine natus erat,
ut quaerendum unde foret nervosius illud,
quod posset zonam solvere virgineam.’

House-door

First then, that she came to us a virgin is untrue. She gave her maidenhead,
not to her husband, but to his father.

Egregium narras mira pietate parentem.
qui ipse sui gnati minxerit in gremium.

Catullus

What? A father in love with his own daughter-in-law? An affectionate father
indeed!

Atqui non solum hoc dicit se cognitum habere
Brixia Cycneae supposita speculae,
flavus quam molli praecurrit flumine Mella,
Brixia Veronae mater amata meae,
sed de Postumio et Corneli narrat amore,
cum quibus illa malum fecit adulterium.

House-door

And yet this not only does Brixia say she well knows, Brixia that lies close
under the citadel of China, the town through which runs the soft stream of

golden Melo, Brixia dear mother of my own Verona; but she tells stories about Postumius, and the amours of Cornelius, with whom she enjoyed unlawful love.

dixerit hic aliquis: quid? tu istaec, ianua, nosti,
cui numquam domini limine abesse licet,
nec populum auscultare, sed hic suffixa tigillo
tantum operire soles aut aperire domum?

Catullus

Here some one will say: "What, house-door, do you know all this, you who never may be away from your master's threshold, nor hear the people talk, but fixed under this lintel have nothing to do but to shut or open the house?"

saepe illam audivi furtiva voce loquentem
solam cum ancillis haec sua flagitia,
nomine dicentem quos diximus, utpote quae mi
speraret nec linguam esse nec auriculam.
praeterea addebat quendam, quem dicere nolo
nomine, ne tollat rubra supercilia.
longus homo est, magnas cui lites intulit olim
falsum mendaci ventre puerperium.'

House-door

I have often heard her telling these crimes of hers with hushed voice alone with her maids, speaking of those by name of whom I spoke; she thought, no doubt, that I had neither tongue nor ear. She added besides one whom I do not choose to mention by name, lest he should arch his red brows. He is a tall man, and was once troubled with a great lawsuit, from a falsely imputed child-birth.

LXVIII. ad Mallium

Quod mihi fortuna casuque oppressus acerbo
 conscriptum hoc lacrimis mittis epistolium,
naufragum ut eiectum spumantibus aequoris undis
 sublevem et a mortis limine restituum,
quem neque sancta Venus molli requiescere somno
 desertum in lecto caelibe perpetitur,
nec veterum dulci scriptorum carmine Musae
 oblectant, cum mens anxia pervigilat:
id gratum est mihi, me quoniam tibi dicis amicum,
 muneraque et Musarum hinc petis et Veneris.

LXVIII. *To Manlius*

THAT you, weighed down as you are by fortune and bitter chance, should send me this letter written with tears, to bid me succour a shipwrecked man cast up by the foaming waters of the sea, and restore him from the threshold of death, whom neither does holy Venus suffer to rest, deserted in his widowed bed, nor do the Muses charm him with the sweet poetry of ancient writers, when his mind keeps anxious vigil; — this is grateful to me, since you call me your friend, and come to me for the gifts both of the Muses and of Love.

sed tibi ne mea sint ignota incommoda, Mani,
 neu me odisse putes hospitis officium,
accipe, quis merse fortunae fluctibus ipse,
 ne amplius a misero dona beata petas.
tempore quo primum vestis mihi tradita pura est,
 iucundum cum aetas florida ver ageret,
multa satis lusi: non est dea nescia nostri,
 quae dulcem curis miscet amaritiam.

But, dear Manlius, that my troubles may not be unknown to you, and that you may not think I am tired of the duty of a friend, let me tell you what are the waves of fortune in which I too am whelmed; so will you not again require gifts of happiness from one who is unblest. At the time when first a white dress was given to me, when my youth in its flower was keeping jocund spring-time, I wrote merry poems enough; not unknown am I to the goddess who mingles with her cares a sweet bitterness.

sed totum hoc studium luctu fraterna mihi mors
 abstulit. o misero frater adempte mihi,
tu mea tu moriens fregisti commoda, frater,

tecum una tota est nostra sepulta domus,
omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra,
quae tuus in vita dulcis alebat amor.
cuius ego interitu tota de mente fugavi
haec studia atque omnes delicias animi.

But all care for this is gone from me by my brother's death. Ah me unhappy, who have lost you, my brother! You, brother, you by your death have destroyed my happiness; with you all my house is buried. With you all my joys have died, which your sweet love cherished, while yet you lived. By reason of your death, I have banished from all my mind these thoughts and all the pleasures of my heart.

quare, quod scribis Veronae turpe Catullo
esse, quod hic quisquis de meliore nota
frigida deserto tepefactet membra cubili,
id, Mani, non est turpe, magis miserum est.
ignoscas igitur si, quae mihi luctus ademit,
haec tibi non tribuo munera, cum nequeo.

And so, when you write, "It is no credit to you, Catullus, to be at Verona; because here, where I am, all the young men of better condition warm their cold limbs in the bed deserted by you"; that, Manlius, is rather a misfortune than a discredit. You will forgive me then, if I do not render to you those services which grief has taken from me at a time when I cannot do it.

nam, quod scriptorum non magna est copia apud me,
hoc fit, quod Romae vivimus: illa domus,
illa mihi sedes, illic mea carpitur aetas;
huc una ex multis capsula me sequitur.
quod cum ita sit, nolim statuas nos mente maligna
id facere aut animo non satis ingenuo,
quod tibi non utriusque petenti copia posta est:
ultro ego deferrem, copia siqua foret.

For as for my not having plenty of authors at hand, that is because I live at Rome: that is my home, that is my abode, there my life is spent; when I come here only one small box out of many attends me. And since this is so, I would not have you judge that it is due to niggardly mind or ungenerous temper, that you have not received a full supply of what you ask of each kind: I would have offered it unasked, if I had any such resources.

LXVIIIb

Non possum reticere, deae, qua me Allius in re
iuerit aut quantis iuerit officiis,
ne fugiens saeculis obliuiscens aetas
illius hoc caeca nocte tegat studium:
sed dicam vobis, vos porro dicite multis
milibus et facite haec carta loquatur anus.

* * * * *

LXVIII B

I CANNOT, O ye goddesses, refrain from telling what the matter was in which Allius helped me, and how greatly he helped me by his services, lest time flying with forgetful ages hide in blind night this kindly zeal of his. But to you I will tell it; do you hand on the tale to many thousands, and let the paper speak this in its old age.

* * * * *

notescatque magis mortuus atque magis,
nec tenuem texens sublimis aranea telam
in deserto Alli nomine opus faciat.
nam, mihi quam dederit duplex Amathusia curam,
scitis, et in quo me torruerit genere,
cum tantum arderem quantum Trinacria rupes
lymphaque in Oetaeis Malia Thermopylis,
maesta neque assiduo tabescere lumina fletu
cessarent. tristisque imbre madere genae.

and let him be famous more and more in death; and let not the spider who weaves her thin web aloft spread her work over the neglected name of Allius. For how much sorrow of heart the wily goddess of Amathus gave me, ye know, and in what fashion she scorched me. When I was burning as hotly as the Trinacrian rock and the Malian water at Oetean Thermopylae, when my sad eyes never rested from wasting with perpetual tears, nor my cheeks from streaming with a flood of sorrow; —

qualis in aerii perlucens vertice montis
rius muscoso prosilit e lapide,
qui cum de prona praeceps est valle volutus,
per medium densi transit iter populi,
dulce viatori lasso in sudore levamen,

cum gravis exustos aestus hiulcat agros:
hic, velut in nigro iactatis turbine nautis
lenius aspirans aura secunda venit
iam prece Pollucis, iam Castoris implorata,
tale fuit nobis Allius auxilium.

as at the top of a lofty mountain a bright stream leaps forth from a moss-grown rock, and gushing headlong down the steep valley crosses the mid way thronged by the people, a sweet solace in his labour to the weary wayfarer when sultry heat makes the parched fields to gape; and as to mariners tossed by the black storm comes a favouring breeze with gentler breath, sought by prayer now to Pollux, now to Castor; — such an aid to me was Allius;

is clausum lato patefecit limite campum,
isque domum nobis isque dedit dominae,
ad quam communes exerceremus amores.
quo mea se molli candida diva pede
intulit et trito fulgentem in limine plantam
innixa arguta constituit solea,
coniugis ut quondam flagrans advenit amore
Protesilaeam Laodamia domum
inceptam frustra, nondum cum sanguine sacro
hostia caelestis pacificasset eros.
nil mihi tam valde placeat, Ramnusia virgo,
quod temere invitis suscipiatur eris.

he opened a broad track across the fenced field, he gave me access to a house and its mistress, under whose roof we should together enjoy each his own love. Thither my fair goddess delicately stepped, and set the sole of her shining foot on the smooth threshold, as she pressed on her slender sandal: even as once Laodamia came burning with love to the house of Protesilaus, that house begun in vain, since not yet had a victim's sacred blood appeased the Lords of heaven. Lady of Rhamnus, never may that please me which is undertaken amiss without the will of our Lords.

quam ieiuna pium desiderat ara cruorem,
docta est amisso Laodamia viro,
coniugis ante coacta novi dimittere collum,
quam veniens una atque altera rursus hiems
noctibus in longis avidum saturasset amorem,
posset ut abrupto vivere coniugio,
quod scibant Parcae non longo tempore abesse,
si miles muros isset ad Iliacos.

How much the starved altar craves for the blood of pious sacrifices, Laodamia

learnt by the loss of her husband; forced to loose her arms from the neck of her new spouse, before the coming of one and then a second winter with its long nights should content her passionate love, that she might endure to live, though her husband was taken from her; and this the Fates had ordained to come in no long time, if once he went as a soldier to the walls of Ilium.

nam tum Helenae raptu primores Argiuorum
coeperat ad sese Troia ciere viros,
Troia (nefas!) commune sepulcrum Asiae Europaeque,
Troia virum et virtutum omnium acerba cinis,
quaene etiam nostro letum miserabile fratri
attulit. ei misero frater adempte mihi
ei misero fratri iucundum lumen ademptum,
tecum una tota est nostra sepulta domus,
omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra,
quae tuus in vita dulcis alebat amor.
quem nunc tam longe non inter nota sepulcra
nec prope cognatos compositum cineres,
sed Troia obscena, Troia infelice sepultum
detinet extremo terra aliena solo.

For then it was, because of the rape of Helen, that Troy began to summon against herself the chieftains of the Argives, Troy — O horror! — the common grave of Europe and Asia, Troy the untimely tomb of all heroes and heroic deeds: Troy brought pitiable death to my brother also; alas! my brother, taken from me unhappy, alas! dear light of my eyes, taken from thy unhappy brother: with thee now is all my house buried; all my joys have perished together with thee, which while thou wert alive thy sweet love cherished. Thee now far, far away, not among familiar graves, nor laid to rest near the ashes of thy kinsfolk, but buried in hateful Troy, ill-omened Troy, a foreign land holds in a distant soil.

ad quam tum properans fertur undique pubes
Graecae penetralis deseruisse focos,
ne Paris abducta gavisus libera moecha
otia pacato degeret in thalamo.

To Troy at that time all the youth of Greece is said to have hastened together, deserting their hearths and homes, that Paris might not enjoy undisturbed leisure in a peaceful chamber, rejoicing in the rape of his paramour.

quo tibi tum casu, pulcerrima Laudamia,
ereptum est vita dulcius atque anima
coniugium: tanto te absorbens vertice amoris
aestus in abruptum detulerat barathrum,

quale ferunt Grai Pheneum prope Cylleneum
siccare emulsa pingue palude solum,
quod quondam caesis montis fodisse medullis
audit falsiparens Amphitryoniades,
tempore quo certa Stymphalia monstra sagitta
perculit imperio deterioris eri,
pluribus ut caeli tereretur ianua divis,
Hebe nec longa virginitate foret.

By that sad chance then, fairest Laodamia, wast thou bereft of thy husband, sweeter to thee than life and soul; so strong the tide of love, so whelming the eddy that bore thee into the sheer abyss, deep as that gulf which (say the Greeks) near Cyllenian Pheneus drains away the swamp, and dries up the rich soil which of old the false-fathered son of Amphitryon is said to have dug out, cutting away the heart of the hill, what time with sure shaft he hit the monsters of Stymphalus at the bidding of a meaner lord, that the door of heaven might be frequented by more gods, and that Hebe might not long be unmated. But deeper than that gulf was thy deep love, which taught thee though untamed to bear the yoke.

sed tuus altus amor barathro fuit altior illo,
qui tamen indomitam ferre iugum docuit.
nam nec tam carum confecto aetate parenti
una caput seri nata nepotis alit,
qui cum divitiis vix tandem iuventus avertis
nomen testatas intulit in tabulas,
impia derisi gentilis gaudia tollens,
suscitat a cano volturium capiti:
nec tantum niveo gavisus est ulla columbo
compar, quae multo dicitur improbius
oscula mordenti semper decerpere rostro,
quam quae praecipue multivola est mulier.
sed tu horum magnos vicisti sola furores,
ut semel es flavo conciliata viro.

Not so dear to her age-stricken parent is the head of the late-born grandchild which his only daughter nurses, who, scarce at length appearing as an heir to ancestral wealth, and having his name brought into the witnessed tablets, puts an end to the unnatural joy of the kinsman, now in his turn derided, and drives away the vulture that waits for the hoary head; nor did ever dove delight so much in her snowy mate, though the dove bites and bills and snatches kisses more wantonly than any woman, be she amorous beyond others' measure. You alone surpassed the passion of these, when once you were matched with your golden-haired husband.

aut nihil aut paulum cui tum concedere digna
lux mea se nostrum contulit in gremium,
quam circumcursans hinc illinc saepe Cupido
fulgebat crocina candidus in tunica.
quae tamen etsi uno non est contenta Catullo,
rara verecundae furta feremus erae
ne nimium simus stultorum more molesti.
saepe etiam Iuno, maxima caelicolum,
coniugis in culpa flagrantem concoquit iram,
noscens omnivoli plurima furta Iovis.
atqui nec divis homines componier aequum est,

* * * * *

* * * * *

ingratum tremuli tolle parentis onus.
nec tamen illa mihi dextra deducta paterna
fragrantem Assyrio venit odore domum,
sed furtiva dedit mira munuscula nocte,
ipsius ex ipso dempta viri gremio.
quare illud satis est, si nobis is datur unis
quem lapide illa dies candidiore notat.

Even so kind, or but little less, was she, my bright one, who came into my arms; and often around her flitting hither and thither Cupid shone fair in vest of saffron hue. And though she is not content with Catullus alone, I will bear the faults, for few they are, of my modest mistress, lest we become as tiresome as jealous fools. Juno, too, greatest of the heavenly ones, often keeps down her anger for her husband's fault, as she learns the many loves of all amorous Jove. Yet since it is not fit that men should be compared with gods away, then, with the hateful severity of an anxious father. And after all she did not come for me led by her father's hand into a house fragrant with Assyrian odours, but gave me in the wondrous night sweet stolen gifts, taken from the very bosom of her husband himself. Wherefore it is enough if to me alone is granted the day which she marks with a whiter stone.

hoc tibi, quod potui, confectum carmine munus
pro multis, Alli, redditur officiis,
ne vestrum scabra tangat rubigine nomen
haec atque illa dies atque alia atque alia.
huc addent divi quam plurima, quae Themis olim
antiquis solita est munera ferre piis.

This gift— 'twas all I could — set forth in verse is returned to you, Allius, for many kind offices; lest this and that day, and another and another should touch your name with corroding rust. To this the gods will add those countless gifts which Themis of old was wont to give to pious men of ancient time.

sitis felices et tu simul et tua vita,
et domus in qua lusimus et domina,
et qui principio nobis terram dedit aufert,
a quo sunt primo omnia nata bona,
et longe ante omnes mihi quae me carior ipso est,
lux mea, qua viva vivere dulce mihi est.

May ye be happy, both you, and with you your dear Life, and the house in which you and I sported, and its mistress, and he who first [] for us, from whom first all those good things had their springing for me. And far before all, she who is dearer to me than myself, my Light, whose life alone makes it sweet to me to live.

LXIX. ad Rufum

Noli admirari, quare tibi femina nulla,
Rufe, velit tenerum supposuisse femur,
non si illam rarae labefactes munere vestis
aut perluciduli deliciis lapidis.

LXIX

You need not wonder why no dainty woman cares to come to your arms,
Rufus, not though you may shake her by the gift of a dress of fine texture, or
some delightful transparent jewel.

laedit te quaedam mala fabula, qua tibi fertur
uallē sub alarum trux habitare caper.
hunc metuunt omnes, neque mirum: nam mala valde est
bestia, nec quicum bella puella cubet.
quare aut crudelem nasorum interfice pestem,
aut admirari desine cur fugiunt.

What hurts you is a slander that says you have the rank goat under your
armpits: this is what they all fear, and no wonder; 'tis a horrid beast, and no
bedfellow for a pretty girl. Then kill that which so cruelly outrages our noses,
or wonder no more why they run away.

LXX.

Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle
 quam mihi, non si se Iuppiter ipse petat.
dicit: sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
 in vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua.

LXX

THE woman I love says that there is no one whom she would rather marry than me, not if Jupiter himself were to woo her. Says; — but what a woman says to her ardent lover should be written in wind and running water.

LXXI.

Si cui iure bono sacer alarum obstitit hircus,
aut si quem merito tarda podagra secat.
aemulus iste tuus, qui vestrem exercet amorem,
mirifice est a te nactus utrumque malum.
nam quotiens futuit, totiens ulciscitur ambos:
illam affligit odore, ipse perit podagra.

LXXI

IF there ever was a good fellow afflicted with rankness, or one who was racked for his sins with the gout, your rival who shares your privileges has got both from you to a marvel. Whenever they meet, they both pay dear for it; she is overwhelmed with the gust, he half dead with the gout.

LXXII. ad Lesbiam

Dicebas quondam solum te nosse Catullum,
Lesbia, nec prae me velle tenere Iovem.
dilexi tum te non tantum ut vulgus amicam,
sed pater ut gnatos diligit et generos.

LXXII

You used once to say that Catullus was your only friend, Lesbia, and that you would not prefer Jupiter himself to me. I loved you then, not only as the common sort love a mistress, but as a father loves his sons and sons-in-law.

nunc te cognovi: quare etsi impensius uror,
multo mi tamen es vilior et levior.
qui potis est, inquis? quod amantem iniuria talis
cogit amare magis, sed bene velle minus.

Now I know you; and therefore, though I burn more ardently, yet you are in my sight much less worthy and lighter. How can that be? you say. Because such an injury as this drives a lover to be more of a lover, but less of a friend.

LXXIII.

Desine de quoquam quicquam bene velle mereri
aut aliquem fieri posse putare pium.
omnia sunt ingrata, nihil fecisse benigne
immo etiam taedet obestque magis;
ut mihi, quem nemo gravius nec acerbius urget,
quam modo qui me unum atque unicum amicum habuit.

LXXIII

LEAVE off wishing to deserve any thanks from any one, or thinking that any one can ever become grateful. All this wins no thanks; to have acted kindly is nothing, rather it is wearisome, wearisome and harmful; so is it now with me, who am vexed and troubled by no one so bitterly as by him who but now held me for his one and only friend.

LXXIV. ad Gellium

Gellius audierat patruum obiurgare solere,
si quis delicias diceret aut faceret.
hoc ne ipsi accideret, patruum perdepsit ipsam
uxorem, et patruum reddidit Arpocratem.

LXXIV

GELLIUS had heard that his uncle used to reprove any one who talked of indulgence or used it. To avoid this himself, he seduced his uncle's own wife, and so made him dumbness on a monument.

quod voluit fecit: nam, quamvis irrumet ipsum
nunc patruum, verbum non faciet patruus.

He did what he wanted; for even if he should tackle the uncle himself, uncle will not say a word.

LXXV. ad Lesbiam

Huc est mens deducta tua mea, Lesbia, culpa
atque ita se officio perdidit ipsa suo,
ut iam nec bene velle queat tibi, si optima fias,
nec desistere amare, omnia si facias.

LXXV

To this point is my mind reduced by your fault, my Lesbia, and has so ruined itself by its own devotion, that now it can neither wish you well though you should become the best of women, nor cease to love you though you do the worst that can be done.

LXXVI. ad deos

Siqua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas
est homini, cum se cogitat esse pium,
nec sanctam violasse fidem, nec foedere nullo
divum ad fallendos numine abusum homines,
multa parata manent in longa aetate, Catulle,
ex hoc ingrato gaudia amore tibi.
nam quaecumque homines bene cuiquam aut dicere possunt
aut facere, haec a te dictaque factaque sunt.

LXXVI

IF a man can take any pleasure in recalling the thought of kindnesses done, when he thinks that he has been a true friend; and that he has not broken sacred faith, nor in any compact has used the majesty of the gods in order to deceive men, then there are many joys in a long life for you, Catullus, earned from this thankless love. For whatever kindness man can show to man by word or deed has been said and done by you.

omnia quae ingratae perierunt credita menti.
quare iam te cur amplius excrucies?
quin tu animo offirmas atque istinc teque reducis,
et dis invitis desinis esse miser?
difficile est longum subito deponere amorem,
difficile est, verum hoc qua lubet efficias:
una salus haec est. hoc est tibi pervincendum,
hoc facias, sive id non pote sive pote.

All this was entrusted to an ungrateful heart, and is lost: why then should you torment yourself now any more? Why do you not settle your mind firmly, and draw back, and cease to be miserable, in despite of the gods? It is difficult suddenly to lay aside a long-cherished love. It is difficult; but you should accomplish it, one way or another. This is the only safety, this you must carry through, this you are to do, whether it is possible or impossible.

o di, si vestrum est misereri, aut si quibus umquam
extremam iam ipsa in morte tulistis opem,
me miserum aspicite et, si vitam puriter egi,
eripite hanc pestem perniciemque mihi,
quae mihi subrepens imos ut torpor in artus
expulit ex omni pectore laetitias.

Ye gods, if mercy is your attribute, or if ye ever brought aid to any at the very

moment of death, look upon me in my trouble, and if I have led a pure life, take away this plague and ruin from me. Ah me! what a lethargy creeps into my inmost joints, and has cast out all joys from my heart!

non iam illud quaero, contra me ut diligat illa,
aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit:
ipse valere opto et taetrum hunc deponere morbum.
o di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea.

No longer is this my prayer, that she should love me in return, or, for that is impossible, that she should consent to be chaste. I would myself be well again and put away this baleful sickness. O ye gods, grant me this in return for my piety.

LXXVII. ad Rufum

Rufe mihi frustra ac nequiquam credite amice
 (frustra? immo magno cum pretio atque malo),
sicine subrepsti mi, atque intestina perurens
 ei misero eripuisti omnia nostra bona?
eripuisti, heu heu nostrae crudele venenum
 vitae, heu heu nostrae pestis amicitiae.

LXXVII

RUFUS, whom I, your friend, trusted in vain, and to no purpose — in vain? nay, rather at a great and ruinous price — have you stolen into my heart and burning into my vitals torn away, alas, all my blessings? Torn away, alas, alas! you the cruel poison of my life, alas, alas! you the deadly bane of my friendship.

LXXVIII. ad Gallum

Gallus habet fratres, quorum est lepidissima coniunx
alterius, lepidus filius alterius.

Gallus homo est bellus: nam dulces iungit amores,
cum puero ut bello bella puella cubet.

Gallus homo est stultus, nec se videt esse maritum,
qui patruus patruī monstret adulterium.

LXXVIII

GALLUS has two brothers; one has a most charming wife, the other a charming boy. Gallus is a gallant: he helps love's course, and brings the gallant lad to the arms of the gallant lass. Gallus is a fool, and does not see that he has a wife of his own, when he teaches a nephew how to seduce an uncle's wife. But now what annoys me is that your nasty spittle has touched the pure lips of a pure girl. But you shall not have it gratis; all generations shall know you, and beldame Rumour shall tell what you are.

LXXVIIIb.

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sed nunc id doleo, quod purae pura puellae
suavia comminxit spurca saliva tua.
verum id non impune feres: nam te omnia saecula
noscent et, qui sis, fama loquetur anus.

LXXVIIIb.

... But now I grieve that the pure kisses of a pure girl have mingled with your filthy spit. But in truth you will not come off with impunity; for every age will know you, and Old Lady Fame will tell who you are.

LXXIX. ad Lesbium

Lesbius est pulcer. quid ni? quem Lesbia malit
quam te cum tota gente, Catulle, tua.
sed tamen hic pulcer vendat cum gente Catullum,
si tria natorum suavia reppererit.

LXXIX

LESBIUS is a pretty boy; why not? since Lesbia likes him better than you, Catullus, with all your kin. But this pretty boy would sell Catullus and all his kin if he could find three acquaintances to vouch for him.

LXXX. ad Gellium

Quid dicam, Gelli, quare rosea ista labella
hiberna fiant candidiora nive,
mane domo cum exis et cum te octava quiete
e molli longo suscitatur hora die?

LXXX

WHAT reason can I give, Gellius, why those ruddy lips become whiter than snow when you rise in the morning or the eighth hour awakes you from your soft siesta in the long hours of the day?

nescio quid certe est: an vere fama susurrat
grandia te medii tenta vorare viri?
sic certe est: clamant Victoris rupta miselli
ilia, et emulso labra notata sero.

Something there is assuredly: is the gossip true that you are given to vice? So it is assuredly: the signs attest it.

LXXXI. ad Iuventium

Nemone in tanto potuit populo esse, Iuventi,
bellus homo, quem tu diligere inciperes.
praeterquam iste tuus moribunda ab sede Pisauri
hospes inaurata palladior statua,
qui tibi nunc cordi est, quem tu praeponere nobis
audes, et nescis quod facinus facias?

LXXXI

COULD there not, Juventius, be found in all this people a pretty fellow whom you might begin to like, besides that friend of yours from the sickly region of Pisaurum, paler than a gilded statue, who now is dear to you, whom you presume to prefer to me, and know not what a deed you do?

LXXXII. ad Qvintium

Quinti, si tibi vis oculos debere Catullum
aut aliud si quid carius est oculis,
eripere ei noli, multo quod carius illi
est oculis seu quid carius est oculis.

LXXXII

QUINTIUS, if you wish Catullus to owe his eyes to you, or aught else that is dearer than eyes, if dearer aught there be, do not take from him what is much dearer to him than his eyes, or aught besides that dearer is than eyes.

LXXXIII. ad Lesbiam

Lesbia mi praesente viro mala plurima dicit:

haec illi fatuo maxima laetitia est.

mule, nihil sentis? si nostri oblita taceret,

sana esset: nunc quod gannit et obloquitur,

non solum meminit, sed, quae multo acrior est res,

irata est. hoc est, uritur et loquitur.

LXXXIII

LESBIA says many hard things to me in the presence of her husband, a great joy to the fool. Dull mule, you understand nothing. If she forgot me and were silent, she would be heart-whole. But as it is, her snarling and railing means this: she not only remembers, but — a much more serious thing — she is angry; that is, she burns, and so she talks.

LXXXIV. ad Arrium

Chommoda dicebat, si quando commoda vellet
dicere, et insidias Arrius hinsidias,
et tum mirifice sperabat se esse locutum,
cum quantum poterat dixerat hinsidias.
credo, sic mater, sic liber avunculus eius.
sic maternus auus dixerat atque avia.

LXXXIV

ARRIUS if he wanted to say “honours” used to say “honours,” and for “intrigue.” “/intrigue”; and thought he had spoken marvellous well, whenever he said “*hambush*” with as much emphasis as possible. So, no doubt, his mother had said, so Liber his uncle, so his grandfather and grandmother on the mother’s side.

hoc misso in Syriam requierant omnibus aures
audibant eadem haec leniter et leviter,
nec sibi postilla metuebant talia verba,
cum subito affertur nuntius horribilis,
Ionios fluctus, postquam illuc Arrius isset,
iam non Ionios esse sed Hionios.

When he was sent into Syria, all our ears had a holiday; they heard the same syllables pronounced quietly and lightly, and had no fear of such words for the future: when on a sudden a dreadful message arrives, that the Ionian waves, ever since Arrius went there, are henceforth not “Ionian,” but “*Hionian*.”

LXXXV.

Odi et amo. quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.
nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

LXXXV

I HATE and love. Why I do so, perhaps you ask. I know not, but I feel it, and
I am in torment.

LXXXVI. ad Lesbiam

Quintia formosa est multis. mihi candida, longa,
 recta est: haec ego sic singula confiteor.
totum illud formosa nego: nam nulla venustas,
 nulla in tam magno est corpore mica salis.
Lesbia formosa est, quae cum pulcerrima tota est,
 tum omnibus una omnis surripuit Veneres.

LXXXVI

QUINTIA is thought beautiful by many; I think her fair, tall, and straight. I so far allow each of these points, but I demur to “beautiful,” for she has no grace; there is not in the whole compass of her tall person one grain of salt. Lesbia is beautiful: for she possesses all the beauties, and has stolen all the graces from all the women alone for herself.

LXXXVII. ad Lesbiam

Nulla potest mulier tantum se dicere amatam
 vere, quantum a me Lesbia amata mea est.
nulla fides ullo fuit umquam foedere tanta,
 quanta in amore tuo ex parte reperta mea est.

LXXXVII

No woman can say truly that she has been loved as much as you, Lesbia mine,
were loved by me. No faithfulness in any bond was ever such as has been
found on my part in my love for you.

LXXXVIII. ad Gellium

Quid facit is, Gelli, qui cum matre atque sorore
prurit, et abiectis pervigilat tunicis?
quid facit is, patruum qui non sinit esse maritum?
ecquid scis quantum suscipiat sceleris?

LXXXVIII

WHAT is he doing, Gellius, who keeps vigil with mother and sister, tunics all thrown off? What is he doing, who will not let his uncle be a husband? Do you know how much guilt he incurs?

suscipit, o Gelli, quantum non ultima Tethys
nec genitor Nympharum abluit Oceanus:
nam nihil est quicquam sceleris, quo prodeat ultra,
non si demisso se ipse voret capite.

More he incurs than furthest Tethys can wash away, or Ocean-father of the nymphs: for there is no guilt what, ever beyond for him to attain to.

LXXXIX. ad Gellium

Gellius est tenuis: quid ni? cui tam bona mater
tamque valens vivat tamque venusta soror
tamque bonus patruus tamque omnia plena puellis
cognatis, quare is desinat esse macer?
qui ut nihil attingat, nisi quod fas tangere non est,
quantumvis quare sit macer invenies.

LXXXIX

GELLIUS is thin, and well he may be; with a mother so kind and so lusty and lively, and a sister so charming, and so kind an uncle, and so many girls of his acquaintance all over the place, why should he cease to be lean? Even if he touch nothing but what none may touch, you will find any number of reasons why he should be lean.

XC. ad Gellium

Nascatur magus ex Gelli matrisque nefando
coniugio et discat Persicum aruspicium:
nam magus ex matre et gnato gignatur oportet,
si vera est Persarum impia religio,
gratus ut accepto veneretur carmine divos
omentum in flamma pingue liquefaciens.

XC

FROM the unholy commerce of Gellius and his mother let a Magian be born, and learn the Persian art of soothsaying; for a Magian must be the offspring of mother and son, if the unnatural religion of the Persians is true, so that their child may worship the gods with acceptable hymns, whilst melting the fat caul in the altar flame.

XCI. ad Gellium

Non ideo, Gelli, sperabam te mihi fidum
in misero hoc nostro, hoc perduto amore fore,
quod te cognossem bene constantemve putarem
aut posse a turpi mentem inhibere probro;
sed neque quod matrem nec germanam esse videbam
hanc tibi, cuius me magnus edebat amor.

XCI

I HOPED, Gellius, that you would be true to me in this miserable, this ruinous love of mine, not on the ground that I knew you, or thought that you were truly honourable or could restrain your mind from baseness or villainy, but because I saw that she, whose mighty love was consuming me, was neither mother nor sister of yours.

et quamvis tecum multo coniungerer usu,
non satis id causae credideram esse tibi.
tu satis id duxti: tantum tibi gaudium in omni
culpa est, in quacumque est aliquid sceleris.

And although I was connected with you by much familiar friendship, I had not thought that that was reason enough for you. You thought it enough: so much delight do you take in any vice in which there is something of dishonour.

XCII. ad Lesbia

Lesbia mi dicit semper male nec tacet umquam
de me: Lesbia me dispeream nisi amat.

XCII

LESBIA always speaks ill of me, and is always talking about me. May I
perish if Lesbia does not love me. quo signo?

quia sunt totidem mea: deprecor illam
assidue, verum dispeream nisi amo.

By what token? because it is just the same with me. I am perpetually crying
out upon her, but may I perish if I do not love her.

XCIII. ad Gaium Iulium Caesarem

Nil nimium studeo, Caesar, tibi velle placere,
nec scire utrum sis albus an ater homo.

XCIII

I HAVE no very great desire to make myself agreeable to you, Caesar, nor to know whether your complexion is light or dark.

XCIV. ad Mentulam

Mentula moechatur. Moechatur mentula? Certe.

Hoc est quod dicunt: ipsa olera olla legit.

XCIV

ROGER plays the gallant: say you so in truth? Sure enough this is the proverb, the pot finds its own herbs.

XCV. ad Gaium Helvium Cinnam

Zmyrna mei Cinnae nonam post denique messem
 quam coepta est nonamque edita post hiemem,
milia cum interea quingenta Hortensius uno

* * * * *

XCV

MY friend Cinna's *Smyrna*, published at last nine harvest-tides and nine winters after it was begun, whilst Hortensius [has brought out] five hundred thousand [verses] in one [year].

Zmyrna cavas Satrachi penitus mittetur ad undas,
 Zmyrnam cana diu saecula pervoluent.
at Volusi annales Paduam morientur ad ipsam
 et laxas scombris saepe dabunt tunicas.

Smyrna will travel as far away as the deep-channelled streams of Satrachus. But the Annals of Volusius will die by the river Padua where they were born, and will often furnish a loose wrapper for mackerels.

Parva mei mihi sint cordi monimenta ...,
 at populus tumido gaudeat Antimacho.

Let the modest memorials of my friend be dear to me, and let the vulgar rejoice in their windy Antimachus.

XCVI. ad Gaium Licinium Calvum

Si quicquam mutis gratum acceptumque sepulcris
 accidere a nostro, Calve, dolore potest,
quo desiderio veteres renovamus amores
 atque olim missas flemus amicitias,
certe non tanto mors immatura dolori est
 Qvintiliae, quantum gaudet amore tuo.

XCVI

IF the silent grave can receive any pleasure, or sweetness at all from our grief, Calvus, the grief and regret with which we make our old loves live again, and weep for long-lost friendships, surely Quintilia feels less sorrow for her too early death, than pleasure from your love.

XCVII. ad Aemilium

Non (ita me di ament) quicquam referre putavi,
utrumne os an culum olfacerem Aemilio.
nilo mundius hoc, nihiloque immundius illud,
verum etiam culus mundior et melior:
nam sine dentibus est. hic dentis sesquipedalis,
gingivas vero ploxeni habet veteris,
praeterea rictum qualem diffissus in aestu
meientis mulae cunnus habere solet.

XCVII

I SWEAR I didn't think it mattered one straw whether I sniffed Aemilius's head or his tail: neither was better or worse than t'other; or rather his tail was the better and smarter of the two, for it has no teeth. His mouth has teeth half a yard long, gums, moreover, like an old cart-frame, gaping like a mule in summer.

hic futuit multas et se facit esse venustum,
et non pistrino traditur atque asino?
quem siqua attingit, non illam posse putemus
aegroti culum lingere carnificis?

He courts many a woman and makes himself out a charmer, and yet he is not passed over to the grinding-mill and its ass. If any woman touches him, don't we think that she is capable of fondling a sick hangman?

XCVIII. ad Victium

In te, si in quemquam, dici pote, putide Victi,
id quod verbosis dicitur et fatuis.
ista cum lingua, si usus veniat tibi, possis
culos et crepidas lingere carpatinas.

XCVIII

You if any man, disgusting Victius, deserve what is said about chatterboxes and idiots. With a tongue like that, given the chance you might lick a rustic's clogs.

si nos omnino vis omnes perdere, Victi,
hiscas: omnino quod cupis efficies.

If you wish to destroy us all utterly, Victius, just utter a syllable: you'll utterly do what you wish.

XCIX. ad Iuventium

Surripui tibi, dum ludis, mellite Iuventi,
suaviolum dulci dulcius ambrosia.
verum id non impune tuli: namque amplius horam
suffixum in summa me memini esse cruce,
dum tibi me purgo nec possum fletibus ullis
tantillum vestrae demere saevitiae.

XCIX

I STOLE a kiss from you, honey-sweet Juventius, while you were playing, a kiss sweeter than sweet ambrosia. But not unpunished; for I remember how for more than an hour I hung impaled on the top of the gallows tree, while I was excusing myself to you, yet could not with all my tears take away ever so little from your anger;

nam simul id factum est, multis diluta labella
guttis abstersisti omnibus articulis,
ne quicquam nostro contractum ex ore maneret,
tamquam commictae spurca saliva lupae.

for no sooner was it done, than you washed your lips clean with plenty of water, and wiped them with all your fingers, that no contagion from my mouth might remain....

praeterea infesto miserum me tradere amori
non cessasti omnique excruciare modo,
ut mi ex ambrosia mutatum iam foret illud
suaviolum tristi tristius elleboro.
quam quoniam poenam misero proponis amori,
numquam iam posthac basia surripiam.

Besides that, you made haste to deliver your unhappy lover to angry Love, and to torture him in every manner, so that that kiss, changed from ambrosia, was now more bitter than bitter hellebore. Since then you impose this penalty on my unlucky love, henceforth I will never steal any kisses.

C. ad Marcum Caelium furum

Caelius Aufillenum et Qvintius Aufillenam
flos Veronensum depereunt iuvenum,
hic fratrem, ille sororem. hoc est, quod dicitur, illud
fraternum vere dulce sodalicium.

C

CAIUS is mad for Aufilenus and Quintius for Aufilena, one for the brother, one for the sister, both the fine flower of Veronese youth. Here's the sweet brotherhood of the proverb!

cui faveam potius? Caeli, tibi: nam tua nobis
perspecta ex igni est unica amicitia,
cum vesana meas torreret flamma medullas.
sis felix, Caeli, sis in amore potens.

Which shall I vote for? You, Caelius; your friendship to me was excellently shown — it was unique! when a mad flame scorched my vitals. Luck to you, Caelius! success to your loves!

CI. ad inferias

Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem.
quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum.

CI

WANDERING through many countries and over many seas I come, my brother, to these sorrowful obsequies, to present you with the last guerdon of death, and speak, though in vain, to your silent ashes, since fortune has taken your own self away from me — alas, my brother, so cruelly torn from me!

heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi,
nunc tamen interea haec, prisco quae more parentum
tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.

Yet now meanwhile take these offerings, which by the custom of our fathers have been handed down — a sorrowful tribute — for a funeral sacrifice; take them, wet with many tears of a brother, and for ever, O my brother, hail and farewell!

CII. ad Cornelium Nepotem

Si quicquam tacito commissum est fido ab amico,
cuius sit penitus nota fides animi,
meque esse invenies illorum iure sacratum,
Corneli, et factum me esse puta Arpocratem.

CII

IF ever any secret whatsoever was entrusted in confidence by a faithful friend,
the loyalty of whose heart was fully known, you will find that I am
consecrated by their rite, Cornelius, and you may think that I am become a
very Harpocrates.

CIII. ad Silonem

Aut sodes mihi redde decem sestertia, Silo,
deinde esto quamvis saevus et indomitus:
aut, si te nummi delectant, desine quaeso
leno esse atque idem saevus et indomitus.

CIII

PRITHEE, Silo, either give me back the ten sestertia, and then you may be as violent and overbearing as you like: or, if the money gives you pleasure, don't try, I beg, to ply your trade and be at the same time violent and overbearing.

CIV.

Credis me potuisse meae maledicere vitae,
ambobus mihi quae carior est oculis?

CIV

Do you think that I ever could have spoken ill of my life, of her who is dearer to me than both my eyes? No, I could never have done it;

non potui, nec, si possem, tam perditæ amarem:
sed tu cum Tappone omnia monstra facis.

nor, if I could help it, would I be so ruinously in love. But you and Tappo make out everything to be prodigious.

CV. ad Mentulam

Mentula conatur Pipeleium scandere montem:
Musae furcillis praecipitem eiciunt.

CV

MENTULA strives to climb the Pipelean mount: the Muses with pitchforks drive him out headlong.

CVI.

Cum puero bello praeconem qui videt esse,
quid credat, nisi se vendere discupere?

CVI

IF one sees a pretty boy in company with an auctioneer, what is one to think
but that he wants to sell himself?

CVII. ad Lesbiam

Si quicquam cupido optantique optigit umquam
insperanti, hoc est gratum animo proprie.
quare hoc est gratum nobis quoque carius auro
quod te restituis, Lesbia, mi cupido.

CVII

IF anything ever happened to any one who eagerly longed and never hoped,
that is a true pleasure to the mind. And so to me too this is a pleasure more
precious than gold, that you, Lesbia,

restituis cupido atque insperanti, ipsa refers te
nobis. o lucem candidiore nota!
quis me uno vivit felicior aut magis hac est
optandus vita dicere quis poterit?

restore yourself to me who longed for you, restore to me who longed, but
never hoped, yes, you yourself give yourself back to me. O happy day,
blessed with the whiter mark! What living wight is more lucky than I; or who
can say that any fortune in life is more desirable than this?

CVIII. ad Cominium

Si, Comini, populi arbitrio tua cana senectus
 spurcata impuris moribus intereat,
non equidem dubito quin primum inimica bonorum
 lingua exsecta avido sit data vulturio,
effossos oculos voret atro gutture coruus,
 intestina canes, cetera membra lupi.

CVIII

IF, Cominius, your gray old age, soiled as it is by an impure life, should be brought to an end by the choice of the people, I for my part do not doubt that first of all your tongue, the enemy of all good people, would be cut out and quickly given to the greedy vulture, your eyes torn out and swallowed down the raven's black throat, while the dogs would devour your bowels, the rest of your members the wolves.

CIX. ad Lesbiam

Lucundum, mea vita, mihi proponis amorem
hunc nostrum inter nos perpetuumque fore.

CIX

You promise to me, my life, that this love of ours shall be happy and last for
ever between us.

di magni, facite ut vere promittere possit,
atque id sincere dicat et ex animo,
ut liceat nobis tota perducere vita
aeternum hoc sanctae foedus amicitiae.

Ye great gods, grant that she may be able to keep this promise truly, and that
she may say it sincerely and from her heart, so that it may be our lot to extend
through all our life this eternal compact of hallowed friendship.

CX. ad Aufilenam

Aufilena, bonae semper laudantur amicae:
accipiunt pretium, quae facere instituunt.
tu, quod promisti, mihi quod mentita inimica es,
quod nec das et fers saepe, facis facinus.

CX

AUFILENA, kind mistresses are always well spoken of; they get their price for what they purpose to do. You are no true mistress, for you promised and now you break faith; you take and do not give, and that is a scurvy trick.

aut facere ingenuae est, aut non promisse pudicae,
Aufillena, fuit: sed data corripere
fraudando officiis, plus quam meretricis avarae
quae sese toto corpore prostituit.

To comply were handsome, not to promise were to be chaste; but to take all you can get and cheat one of his due shows a woman more greedy than the most abandoned harlot.

CXI. ad Aufilenam

Aufilena, viro contentam vivere solo,
nuptarum laus ex laudibus eximiis:

CXI

AUFILENA, to live content with one her husband and no other husband is a
glory for brides one of the most excellent:

sed cuivis quamvis potius succumbere par est,
quam matrem fratres efficere ex patruo...

but 'tis better to be company for every one, than that a mother with an uncle
should conceive brothers.

CXII. ad Nasonem

Multus homo es, Naso, neque tecum multus homo
te scindat: Naso, multus es et pathicus.

CXII

You are many men's man, Naso, but not many men go down town with you:
Naso, you are many men's man and minion.

CXIII. ad Gaium Helvium Cinna

Consule Pompeio primum duo, Cinna, solebant
Maeciliam: facto consule nunc iterum
manserunt duo, sed creverunt milia in unum
singula. fecundum semen adulterio.

CXIII

WHEN Pompey first was consul, Cinna, there were two that had Maecilia's favours: now he is consul again, there are still two, but three noughts have grown up beside each one. A fruitful seed has adultery.

CXIV. ad Mentulam

Firmanus saltu non falso Mentula diues
fertur, qui tot res in se habet egregias,
aucupium omne genus, piscis, prata, arva ferasque.

CXIV

MENTULA is truly said to be rich in the possession of the grant of land at Firmum, which has so many fine things in it, fowling of all sorts, fish, pasture, corn-land, and game.

nequiquam: fructus sumptibus exsuperat.
quare concedo sit diues, dum omnia desint.
saltum laudemus, dum modo ipse egeat.

All to no purpose; he outruns the produce of it by his expenses. So I grant that he is rich, if you will allow that he lacks everything. Let us admire the advantages of his estate, so long as he himself is in want.

CXV. ad Mentulam

Mentula habet instar triginta iugera prati,
quadraginta arui: cetera sunt maria.

CXV

MENTULA has something like thirty acres of grazing land, forty of plough-land: the rest is salt water.

cur non divitiis Croesum superare potis sit,
uno qui in saltu tot bona possideat,
prata arva ingentes silvas saltusque paludesque
usque ad Hyperboreos et mare ad Oceanum?

How can he fail to surpass Croesus in wealth, who occupies so many good things in one estate, pasture, arable, vast woods and cattle-ranges and lakes as far as the Hyperboreans and the Great Sea?

omnia magna haec sunt, tamen ipsest maximus ultro,
non homo, sed vero mentula magna minax.

All this is wonderful: but he himself is the greatest wonder of all, not a man like the rest of us, but a monstrous menacing Mentula.

CXVI. ad Gellium

Saepe tibi studioso animo venante requirens
carmina uti possem mittere Battiadae,
qui te lenirem nobis, neu conarere
tela infesta mittere in usque caput,
hunc video mihi nunc frustra sumptum esse laborem,
Gelli, nec nostras hic valuisse preces.

CXVI

I HAVE often cast about with busy questing mind how I could send to you some poems of Callimachus with which I might make you placable to me, and that you might not try to send a shower of missiles to reach my head; but now I see that this labour has been taken by me in vain, Gellius, and that my prayers have here availed nothing.

contra nos tela ista tua evitabimus amitha
at fixus nostris tu dabis supplicium.

Now in return I will parry those missiles of yours by wrapping my cloak round my arm; but you shall be pierced by mine and punished.

FRAGMENTS

I.

At non effugies meos iainbos.

1.

But you shall not escape my iambics.

II.

Hunc lucum tibi dedico consecroque Priape,
qua domus tua Lampsacist quaque [silva], Priape,
nam te praecipue in suis urbibus colit ora
Hellespontia ceteris ostreosior oris.

2.

This inclosure I dedicate and consecrate to thee, O Priapus, at Lampsacus, where is thy house and sacred grove, O Priapus. For thee specially in its cities the Hellespontian coast worships, more abundant in oysters than all other coasts.

III.

de meo ligurrare libidost.

3.

It is my fancy to taste on my own account.

IV.

[et Lario imminens Comum.]

4.

And Comum built on the shore of Lake Larius.

V.

Lucida qua splende[n]t [summi] carchesia mali.

5.

With which shines the bright top of the mast.

The Biographies



Ruins at Nicomedia, ancient capital of Bithynia — Catullus spent the provincial command year summer 57 to summer 56 BC in Bithynia on the staff of the commander Gaius Memmius.

INTRODUCTION TO CATULLUS by Francis Warre Cornish



GAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS, whose name stands not lower than third on the roll of Roman poets, was born at Verona B.C. 84; the son of a wealthy Veronese gentleman, a friend of Julius Caesar. He came from Verona to Rome about 62 B.C. Among his friends and contemporaries were C. Licinius Calvus, the poet, and M. Caelius Rufus, the latter of whom became his rival and enemy.

About 61 B.C., when he was twenty-two, he made the acquaintance of Clodia, wife of Q. Metellus Celer, the most beautiful, powerful, and abandoned woman in Rome, and the bulk of his poems is the history of his fatal love. Lesbia, as he calls her, was as unfaithful to him as to her husband, the consul Q. Metellus Celer, and gave herself for a time to Caelius, the friend of her lover. Her infidelity made havoc of Catullus's life, and his unhappiness was completed by the death of his brother in Asia. Little else is known of him. He travelled in the suite of the praetor Memmius, Lucretius's patron; he quarrelled and made friends with Caesar; he lived in and enjoyed the best society, in all senses, of Rome.

The manuscripts of Catullus, with the exception of Cod. Thuaneus of the ninth century, containing only Carm. LXII., are derived directly or indirectly from a manuscript designated V (Veronensis), which is known to have been at Verona early in the fourteenth century, and which disappeared before the end of the century. Two transcripts of this exist: Cod. Sangermanensis (G), at Paris, dated October 29, 1375, and Cod. Oxoniensis or Canonicianus (O), at Oxford, written about 1400. The symbol V represents the readings of the lost Cod. Veronensis, as established by G and O. Other MSS. which stand in a near relation to G and O and throw light on V are Cod. Datanus (D), at Berlin, written 1463, to which a high value is given by Professor Ellis; Cod. Venetus (M), in the Biblioteca Marciana at Venice; Cod. Romanus (R), discovered in the Ottoboni collection of the Vatican library in 1896 by Professor W. G. Hale of Chicago, and collated by him, as well as by Professor Ellis, but not yet published: it is nearly allied to O and G. By the kindness of Professors Hale and Ellis I have been able to consult the collation of R. O, G, and R are nearly akin, but their exact relations to each other and of each of them to V are not completely made out.

The existing editions are based on these and other (later) MSS., and also on conjectural emendations made by the scholars of the Renaissance, chiefly Italian, among whom Avantius, Muretus, J. C. Scaliger, Calphurnius, Statius,

Lambinus, may be mentioned, and among later critics Heinsius, Bentley, Lachmann, Doering, Baehrens, Haupt, Schwabe, Munro, and Ellis. The present text is substantially that of Professor Postgate; in most cases where I have departed from the text Professor Postgate's reading is given in the notes with the symbol P.

As regards this edition, as well as my former text and translation of Catullus, published in 1904, my grateful thanks are due to Professor Postgate, who has most kindly and carefully helped in the revision of the Latin text, though I must not claim his authority or approval of everything that is printed.

The translator is not responsible for the following poems, in whole or in part: XV., XXI., XXXVII., LXIX., LXXI., LXXIV., LXXVIII., LXXIX., LXXX., LXXXIX., XCIV., XCVN., C., CX., CXI., CXII., CXIII. These have been paraphrased by W. H. D. Rouse.

I wish also again to express my obligations to Professors Ellis and Hale, to my Eton friends, Mr. H. Macnaghten, Mr. A. B. Ramsay, and Mr. Rawlins, and to Mr. Oliffe L. Richmond, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, for much help freely given.

FRANCIS WARRE CORNISH

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CATULLUS by J. W. Mackail



Contemporary with Lucretius, but, unlike him, living in the full whirl and glare of Roman life, was a group of young men who were professed followers of the Alexandrian school. In the thirty years which separate the Civil war and the Sullan restoration from the sombre period that opened with the outbreak of hostilities between Caesar and the senate, social life at Rome among the upper classes was unusually interesting and exciting. The outward polish of Greek civilisation was for the first time fully mastered, and an intelligent interest in art and literature was the fashion of good society. The “young man about town,” whom we find later fully developed in the poetry of Ovid, sprang into existence, but as the government was still in the hands of the aristocracy, fashion and politics were intimately intermingled, and the lighter literature of the day touched grave issues on every side. The poems of Catullus are full of references to his friends and his enemies among this group of writers. Two of the former, Cinna and Calvus, were poets of considerable importance. Gaius Helvius Cinna — somewhat doubtfully identified with the “Cinna the poet” who met such a tragical end at the hands of the populace after Caesar’s assassination — carried the Alexandrian movement to its most uncompromising conclusions. His fame (and that fame was very great) rested on a short poem called *Zmyrna*, over which he spent ten years’ labour, and which, by subject and treatment alike, carried the method of that school to its furthest excess. In its recondite obscurity it outdid Lycophron himself. More than one grammarian of the time made a reputation solely by a commentary on it. It throws much light on the peculiar artistic position of Catullus, to bear in mind that this masterpiece of frigid pedantry obtained his warm and evidently sincere praise.

The other member of the triad, Gaius Licinius Macer Calvus, one of the most brilliant men of his time, was too deeply plunged in politics to be more than an accomplished amateur in poetry. Yet it must have been more than his intimate friendship with Catullus, and their common fate of too early a death, that made the two names so constantly coupled afterwards. By the critics of the Silver Age, no less than by Horace and Propertius, the same idea is frequently repeated, which has its best-known expression in Ovid’s beautiful invocation in his elegy on Tibullus —

Obvius huic venias, hederæ iuvenilia cinctus
Tempora, cum Calvo, docte Catulle, tuo.

We must lament the total loss of a volume of lyrics which competent

judges thought worthy to be set beside that of his wonderful friend.

Gaius Valerius Catullus of Verona, one of the greatest names of Latin poetry, belonged, like most of this group, to a wealthy and distinguished family, and was introduced at an early age to the most fashionable circles of the capital. He was just so much younger than Lucretius that the Marian terror and the Sullan proscriptions can hardly have left any strong traces on his memory. When he died, Caesar was still fighting in Gaul, and the downfall of the Republic could only be dimly foreseen. In time, no less than in genius, he represents the fine flower of the Ciceronian age. He was about five and twenty when the attachment began between him and the lady whom he has immortalised under the name of Lesbia. By birth a Claudia, and wife of her cousin, a Caecilius Metellus, she belonged by blood and marriage to the two proudest families of the inner circle of the aristocracy. Clodia was seven years older than Catullus; but that only made their mutual attraction more irresistible: and the death of her husband in the year after his consulship, whether or not there was foundation for the common rumour that she had poisoned him, was an incident that seems to have passed almost unnoticed in the first fervour of their passion. The story of infatuation, revolt, relapse, fresh revolt and fresh entanglement, lives and breathes in the verses of Catullus. It was after their final rupture that Catullus made that journey to Asia which gave occasion to his charming poems of travel. In the years which followed his return to Italy, he continued to produce with great versatility and force, making experiments in several new styles, and devoting great pains to an elaborate metrical technique. Feats of learning and skill alternate with political verses, into which he carries all his violence of love and hatred. But while these later poems compel our admiration, it is the earlier ones which win and keep our love. Though the old liquid note ever and again recurs, the freshness of these first lyrics, in which life and love and poetry are all alike in their morning glory, was never to be wholly recaptured. Nor did he live to settle down on any matured second manner. He was thirty-three at the utmost — perhaps not more than thirty — when he died, leaving behind him the volume of poems which sets him as the third beside Sappho and Shelley.

The order of the poems in this volume seems to be an artificial compromise between two systems — one an arrangement by metre, and the other by date of composition. In the former view the book falls into three sections — the pure lyrics, the idyllic pieces, and the poems in elegiac verse. The central place is occupied by the longest and most elaborate, if not the most successful, of his poems, the epic idyl on the marriage of Peleus and Thetis. Before this are the lyrics, chiefly in the phalaecian eleven-syllabled verse which Catullus made so peculiarly his own, but in iambic, sapphic, choriambic, and other metres also, winding up with the fine epithalamium written for the marriage of his friends, Mallius and Vinia. The transition from this group of lyrics to the *Marriage of Peleus and Thetis* is made with great skill through another wedding-chant, an idyl in form, but approaching to a

lyric in tone, without any personal allusions, and not apparently written for any particular occasion. Finally comes a third group of poems, extending to the end of the volume, all written in elegiac verse, but otherwise extremely varied in date, subject, and manner. The only poem thus left unaccounted for, the *Atys*, is inserted in the centre of the volume, between the two hexameter poems, as though to make its wild metre and rapid movement the more striking by contrast with their smooth and languid rhythms. Whether the arrangement of the whole book comes from the poet's own hand is very doubtful. His dedicatory verses, which stand at the head of the volume, are more probably attached to the first part only, the book of lyrics. Catullus almost certainly died in 54 B.C.; the only positive dates assignable to particular poems, in either the lyric or the elegiac section, alike lie within the three or four years previous, and, while no strict chronological order is followed, the pieces at the beginning of the book are almost certainly the earliest, and those at the end among the latest.

Among the poems of Catullus, those connected with Lesbia hold the foremost place, and, as expressions of direct personal emotion, are unsurpassed, not merely in Latin, but in any literature. There are no poems of the growth of love among them; from the first, Lesbia appears as the absolute mistress of her lover's heart:

*Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
Rumoresque senum severiorum
Omnes unius aestimemus assis.
Soles occidere et redire possunt;
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux
Nox est perpetua una dormienda: —*

thus he cries in the first intoxication of his happiness, as yet ignorant that the brief light of his love was to go out before noon. Clodia soon showed that the advice not to care for the opinion of the world was, in her case, infinitely superfluous. That intolerable pride which was the proverbial curse of the Claudian house took in her the form of a flagrant disregard of all conventions. In the early days of their love, Catullus only felt, or only expressed, the beautiful side of this recklessness. His affection for Clodia had in it, he says, something of the tenderness of parents for their children; and the poems themselves bear out the paradox. We do not need to read deeply in Catullus to be assured that merely animal passion ran as strong in him as it ever did in any man. But in the earlier poems to Lesbia all this turns to air and fire; the intensity of his love melts its grosser elements into one white flame. There is hardly even a word of Lesbia's bodily beauty; her great blazing eyes have only come down to us in the sarcastic allusions made to them by Cicero in his speeches and letters. As in a few of the finest lyrics of Burns, with whom Catullus, as a poet of love, has often been compared, the ardency of passion has effected for quintessential moments the work that long ages may work out

on the whole fabric of a human soul — *Concretam exemit labem purumque relinquit aetherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.*

But long after the rapture had passed away the enthrallment remained.
Lesbia's first infidelities only riveted her lover's chains —

*Amantem iniuria talis
Cogit amare magis;*

then he hangs between love and hatred, in the poise of soul immortalised
by him in the famous verse —

*Odi et amo: quare id faciam fortasse requiris;
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.*

There were ruptures and reconciliations, and renewed ruptures and repeated returns, but through them all, while his love hardly lessens, his hatred continually grows, and the lyrical cry becomes one of the sharpest agony: through protestations of fidelity, through wails over ingratitude, he sinks at last into a stupor only broken by moans of pain. Then at last youth reasserts itself, and he is stung into new life by the knowledge that he has simply dropped out of Lesbia's existence. His final renunciation is no longer addressed to her deaf ears, but flung at her in studied insult through two of the associates of their old revels in Rome.

*Cum suis vivat valeatque moechis
Quos simul complexa tenet trecentos
Nullum amans vere, sed identidem[2] omnium
Ilia rumpens —*

so the hard clear verse flashes out, to melt away in the dying fall, the long-drawn sweetness of the last words of all —

*Nec meum respectet ut ante amorem
Qui illius culpa cecidit, velut prati
Ultimi flos, praetereunte postquam
Tactus aratro est.*

Foremost among the other lyrics of Catullus which have a personal reference are those concerned with his journey to Asia, and the death in the Troad of the deeply loved brother whose tomb he visited on that journey. The excitement of travel and the delight of return have never been more gracefully touched than in these little lyrics, of which every other line has become a household word, the *Iam ver egelidos refert tepores*, and the lovely *Paene insularum Sirmio insularumque*, whose cadences have gathered a fresh sweetness in the hands of Tennyson. But a higher note is reached in one or

two of the short pieces on his brother's death, which are lyrics in all but technical name. The finest of these has all the delicate simplicity of an epitaph by the best Greek artists, Leonidas or Antipater or Simonides himself; and with this it combines the specific Latin dignity, and a range of tones, from the ocean-roll of its opening hexameter, *Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus*, to the sobbing wail of the *Atque in perpehtum frater ave atque vale* in which it dies away, that is hardly equalled except in some of Shakespeare's sonnets.

It is in these short lyrics of personal passion or emotion that the genius of Catullus is most eminent; but the same high qualities appear in the few specimens he has left of more elaborate lyrical architecture, the *Ode to Diana*, the marriage-song for Mallius and Vinia, and the *Atys*. The first of these, brief as it is, has a breadth and grandeur of manner which — as in the noble fragment of Keats' *Ode to Maia* — lift it into the rank of great masterpieces. The epithalamium, on the other hand, with which the book of lyrics ends, while very simple in structure, is large in scale. It is as much longer than the rest of the lyrics as the marriage-song which stands at the end of *In Memoriam* is than the other sections of that poem. In the charm of perfect simplicity it equals the finest of his lyrics; but besides this, it has in its clear ringing music what is for this period an almost unique premonition of the new world that rose out of the darkness of the Middle Ages, the world that had invented bells and church-organs, and had added a new romantic beauty to love and marriage. With a richness of phrase that recalls the Song of Solomon, the verses clash and swing: *Open your bars, O gates! the bride is at hand! Lo, how the torches shake out their splendid tresses!... Even so in a rich lord's garden-close might stand a hyacinth-flower. Lo, the torches shake out their golden tresses; go forth, O bride! Day wanes; go forth, O bride! And the verse at the end, about the baby on its mother's lap —*

*Torquatus volo parvulus
Matris e gremio suae
Porrigens teneras manus
Dulce rideat ad patrem
Semihiente labello —*

is as incomparable; not again till the Florentine art of the fifteenth century was the picture drawn with so true and tender a hand.

Over the *Atys* modern criticism has exhausted itself without any definite result. The accident of its being the only Latin poem extant in the peculiar galliambic metre has combined with the nature of the subject[3] to induce a tradition about it as though it were the most daring and extraordinary of Catullus' poems. The truth is quite different. It stands midway between the lyrics and the idyls in being a poem of most studied and elaborate artifice, in which Catullus has chosen, not the statelier and more familiar rhythms of the hexameter or elegiac, but one of the Greek lyric metres, of which he had

already introduced several others into Latin. As a *tour de force* in metrical form it is remarkable enough, and probably marks the highest point of Latin achievement in imitation of the more complex Greek metres. As a lyric poem it preserves, even in its highly artificial structure, much of the direct force and simplicity which mark all Catullus' best lyrics. That it goes beyond this, or that — as is often repeated — it transcends both the idyls and the briefer lyrics in sustained beauty and passion, cannot be held by any sane judgment.

How far elaboration could lead Catullus is shown in the long idyllic poem on the *Marriage of Peleus and Thetis*. Here he entirely abandons the lyric manner, and adventures on a new field, in which he does not prove very successful. The poem is full of great beauties of detail; but as a whole it is cloying and yet not satisfying. For a few lines together Catullus can write in hexameter more exquisitely than any other Latin poet. The description in this piece of the little breeze that rises at dawn, beginning *Hic qualis flatu placidum mare matutino*, like the more famous lines in his other idyllic poem

*Ut flos in septis secretum nascitur hortis,
Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
Quem mulcent aurae, firmat sol, educat imber;
Multi illum pueri, multae optavere puellae —*

has an intangible and inexpressible beauty such as never recurs in the more mature art of greater masters. But Catullus has no narrative gift; his use of the hexameter is confined to a limited set of rhythms which in a poem about the length of a book of the *Georgics* become hopelessly monotonous; and it finally stops, rather than ends, when the writer (as is already the case with the reader) grows tired of it. It is remarkable that the poet who in the lightness and speed of his other metres is unrivalled in Latin, should, when he attempts the hexameter, be more languid and heavy, not only than his successors, but than his contemporaries. Here, as in the elaborate imitations of Callimachus with which he tested his command of the Latin elegiac, he is weak because he wanders off the true line, not from any failure in his own special gift, which was purely and simply lyrical. When he uses the elegiac verse to express his own feeling, as in the attacks on political or personal enemies, it has the same direct lucidity (as of an extraordinarily gifted child) which is the essential charm of his lyrics.

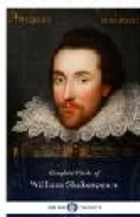
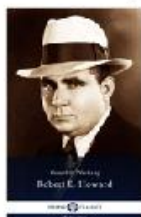
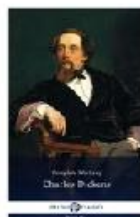
It is just this quality, this clear and almost terrible simplicity, that puts Catullus in a place by himself among the Latin poets. Where others labour in the ore of thought and gradually forge it out into sustained expression, he sees with a single glance, and does not strike a second time. His imperious lucidity is perfectly unhesitating in its action; whether he is using it for the daintiest flower of sentiment — *fair passions and bountiful pities and loves without stain* — or for the expression of his fiery passions and hatreds in some flagrant obscenity or venomous insult, it is alike straight and reckless, with no scruple

and no mincing of words; in Mr. Swinburne's curiously true and vivid phrase, he "makes mouths at our speech" when we try to follow him.

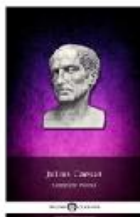
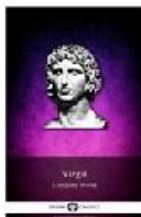
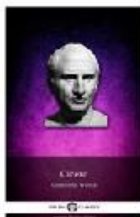
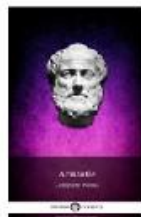
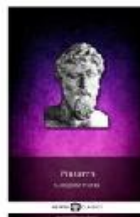
With the death of Catullus and Calvus, an era in Latin poetry definitely ends. Only thirteen or fourteen years later a new era begins with the appearance of Virgil; but this small interval of time is sufficient to mark the passage from one age — we might almost say from one civilisation — to another. During these years poetry was almost silent, while the Roman world shook with continuous civil war and the thunder of prodigious armies. The school of minor Alexandrian poets still indeed continued; the "warblers of Euphorion" with their smooth rhythms and elaborate *finesse* of workmanship are spoken of by Cicero as still numerous and active ten years after Catullus' death. But their artifice had lost the gloss of novelty; and the enthusiasm which greeted the appearance of the Eclogues was due less perhaps to their intrinsic excellence than to the relief with which Roman poetry shook itself free from the fetters of so rigorous and exhausting a convention.

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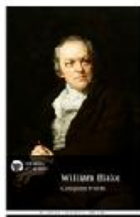
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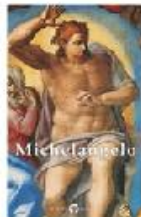
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Rome — believed to be where Catullus spent his final days